No. H058.21

GIVEN BY
Jaber Fox

Published under the Sanction of the Boston Academy of Music.

THE

COMMON SCHOOL SONGSTER:

CONSISTING OF

JUVENILE SONGS,

FOR

ONE, TWO, THREE AND FOUR VOICES;

TOGETHER WITH

A COMPLETE SET OF ELEMENTARY EXERCISES,

ON THE

PESTALOZZIAN SYSTEM:

FOR THE USE OF

SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES AND FAMILIES.

BY GEORGE JAMES WEBB,

PROFESSOR IN THE BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

5856

BOSTON:

JENKS AND PALMER.

1842.

Jabez Rose,
March 3, 1898.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1842,
By George James Webb,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

STEREOTYPED AT THE
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PREFACE.

In the preparation of this little volume, it has been the leading design to supply a work which can be appropriately and advantageously used, in connection with the elementary musical instruction of youth from eight or nine to fourteen or fifteen years of age. This book may be regarded as a kind of sequel to the "Little Songster,"—that work having been intended for young children under eight or nine. One peculiar feature of the present work is the addition of a set of elementary exercises. These are chiefly taken from the German work of Kübler, and, being the same as those found in the "Boston Academy's Manual," can therefore be used in connection with that work. The want of such exercises has long been felt by teachers; and it is believed they will be found highly useful. They will save much time to the teacher, and, in other respects, will be of great advantage to scholars. The following is the proper method of using them: After having given a lesson to a school on any particular point, the exercises properly belonging to that lesson should be given to the scholars for their private practice, with the direction that they prepare themselves to sing those exercises at the next lesson. By such a course, some amount of *daily practice* may be generally secured, and the progress of the pupils will be proportionally rapid. Considering the very small portion of time occupied by the music teacher in schools, it appears essential that some method like this be adopted, in order to insure that amount of attention, and actual vocal practice, on the part of the scholars, which can hold out any reasonable expectation of ultimate success.

The effort has been to make a *useful book*, and one adapted to the specific object of the musical cultivation of youth. The poetry has been selected from numerous authors, both American and English; and a large portion of it consists of translations made from German authors for this work. The selection has, in all cases, been guided by the appropriateness of the subject to the age and capacities of youth, and by its moral quality. All songs of a comic, rude, or boisterous character, have been scrupulously shunned, as having a decidedly injurious tendency, and as holding no alliance with the cultivation of an art eminently calculated to refine and soften the character, and impart a graceful tone to the first springs of thought and feeling.

The melodies are many of them by distinguished composers. Those to which no name is attached were written expressly for this work by the compiler.

To aid the scholars in properly phrasing the words and music, and thus the more readily to imbibe their spirit and meaning, the appropriate places for breathing have been indicated by a comma, thus, (,), the observance of which is particularly recommended.

The compiler respectfully acknowledges his obligations to Mr. Warner, Miss Dwight, and Mrs. Goodwin, for translations from the German,—to the latter lady in particular; also to Miss Hayward and Miss Gray for several original pieces.

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RHYTHMICS.

EXERCISES CONTAINING BUT ONE KIND OF NOTE IN A MEASURE.

Double Measure.

1. $\frac{2}{2}$

2. $\frac{2}{4}$

Triple Measure.

3. $\frac{3}{2}$

4. $\frac{3}{4}$

5. $\frac{3}{8}$

Quadruple Measure.

6. $\frac{4}{4}$

Sextuple Measure.

7. $\frac{6}{4}$

8. $\frac{6}{8}$

EXERCISES CONTAINING DIFFERENT KINDS OF NOTES IN A MEASURE.

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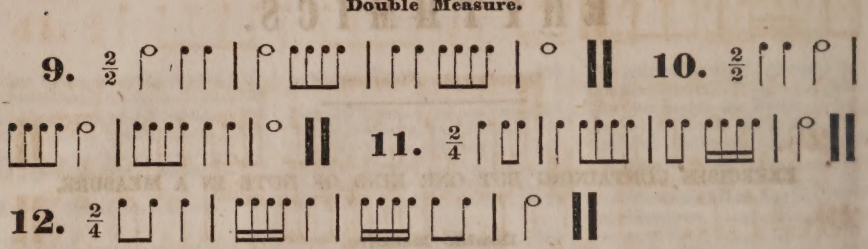
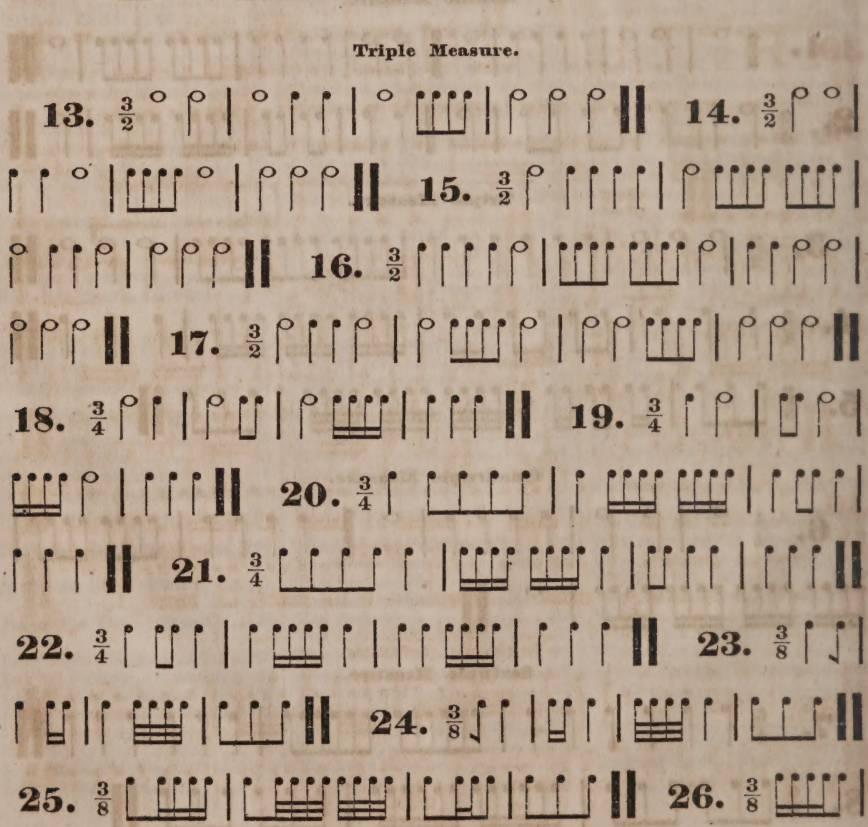
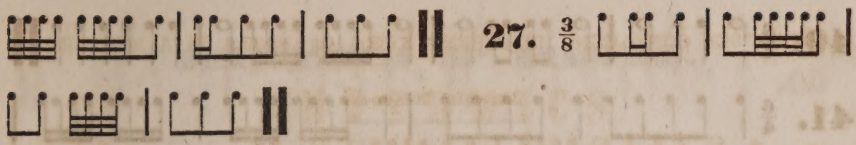
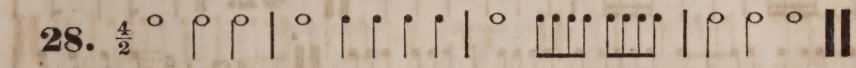


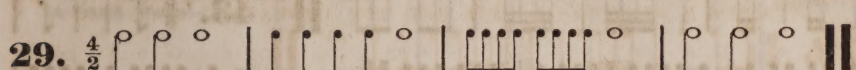
Triple Measure.

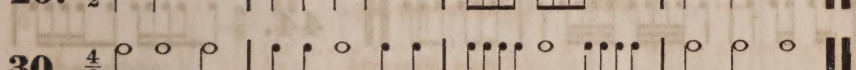


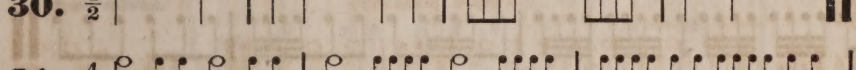


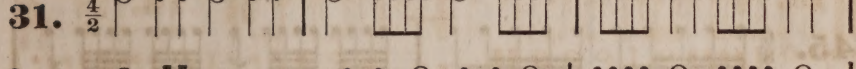
Quadruple Measure.

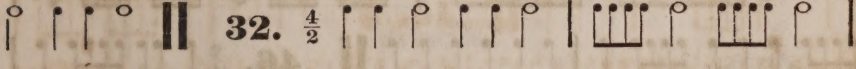


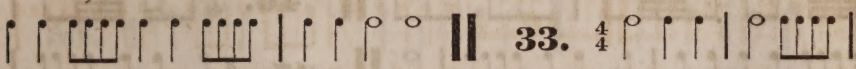


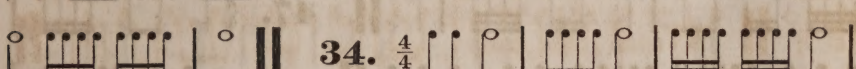


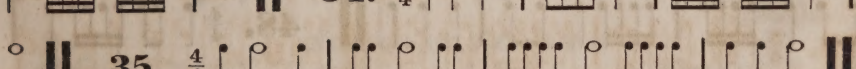


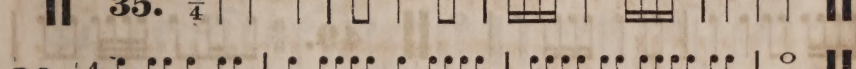




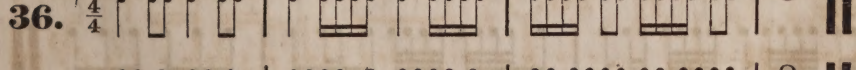


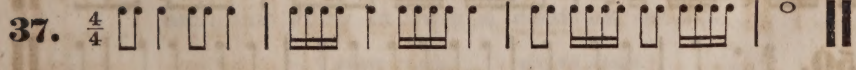






Sextuple Measure.





40. $\frac{6}{4}$

41. $\frac{6}{4}$

42. $\frac{6}{8}$

43. $\frac{6}{8}$

44. $\frac{6}{8}$

45. $\frac{6}{8}$

46. $\frac{2}{4}$

47. $\frac{3}{4}$

48. $\frac{4}{4}$

49. $\frac{6}{8}$

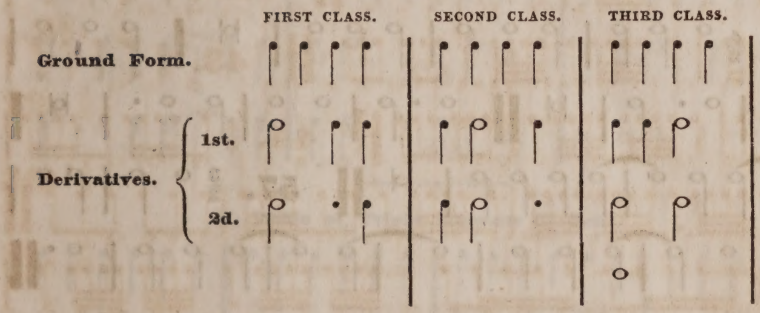
50. $\frac{2}{4}$

51. $\frac{3}{8}$

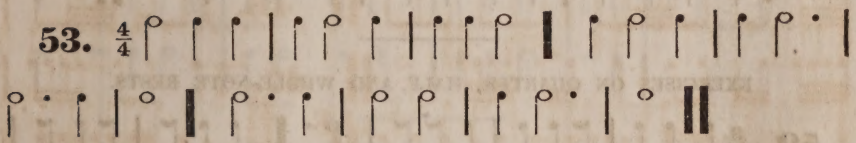
52. $\frac{4}{4}$

DERIVATIONS OF MEASURES.

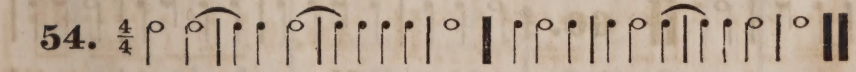
GENERAL VIEW IN QUADRUPLE MEASURE OF 4-4.



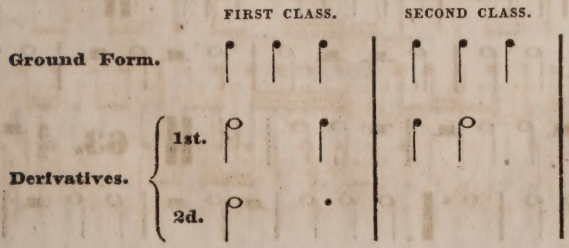
EXERCISES.



EXERCISES ON TIED NOTES.



GENERAL VIEW IN TRIPLE MEASURE OF 3-4.



EXERCISES.

55. $\frac{3}{4}$

EXERCISES IN DERIVATIVE FORMS OF MEASURE IN 4-2, 3-2, AND 6-4.

56. $\frac{4}{2}$

57. $\frac{3}{2}$

58. $\frac{6}{4}$

EXERCISES ON QUARTER, HALF, AND WHOLE-NOTE RESTS.

59. $\frac{3}{4}$

60. $\frac{4}{4}$

61. $\frac{3}{4}$

62. $\frac{4}{2}$

63. $\frac{3}{2}$

EXERCISES ON DERIVATIONS FROM A GROUND FORM, IN WHICH TWO NOTES BELONG TO EACH PART OF THE MEASURE.

Table of Quadruple Measure of 4-2.

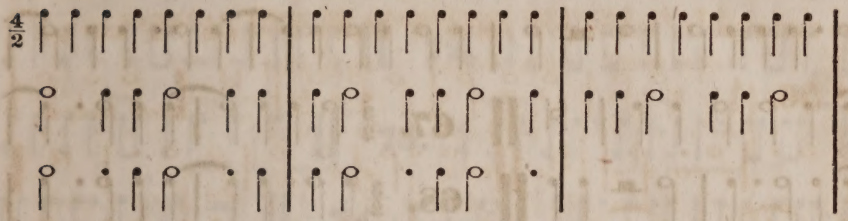


Table of Triple Measure of 3-2.

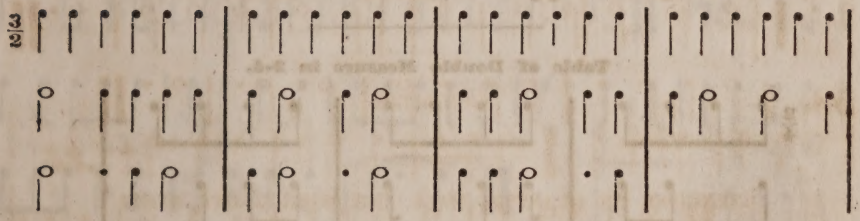
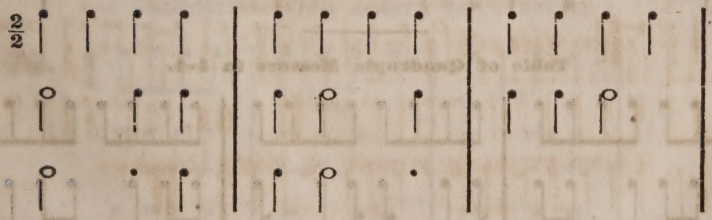
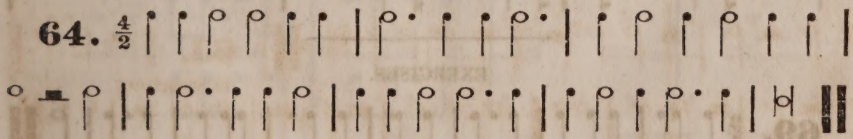


Table of Double Measure of 2-2.



EXERCISES.

64. 

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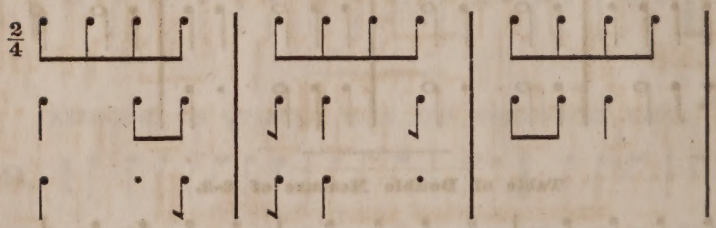

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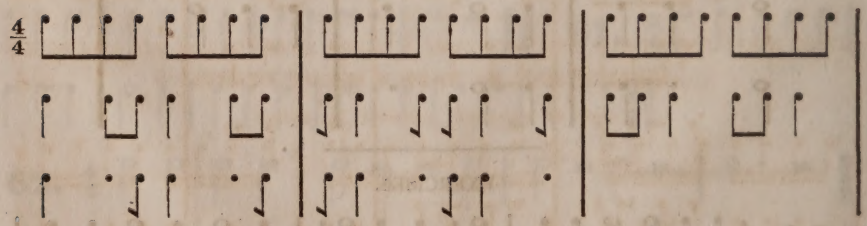
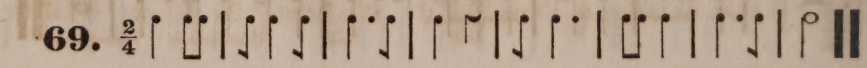
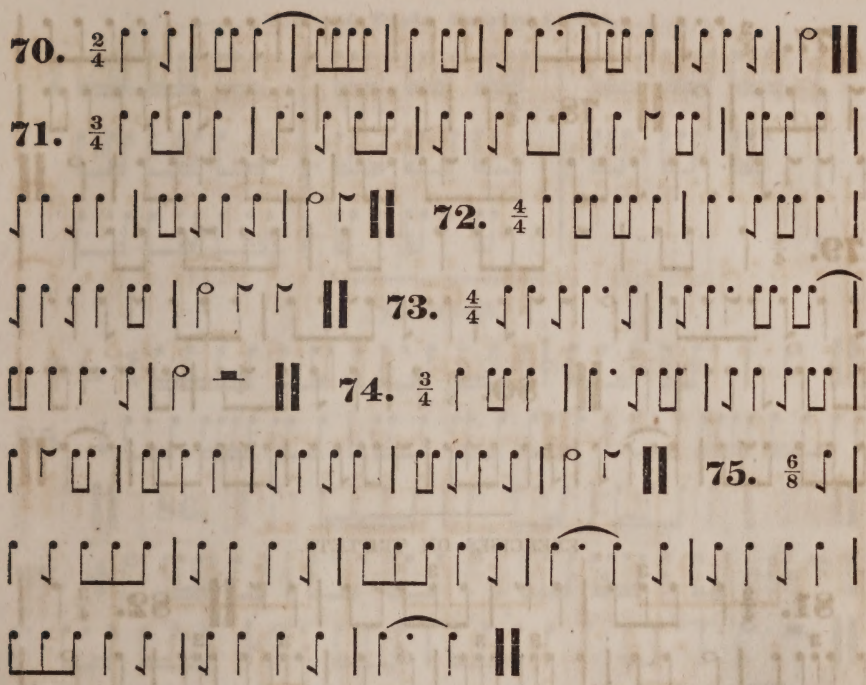
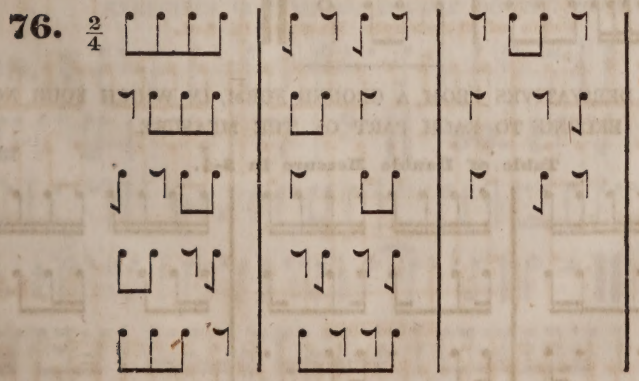


EXERCISES.

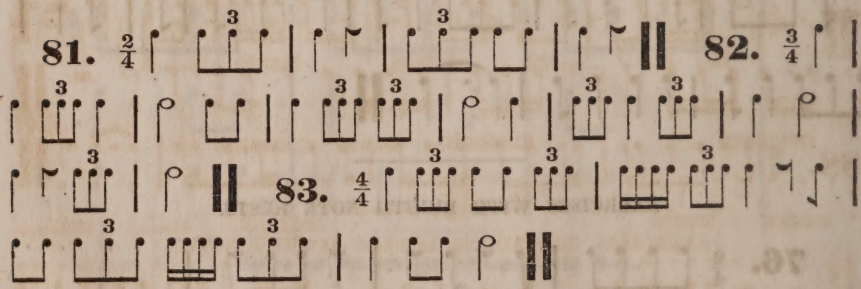




EXERCISES WITH EIGHTH NOTE RESTS.

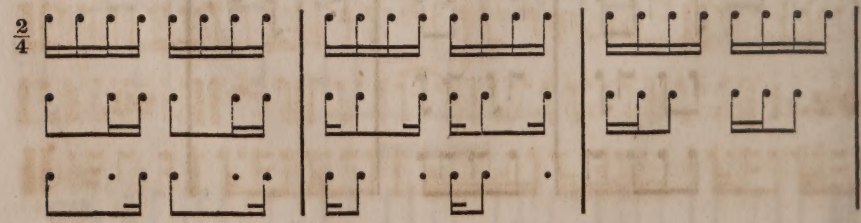


EXERCISES ON TRIPLETS.



EXERCISES ON DERIVATIVES FROM A GROUND FORM, IN WHICH FOUR NOTES BELONG TO EACH PART OF THE MEASURE.

Table of Double Measure in 2-4.



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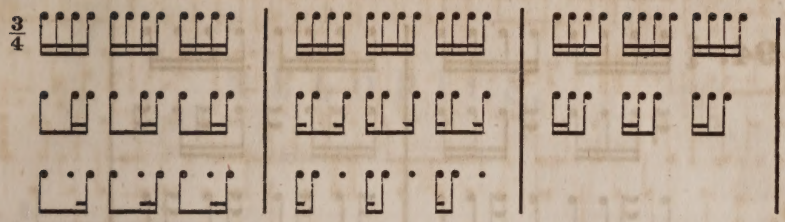
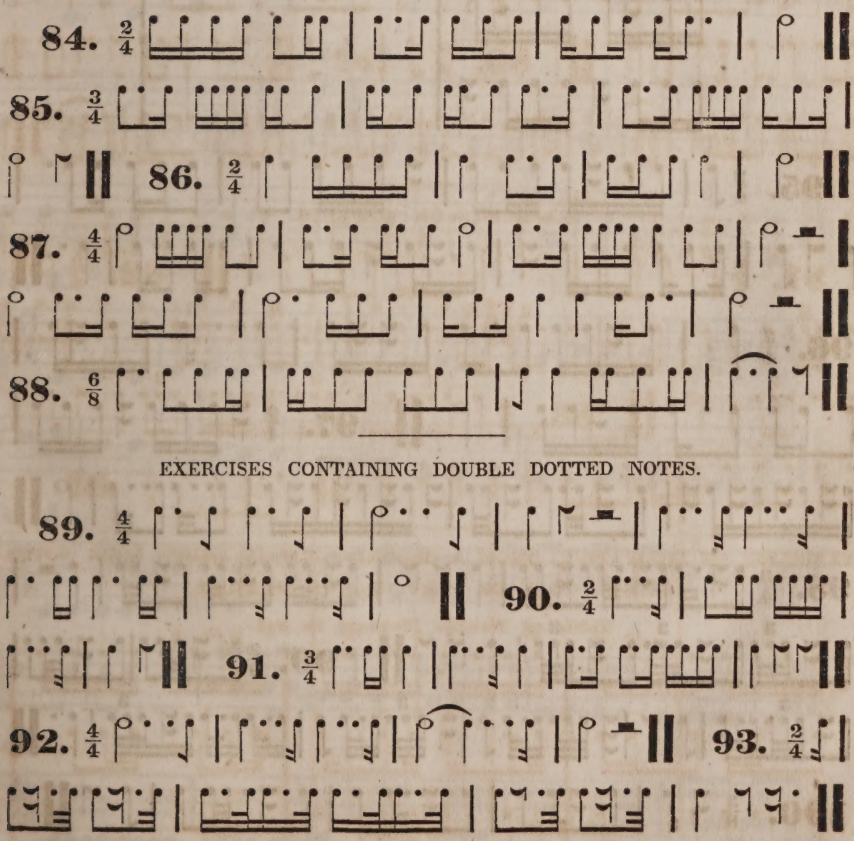
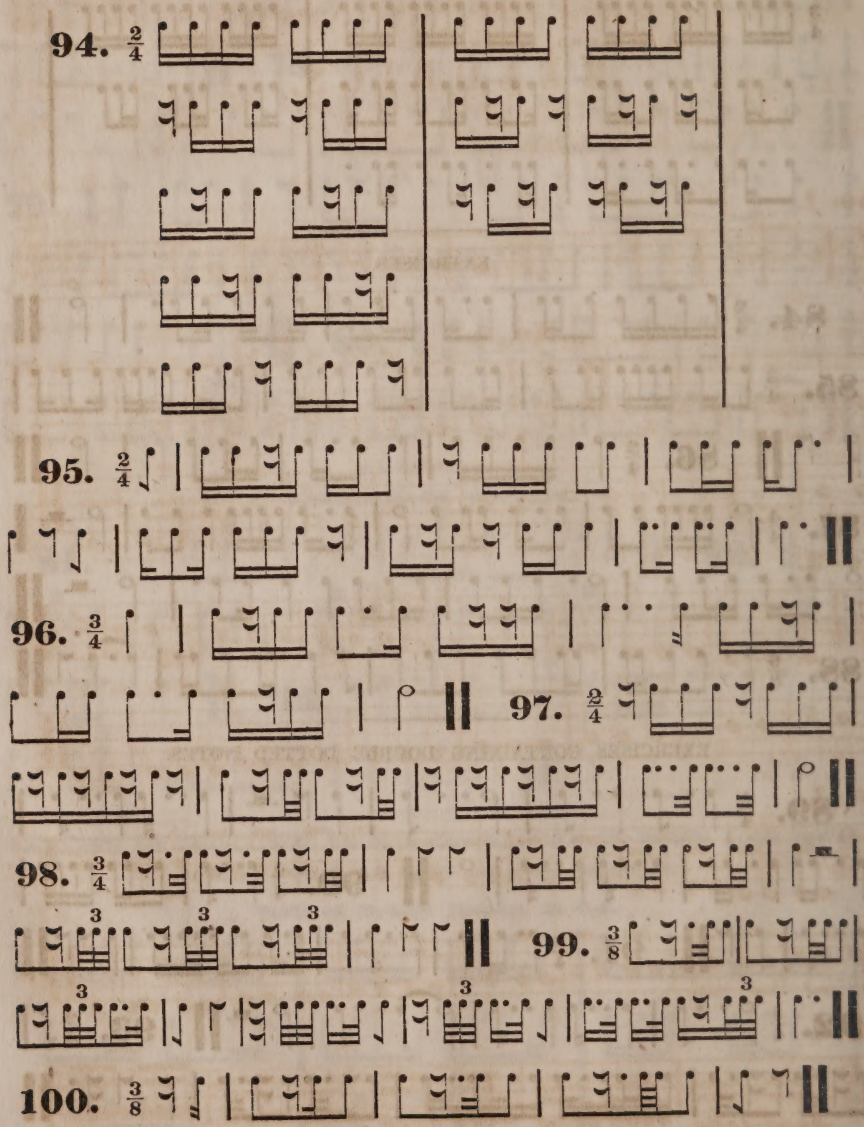


EXERCISES.



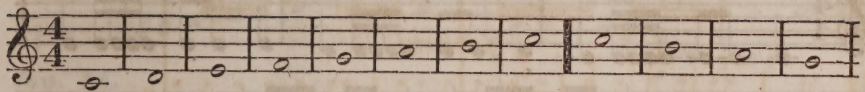
EXERCISES CONTAINING DOUBLE DOTTED NOTES.

EXERCISES CONTAINING SIXTEENTH NOTE RESTS.



MELODICS.

No. 1.



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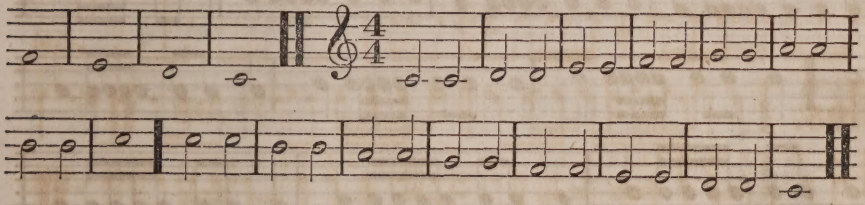
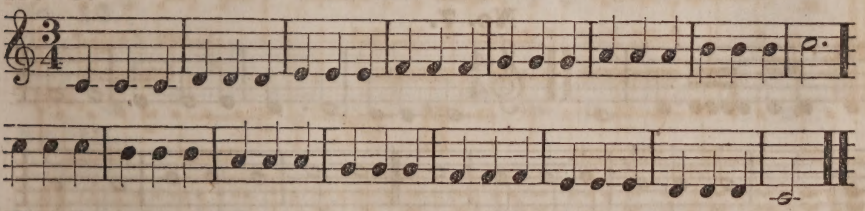


No. 3.



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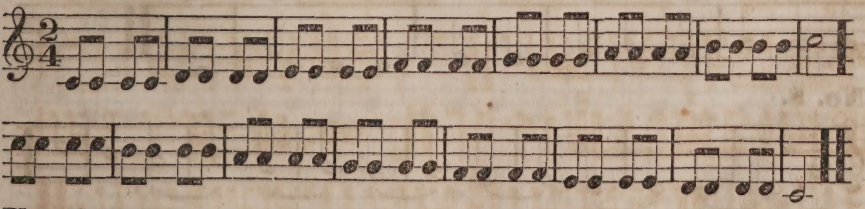

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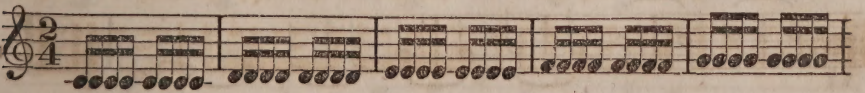
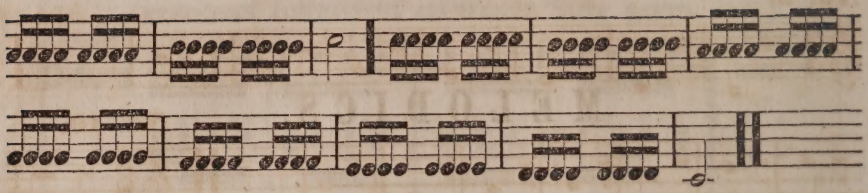
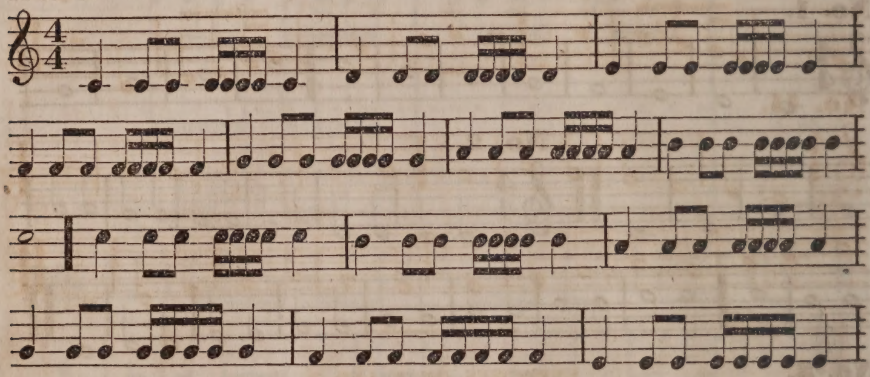
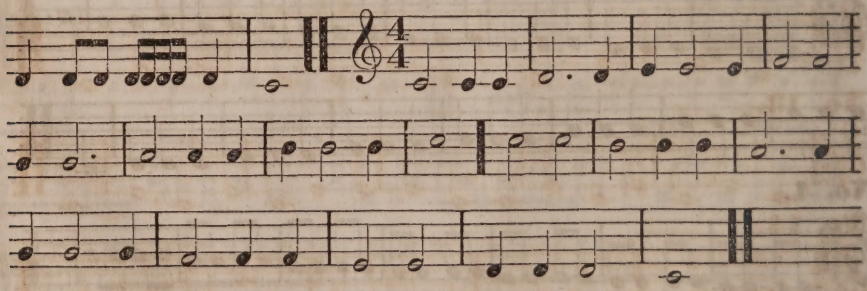




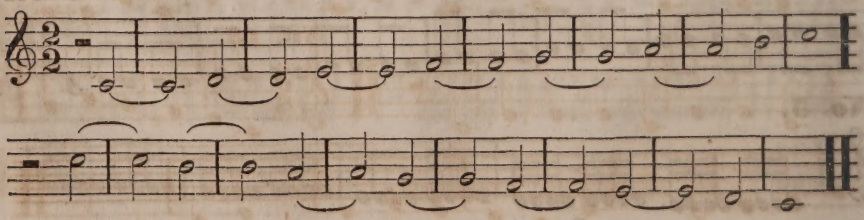
No. 6.



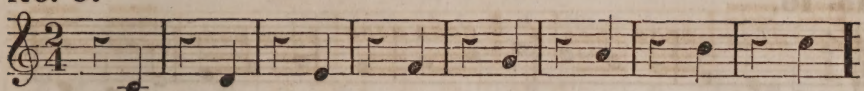
No. 7.



No. 8.



No. 9.



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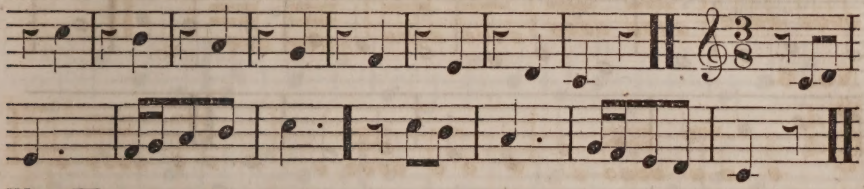
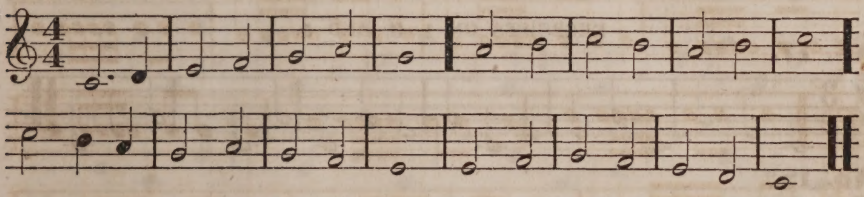
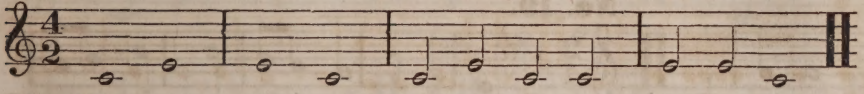


No. 11.

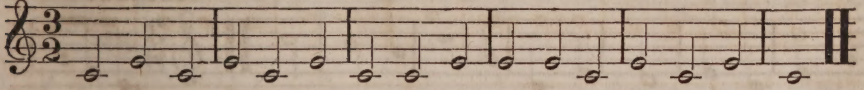


EXERCISES ON 1 AND 3.

No. 12.



No. 13.



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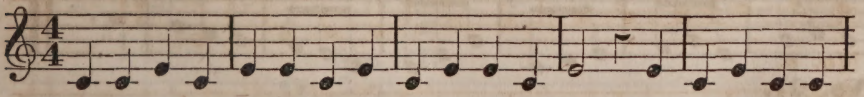

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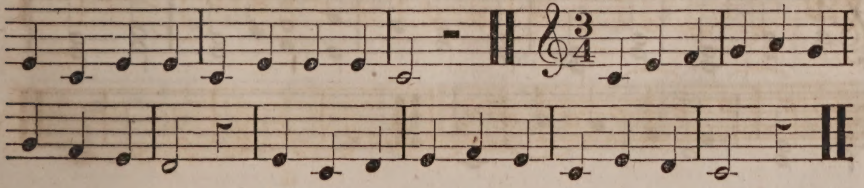
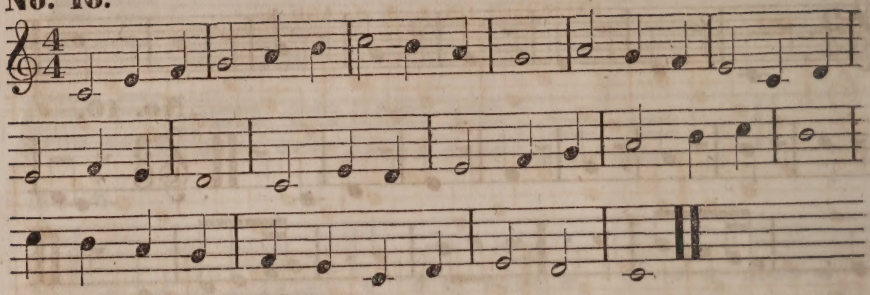
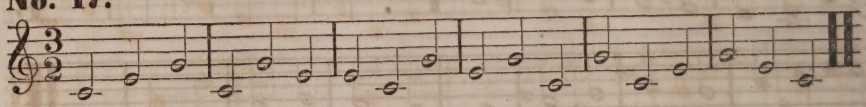


No. 16.

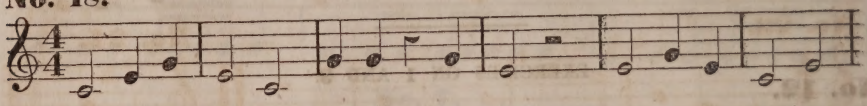


EXERCISES ON 1, 3, AND 5.

No. 17.



No. 18.



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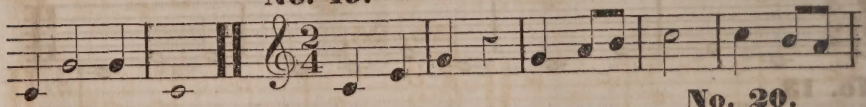
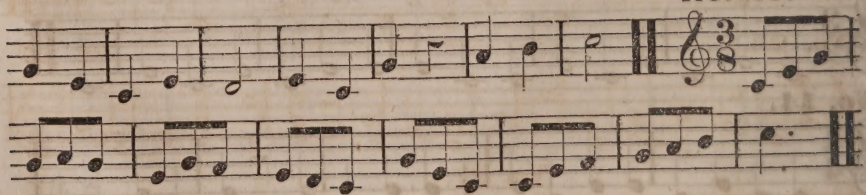


No. 20.



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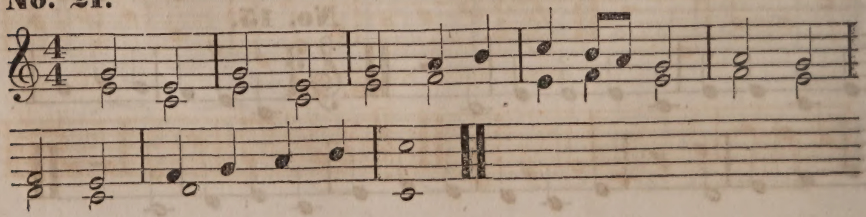
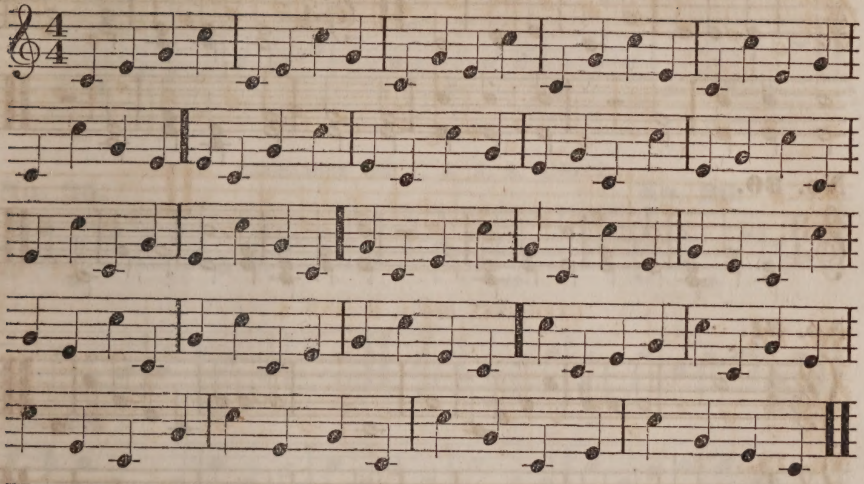


EXERCISES ON 1, 3, 5, AND 8.

No. 22.



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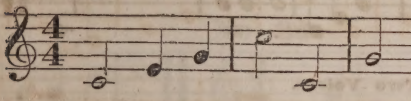

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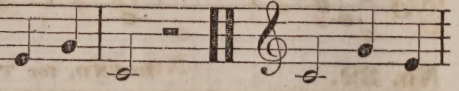

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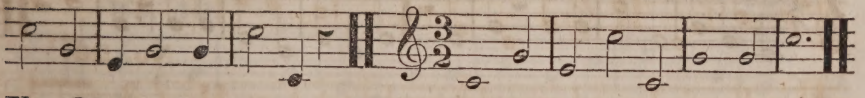

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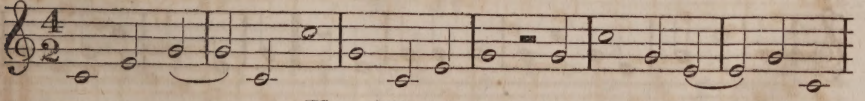
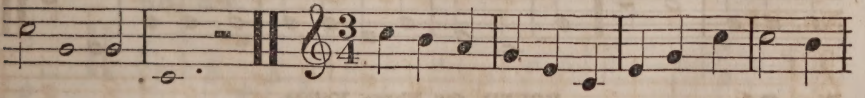
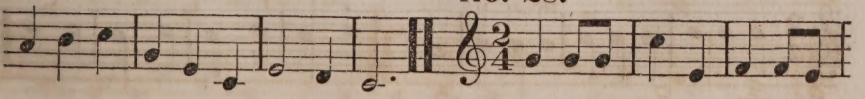


No. 27.



No. 28.



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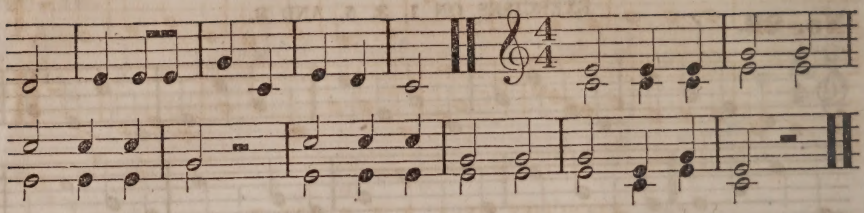

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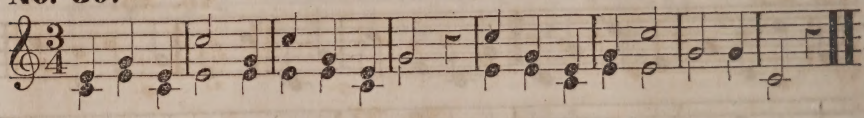
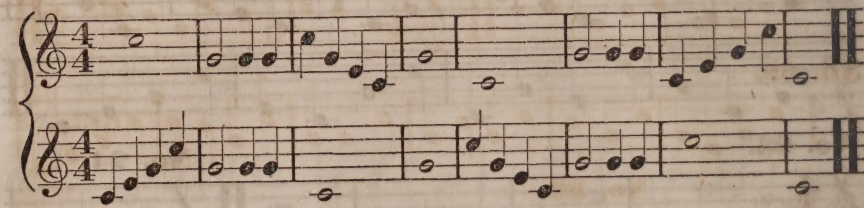
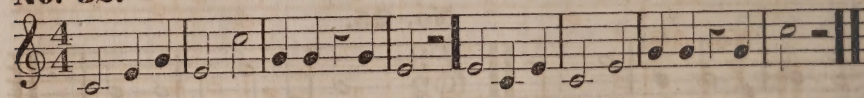


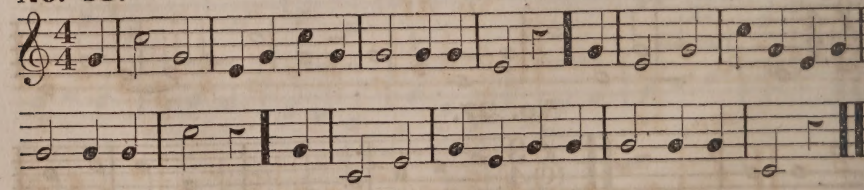
No. 31.



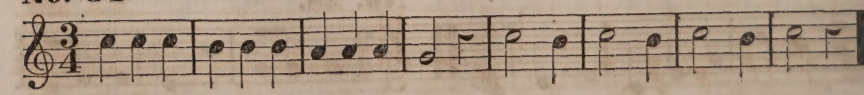
No. 32. ROUND, for Two Voices.

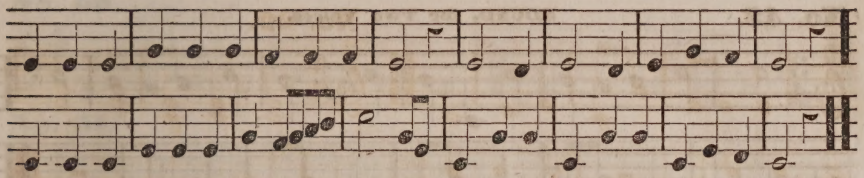


No. 33. ROUND, for Three Voices.



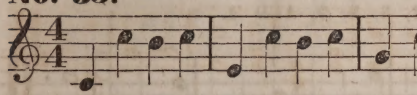
No. 34. ROUND, for Three Voices.



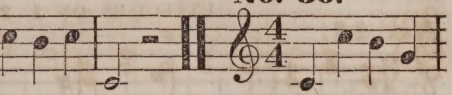


EXERCISES ON 1, 3, 5, 8, AND 7.

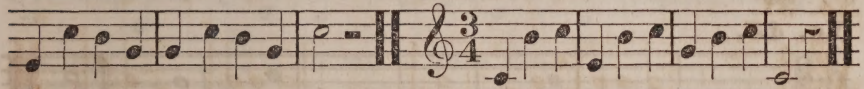
No. 35.



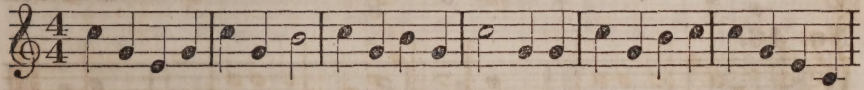
No. 36.



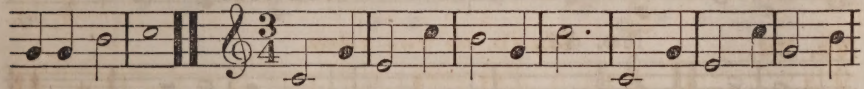
No. 37.



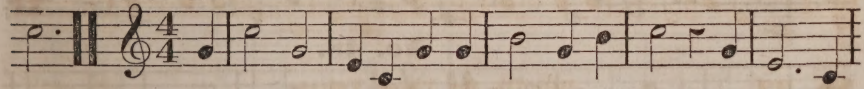
No. 38.



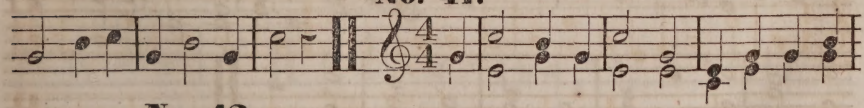
No. 39.



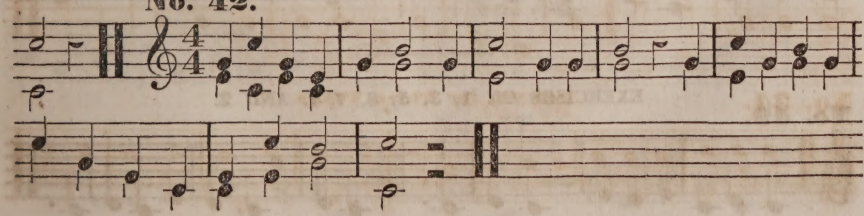
No. 40.



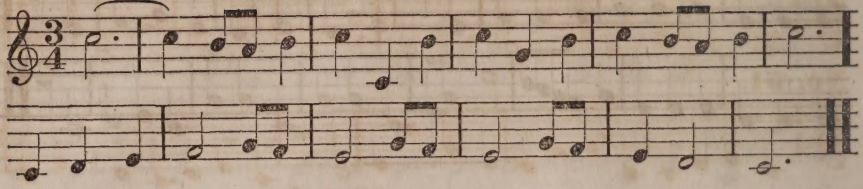
No. 41.



No. 42.

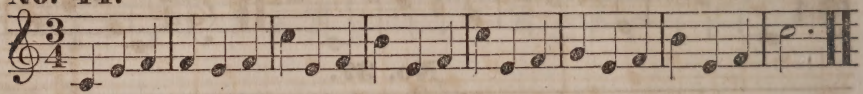


No. 43. ROUND, for Two Voices.

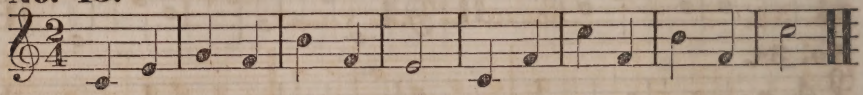


EXERCISES ON 1, 3, 5, 8, 7, AND 4.

No. 44.



No. 45.



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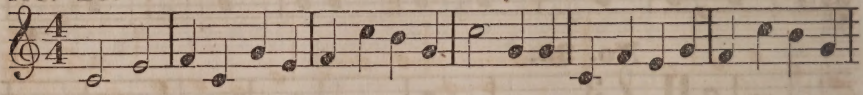
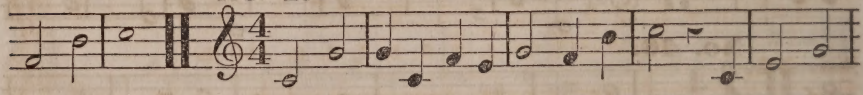
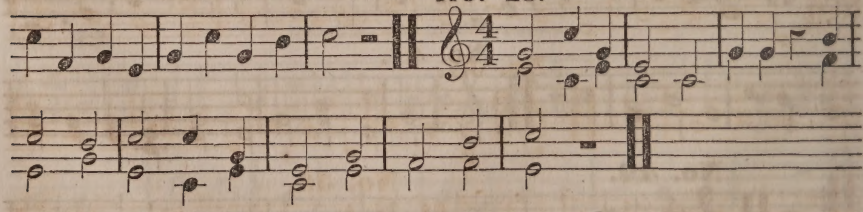


No. 47.

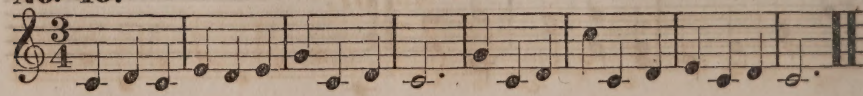


No. 48.

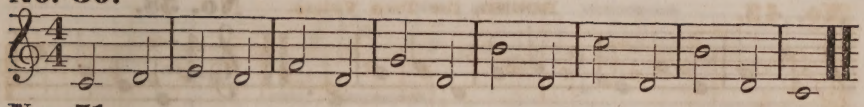


EXERCISES ON 1, 3, 5, 8, 7, 4, AND 2.

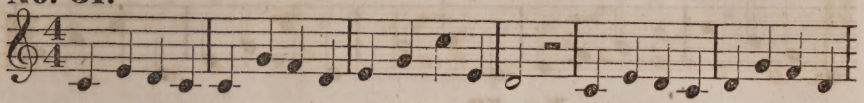
No. 49.



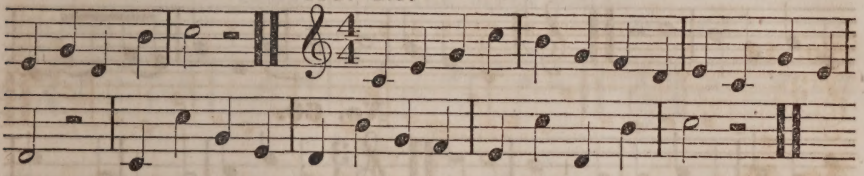
No. 50.



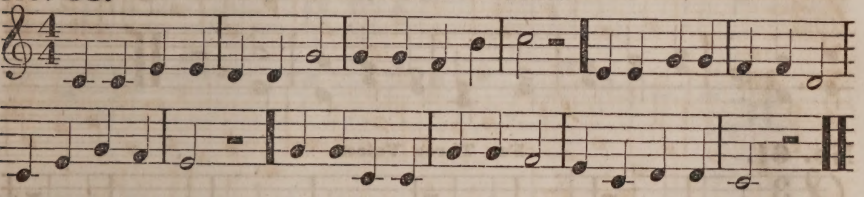
No. 51.



No. 52.

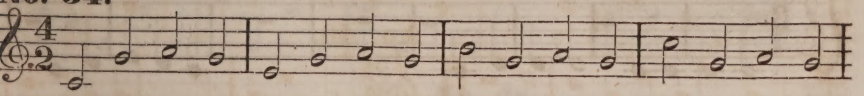


No. 53. ROUND, for Three Voices.

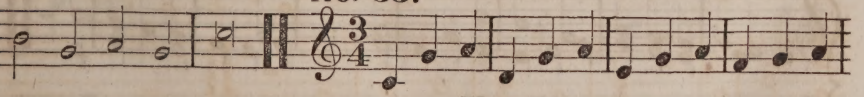


EXERCISES ON 1, 3, 5, 8, 7, 4, 2, AND 6.

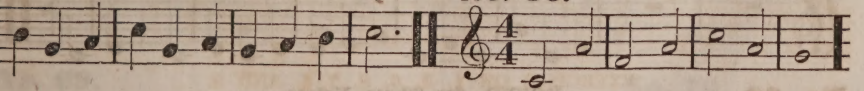
No. 54.



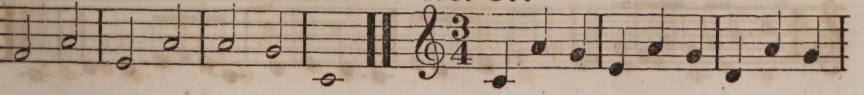
No. 55.



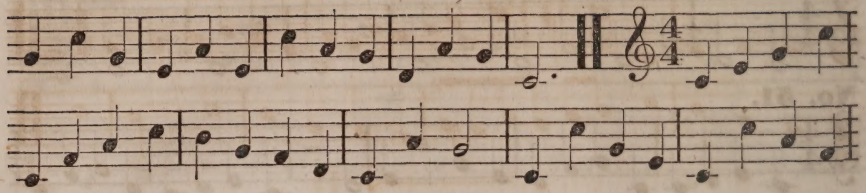
No. 56.



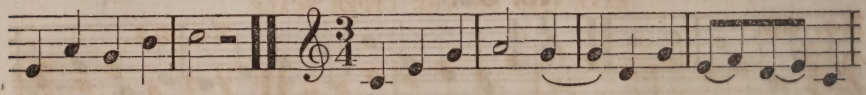
No. 57.



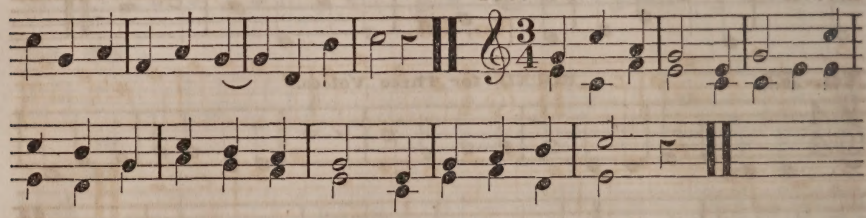
No. 58.



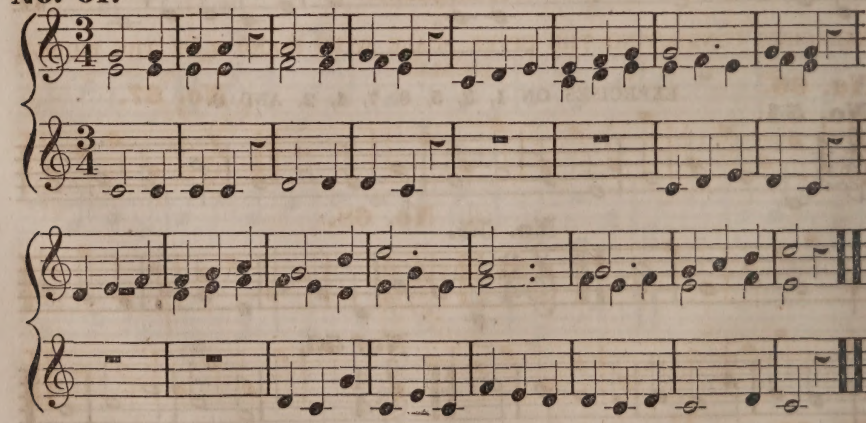
No. 59.



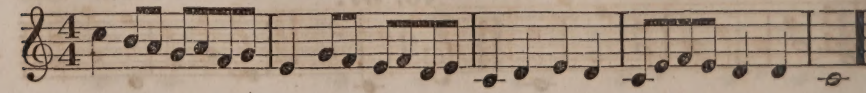
No. 60.

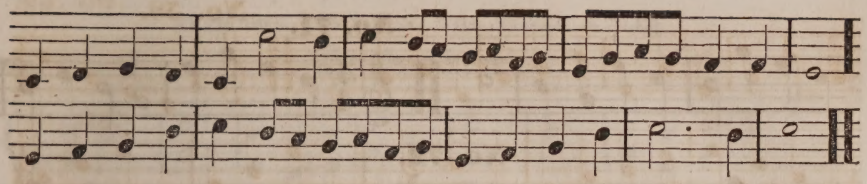


No. 61. For Three Voices.



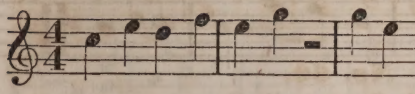
No. 62. ROUND, for Three Voices.



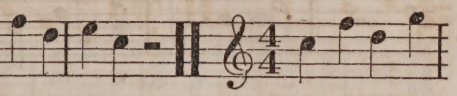


EXERCISES ON THE UPPER SCALE.

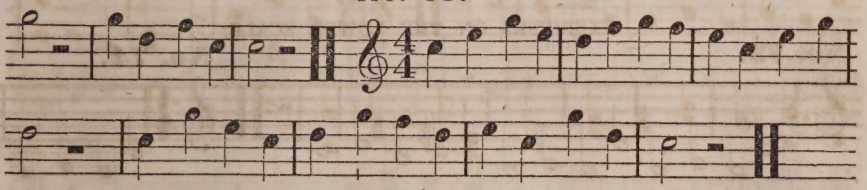
No. 63.



No. 64.

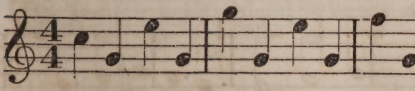


No. 65.

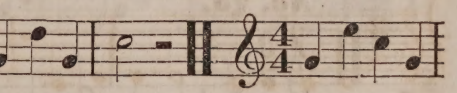


EXERCISES CONNECTING THE UPPER SCALE WITH 5 AND 7 OF THE MIDDLE SCALE.

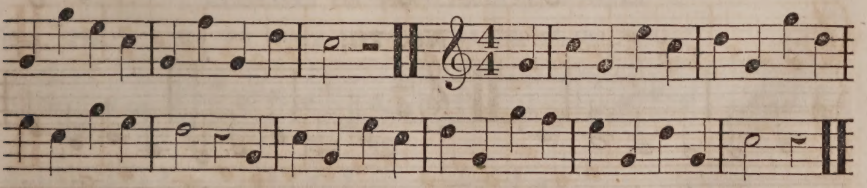
No. 66.



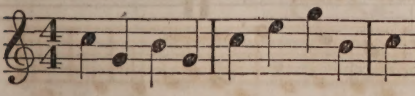
No. 67.



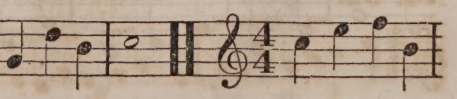
No. 68.



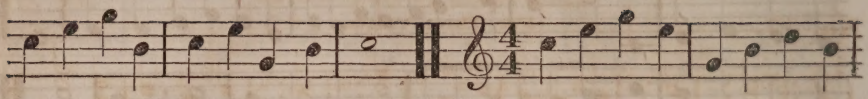
No. 69.



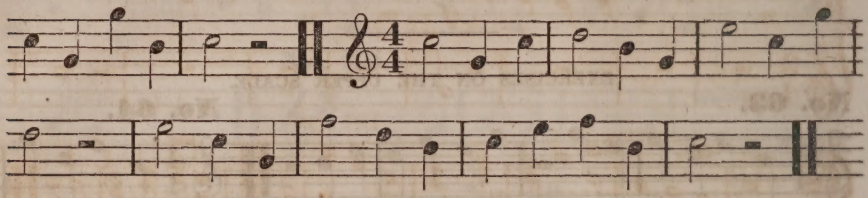
No. 70.



No. 71.

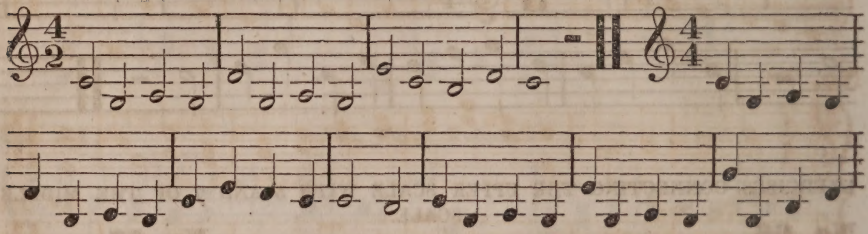


No. 72.



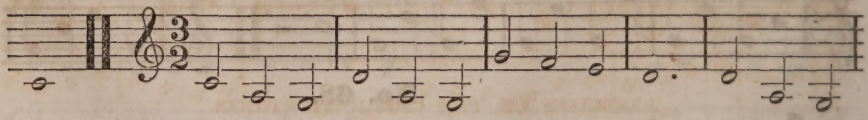
EXERCISES ON THE LOWER SCALE.

No. 73.

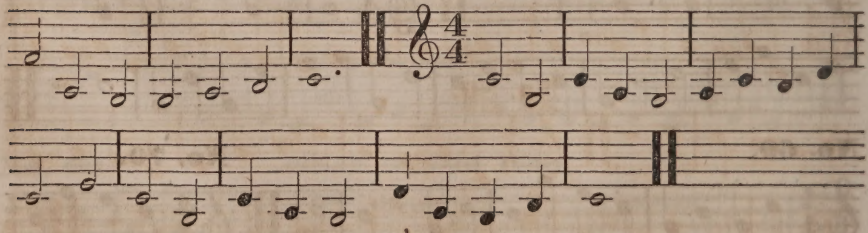


No. 74.

No. 75.

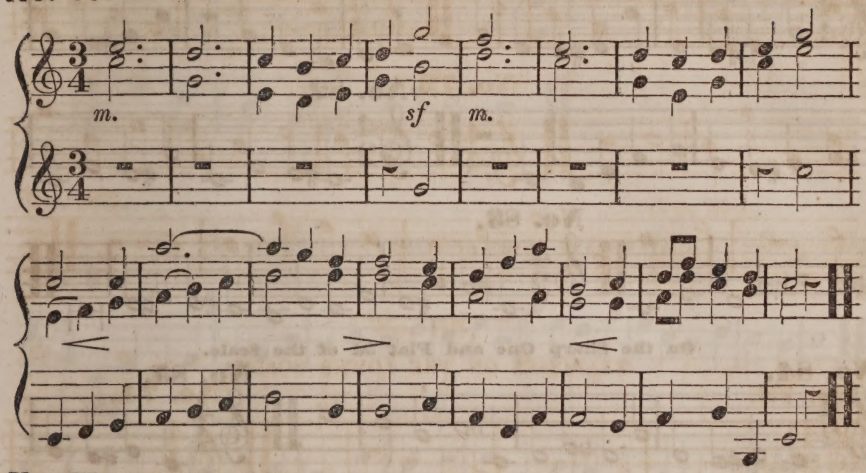


No. 76.

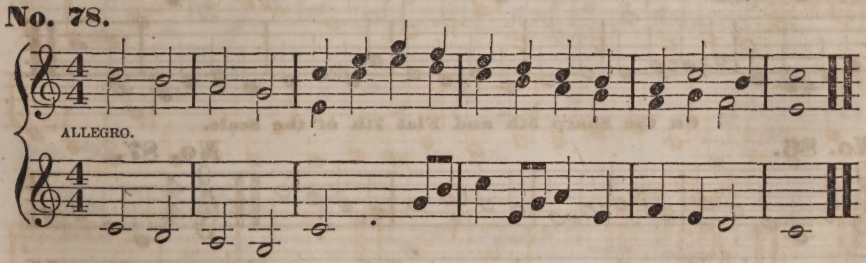


EXERCISES COMBINING THE THREE SCALES.

No. 77. **For Three Voices.**

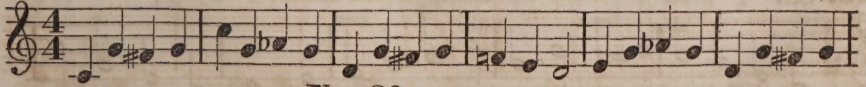


No. 78.

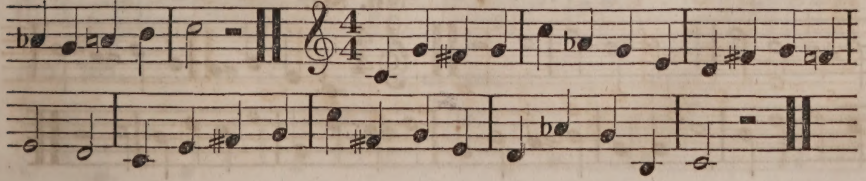


EXERCISES ON THE CHROMATIC TONES.

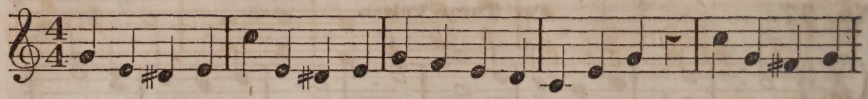
No. 79. **On the Sharp 4th and Flat 6th of the Scale.**



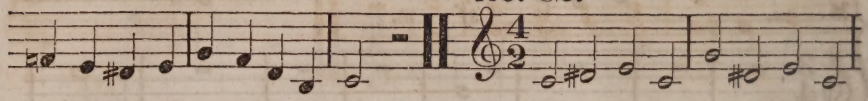
No. 80.



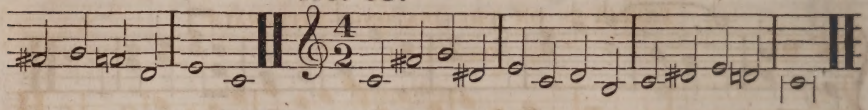
No. 81. On the Sharp 2d of the Scale.



No. 82.

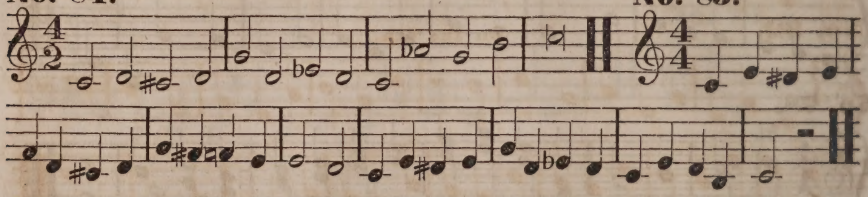


No. 83.



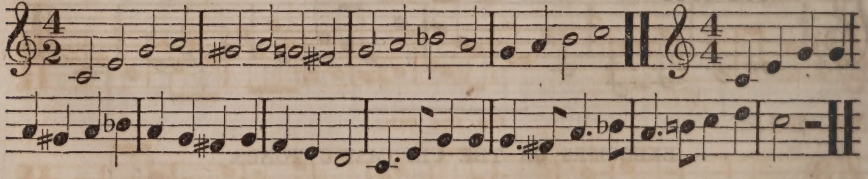
On the Sharp One and Flat 3d of the Scale.

No. 84. **No. 85.**

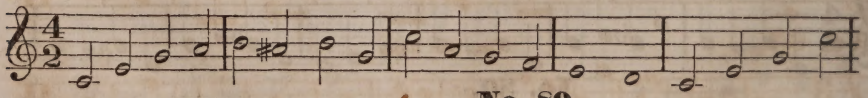


On the Sharp 5th and Flat 7th of the Scale.

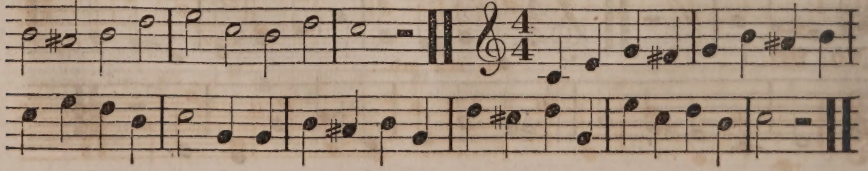
No. 86. **No. 87.**



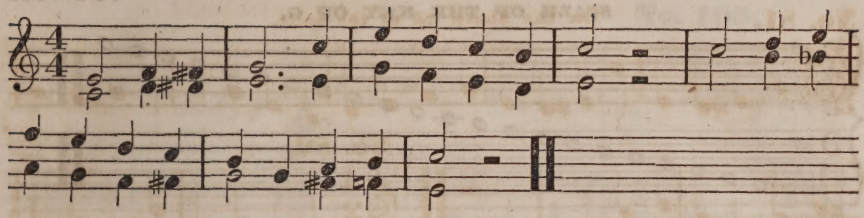
No. 88. On the Sharp 6th of the Scale.



No. 89.

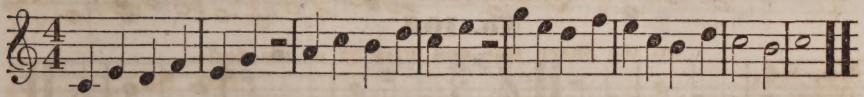


No. 90.

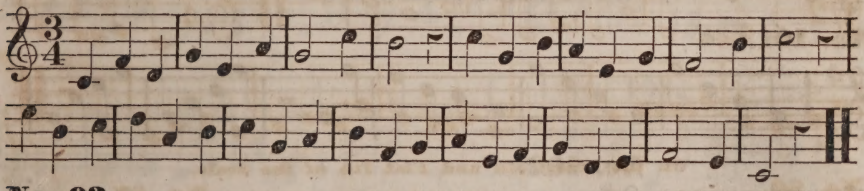


EXERCISES ON THE DIATONIC INTERVALS.

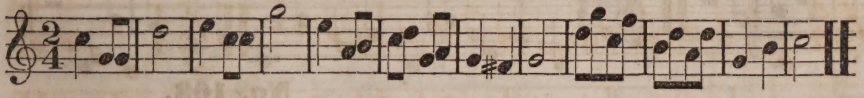
No. 91. On the 3d.



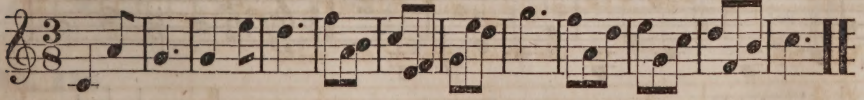
No. 92. On the 4th.



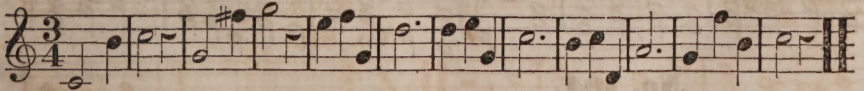
No. 93. On the 5th.



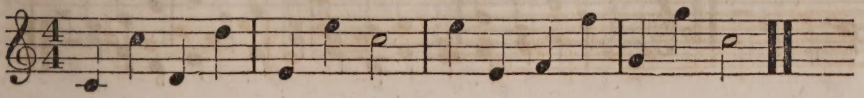
No. 94. On the 6th.



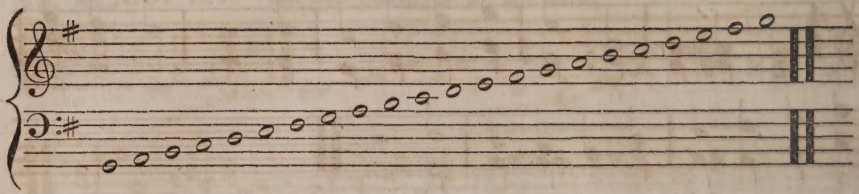
No. 95. On the 7th.



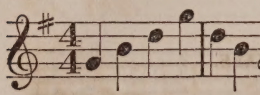
No. 96. On the 8th.



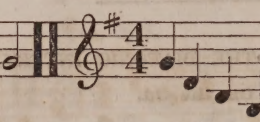
SCALE OF THE KEY OF G.



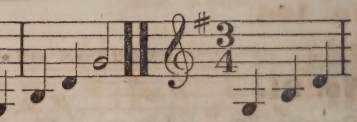
No. 97.



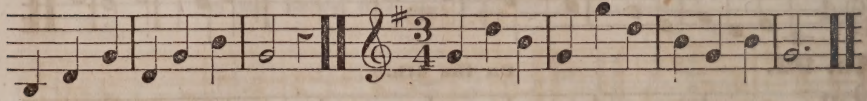
No. 98.



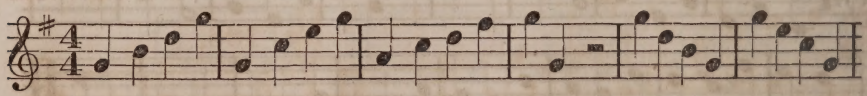
No. 99.



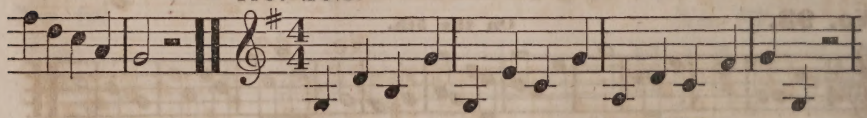
No. 100.



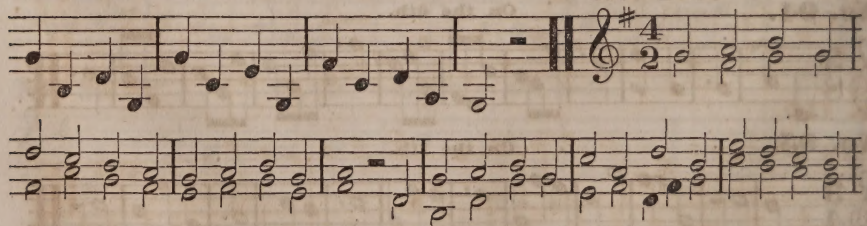
No. 101.



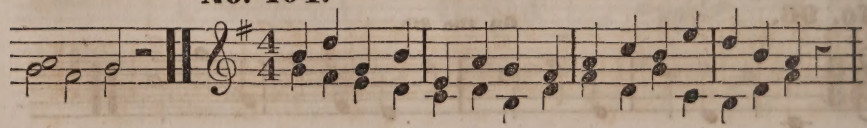
No. 102.



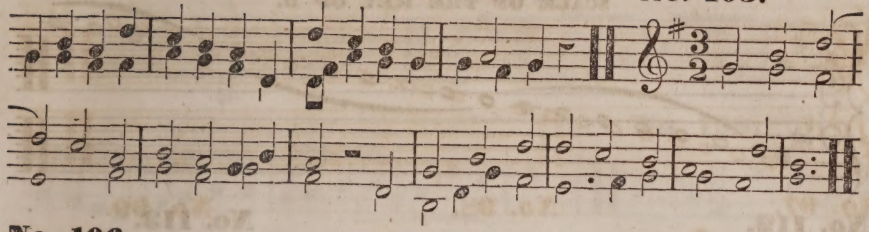
No. 103.



No. 104.



No. 105.



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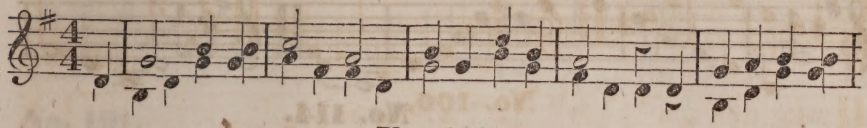

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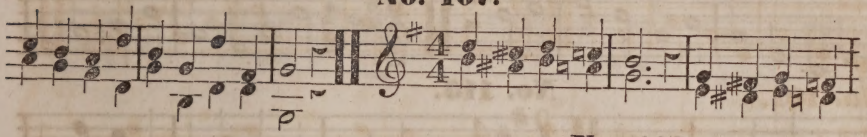

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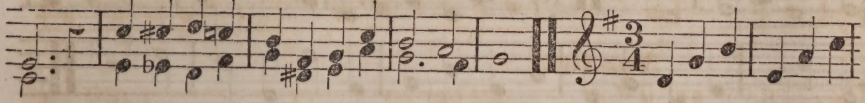

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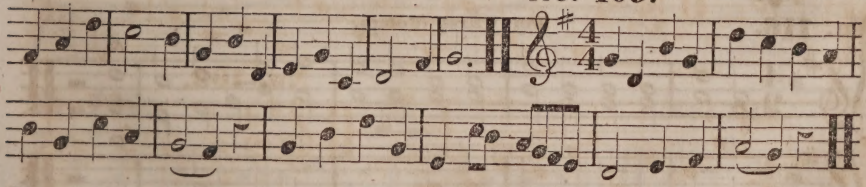

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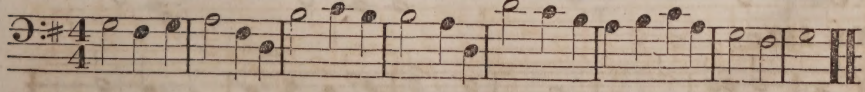

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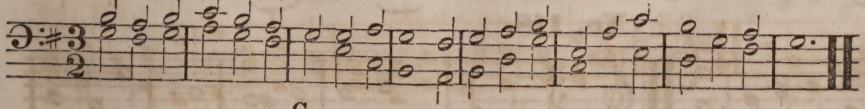
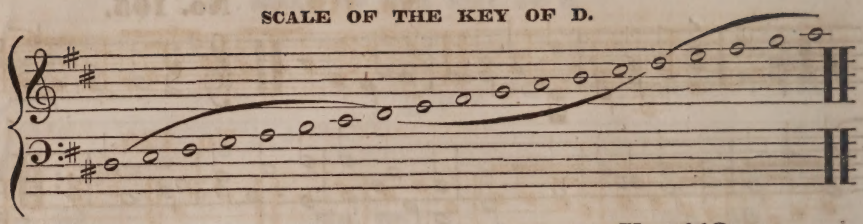


SCALE OF THE KEY OF D.



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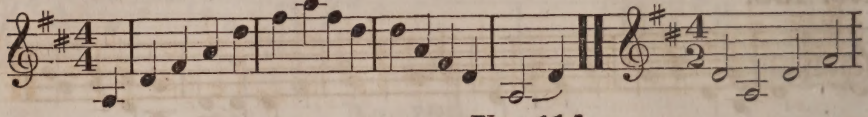

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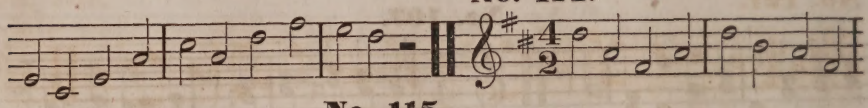
No. 114.



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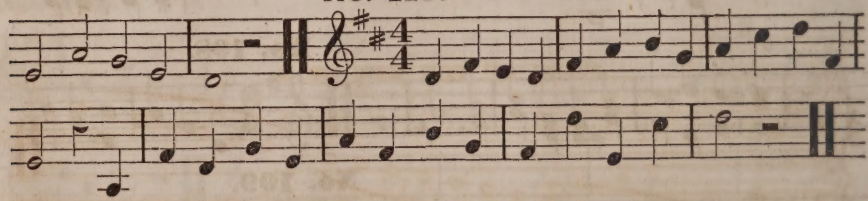

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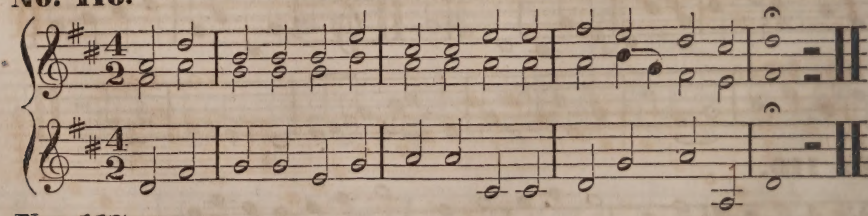

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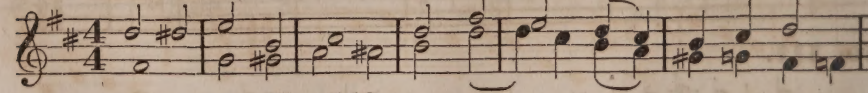

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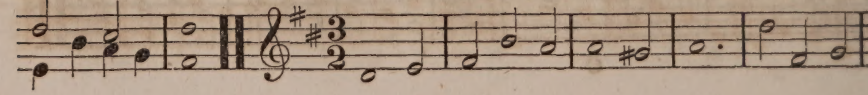

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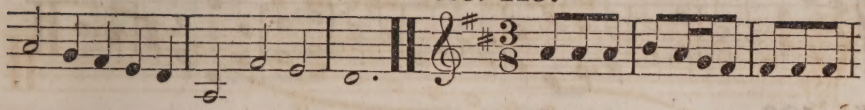

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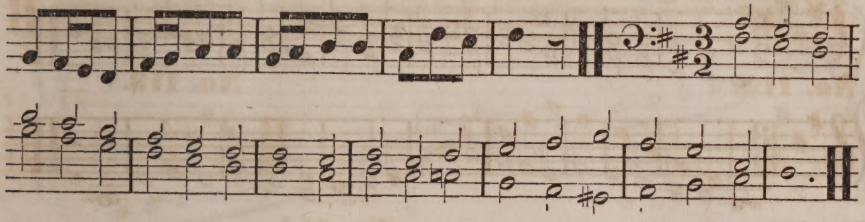

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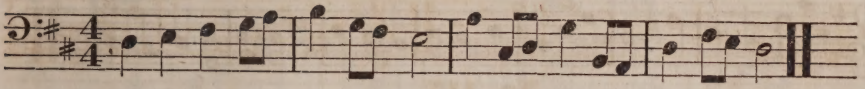
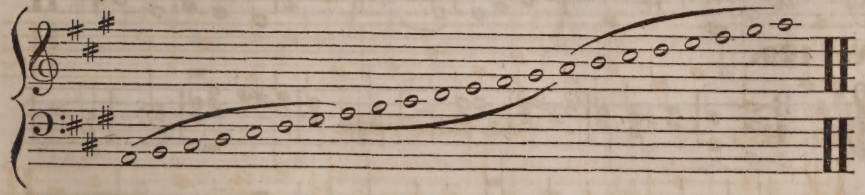


SCALE OF THE KEY OF A.



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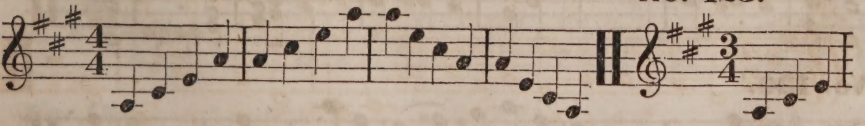

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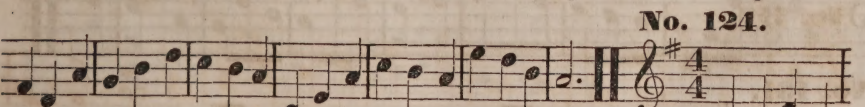

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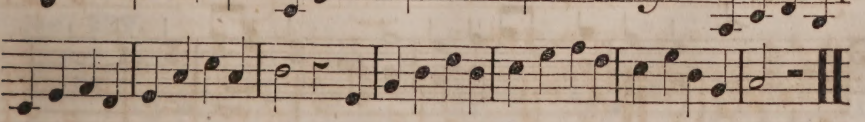

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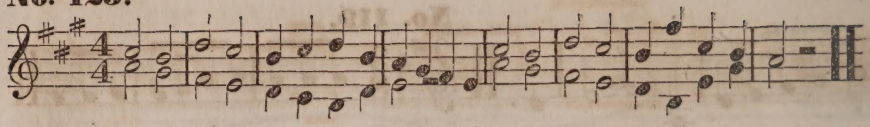

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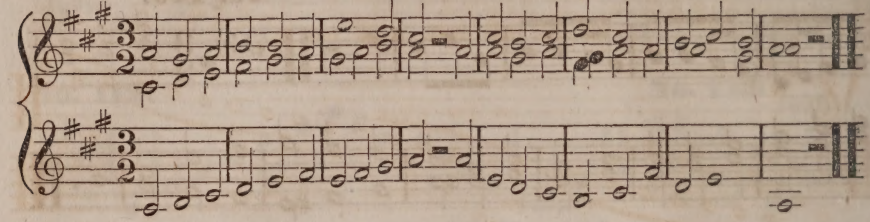

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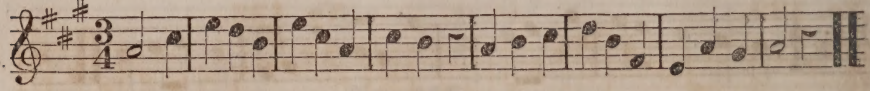

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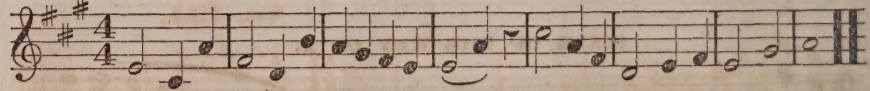

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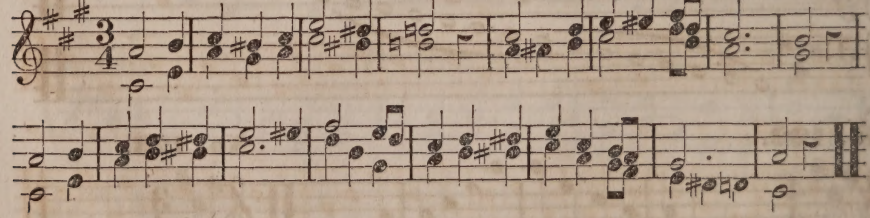

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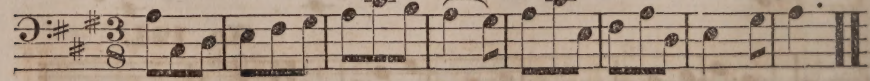

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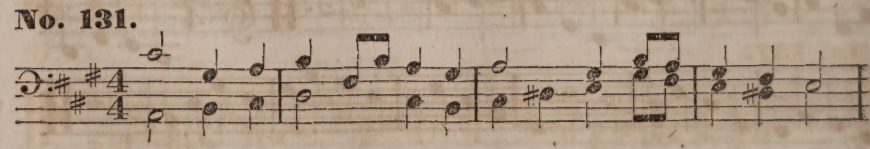
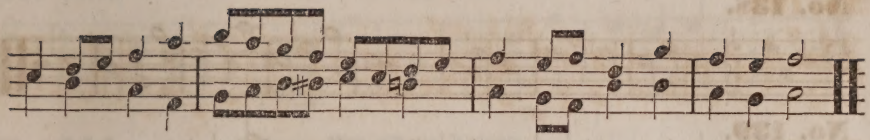
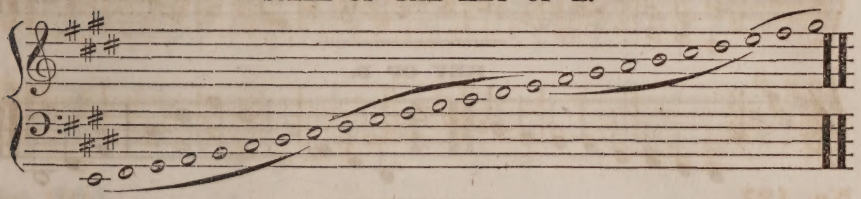




SCALE OF THE KEY OF E.



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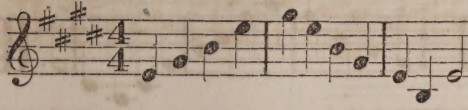

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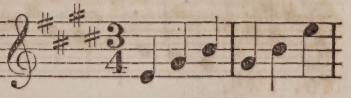

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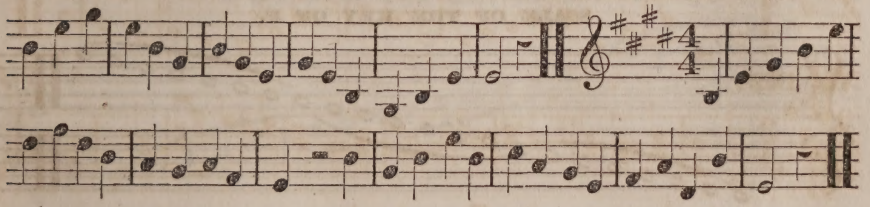

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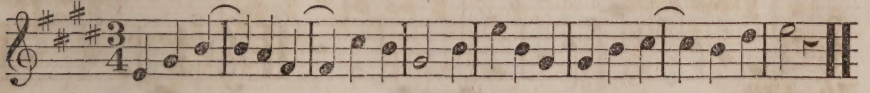

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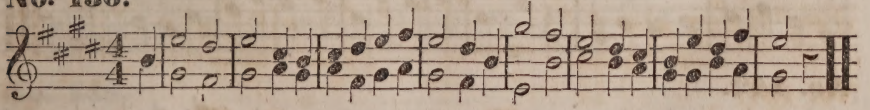

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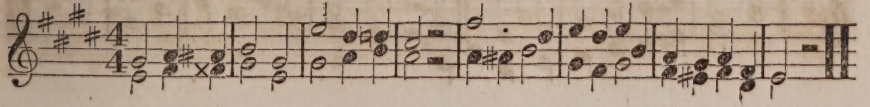

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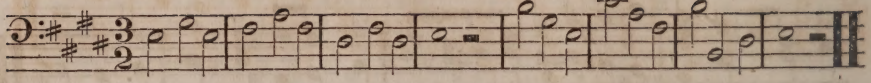

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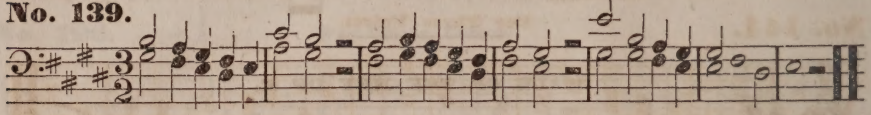

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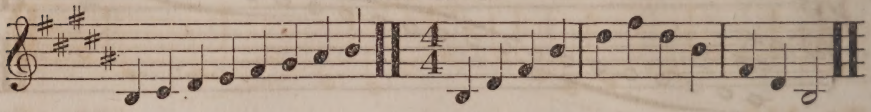
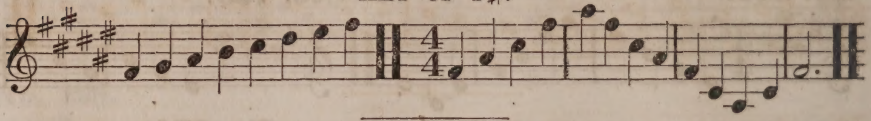
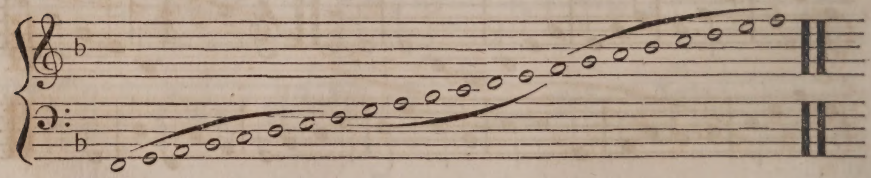


KEY OF F♯.



SCALE OF THE KEY OF F.



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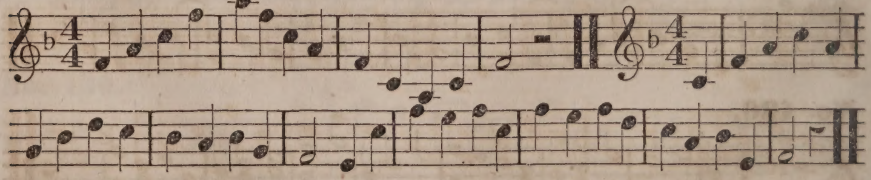
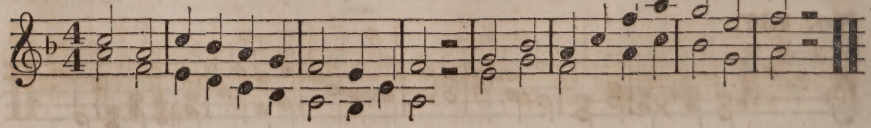
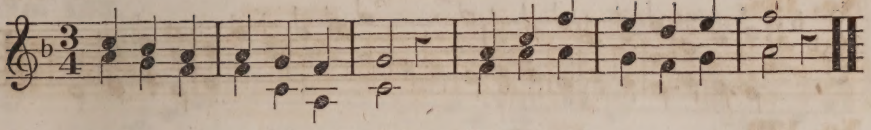


No. 141.

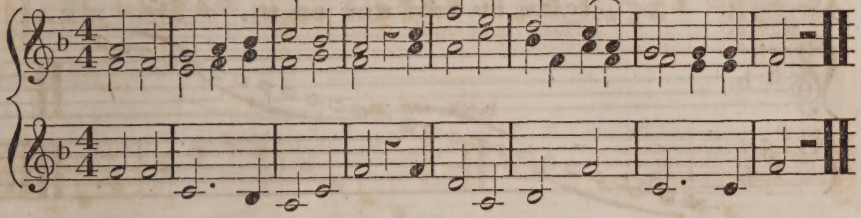
No. 142.



No. 143.



No. 144. For Three Voices.



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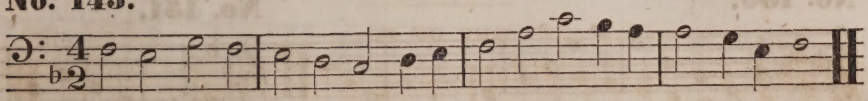
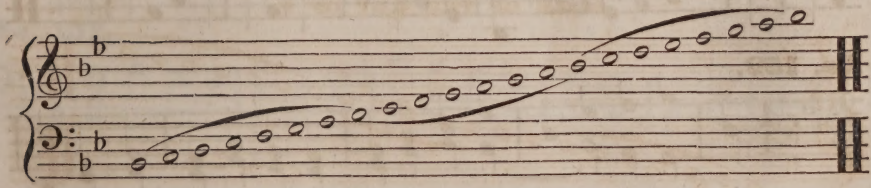


SCALE OF THE KEY OF B♭.



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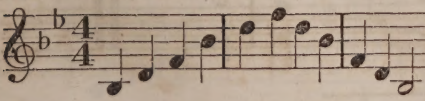

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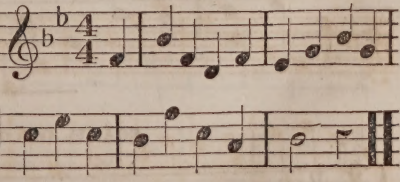

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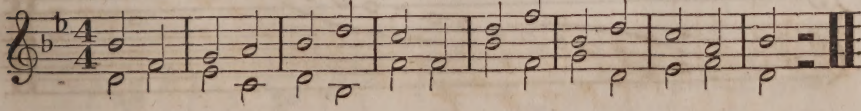

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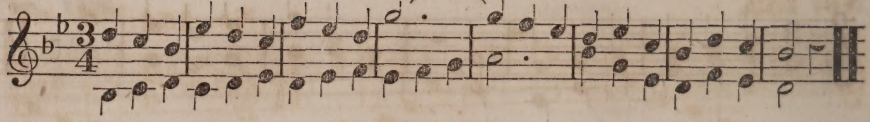
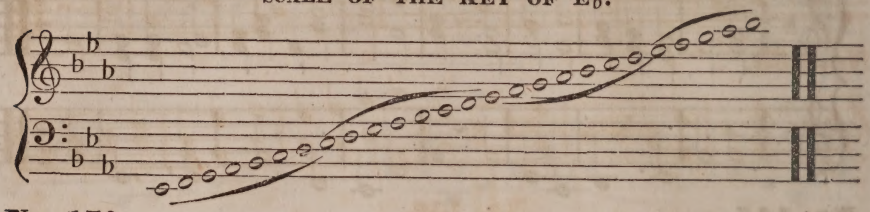


SCALE OF THE KEY OF E♭.



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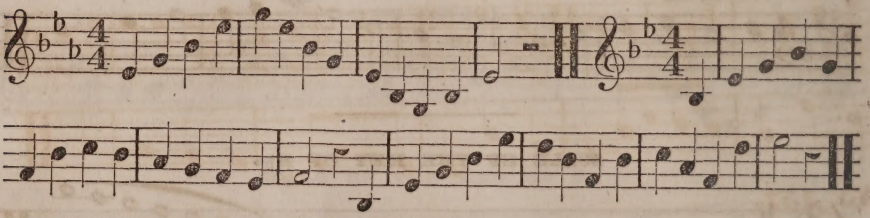

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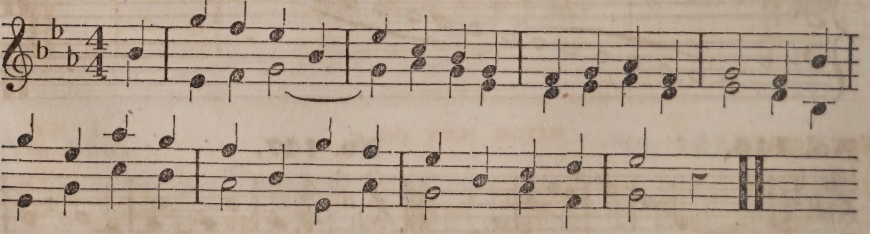
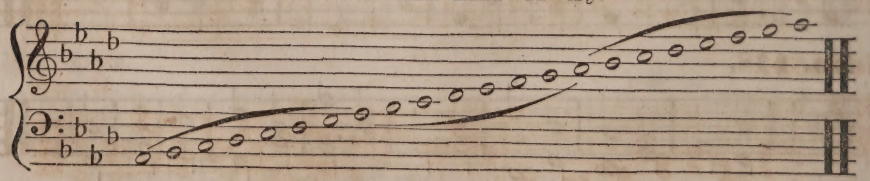


SCALE OF THE KEY OF A♭.



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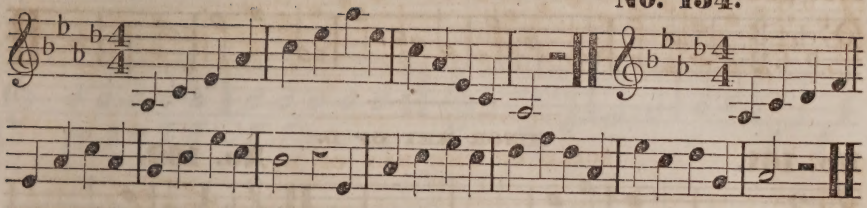

No. 154.

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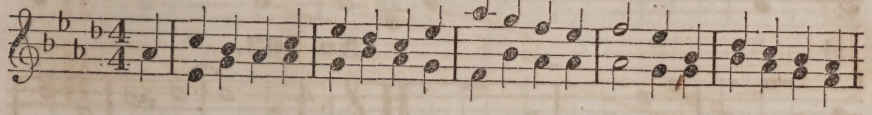

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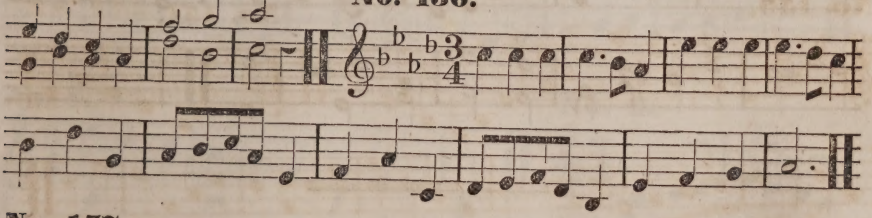

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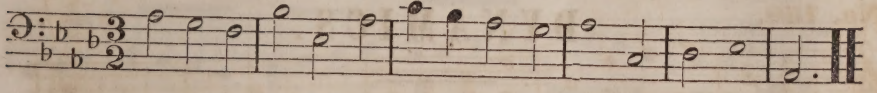

MINOR KEY OF C.

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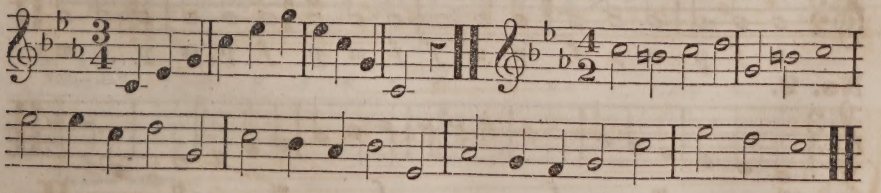

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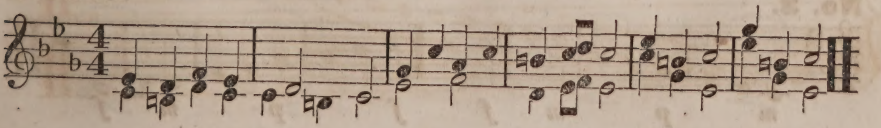

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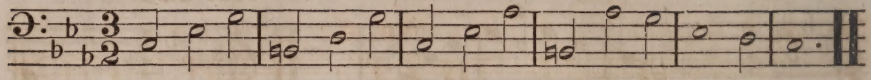

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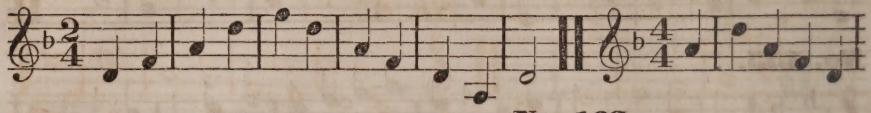

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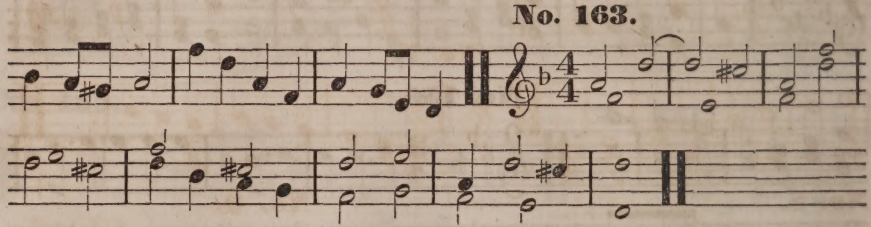
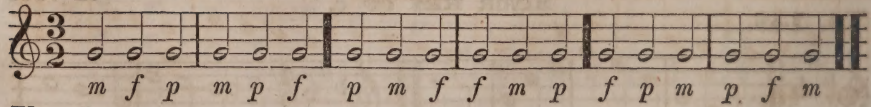


DYNAMICS.

EXERCISES ON MEZZO, FORTE, AND PIANO.

No. 1.



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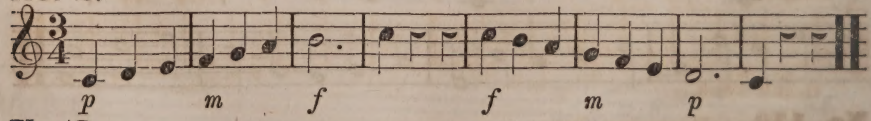
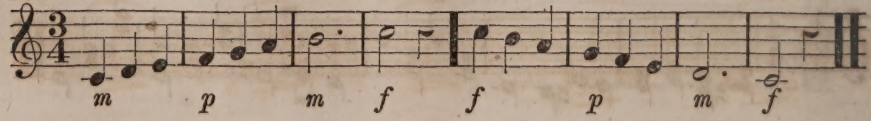
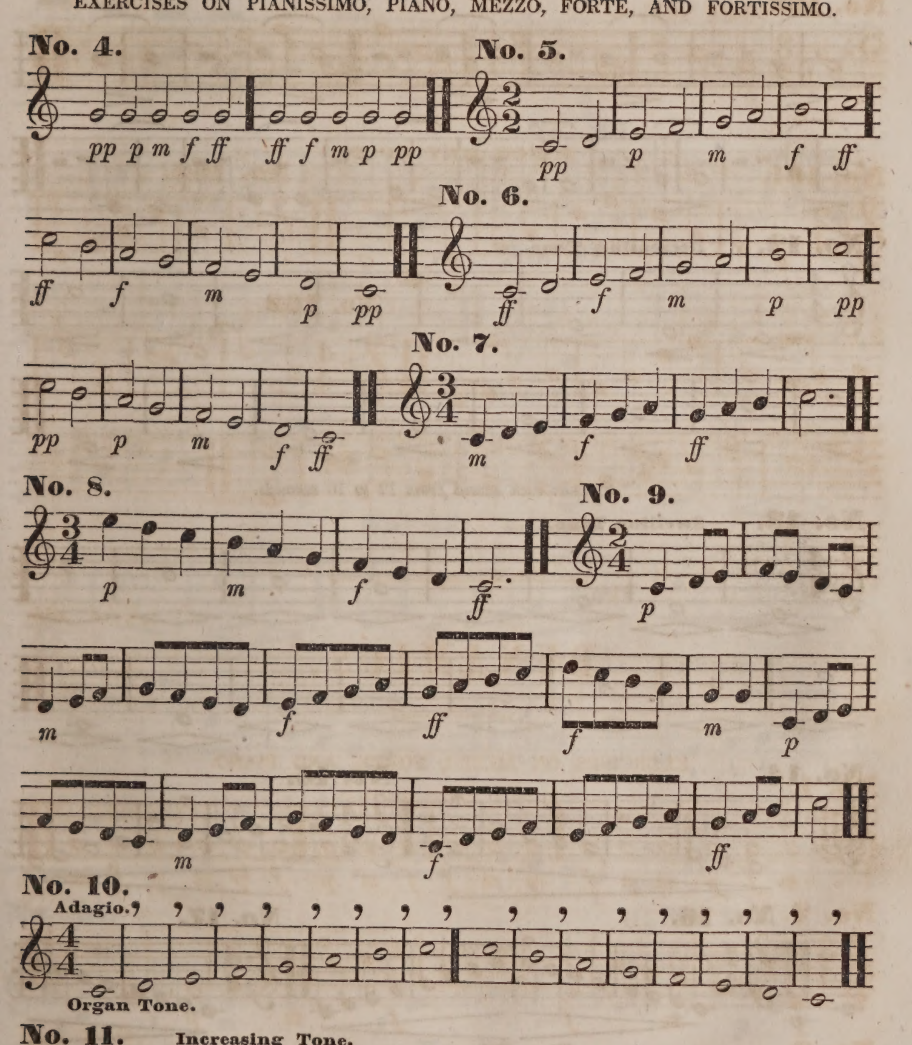
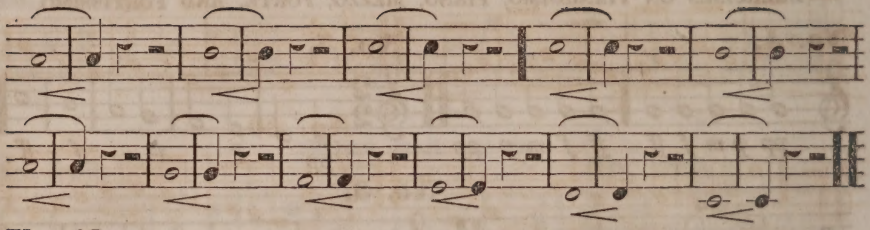


No. 3.

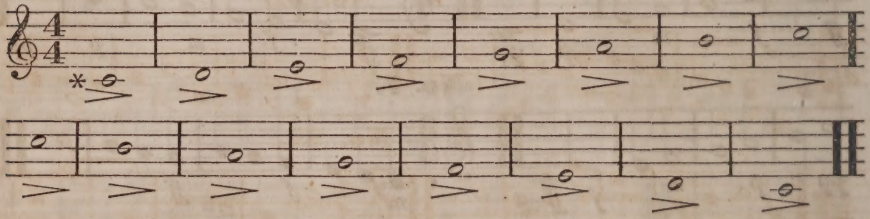


EXERCISES ON PIANISSIMO, PIANO, MEZZO, FORTE, AND FORTISSIMO.



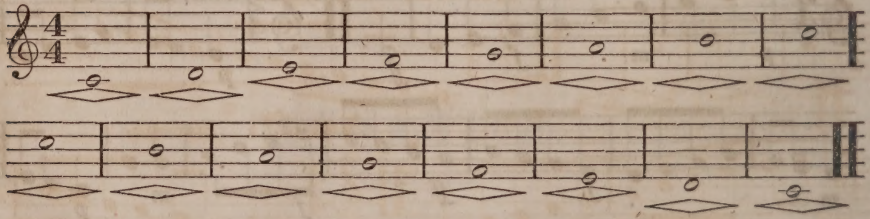


No. 12. **Decreasing Tone.**



* *Sustain each sound from 12 to 16 seconds.*

No. 13. **Swelling Tone.**



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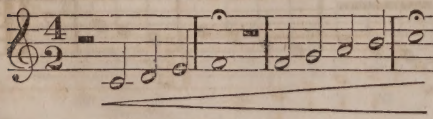

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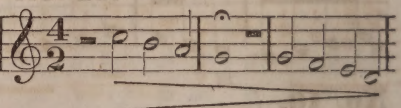

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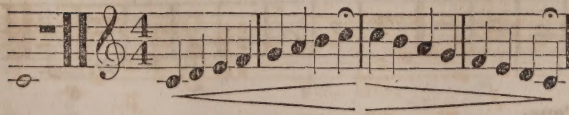

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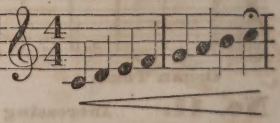

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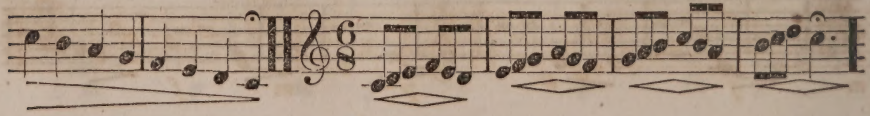

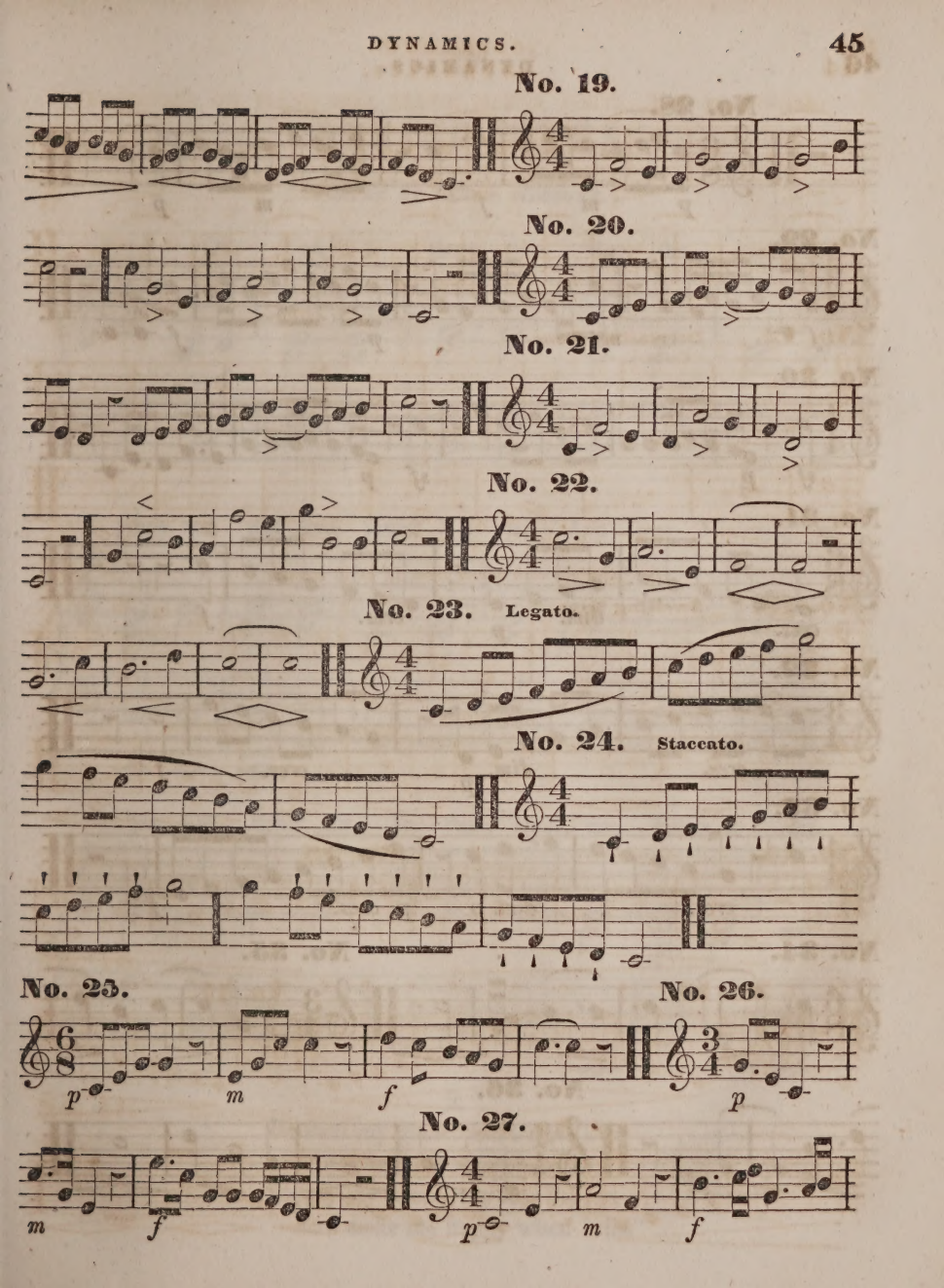
No. 19.
No. 20.
No. 21.
No. 22.
No. 23. Legato.
No. 24. Staccato.
No. 25.
No. 26.
No. 27.
p
m
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p
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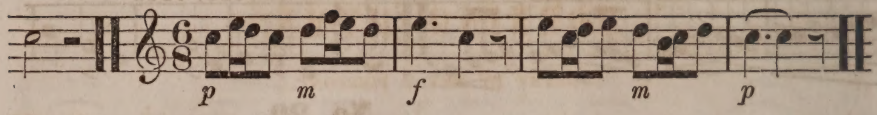
No. 28.



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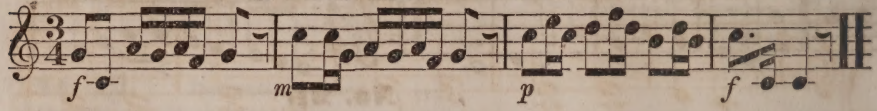

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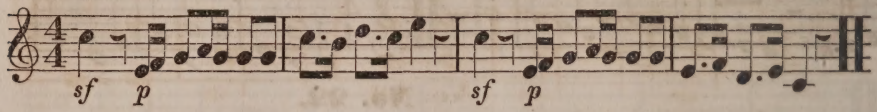

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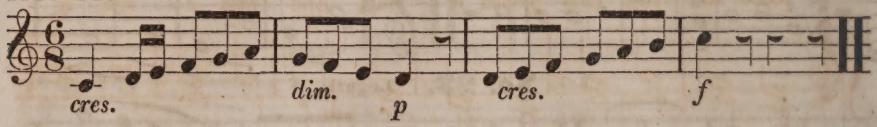

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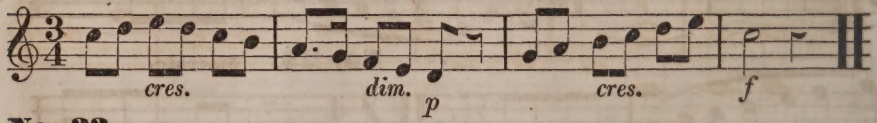

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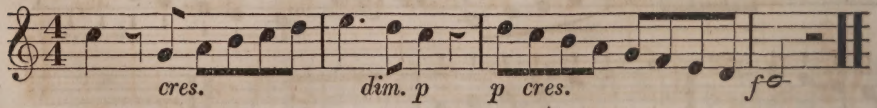

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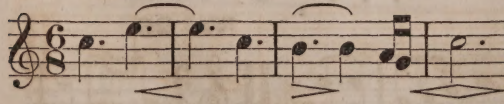

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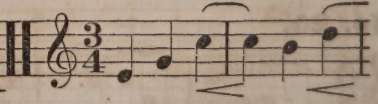

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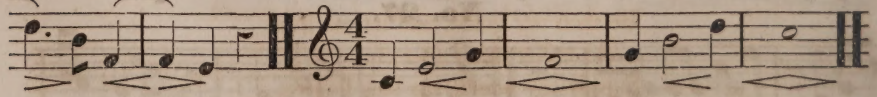
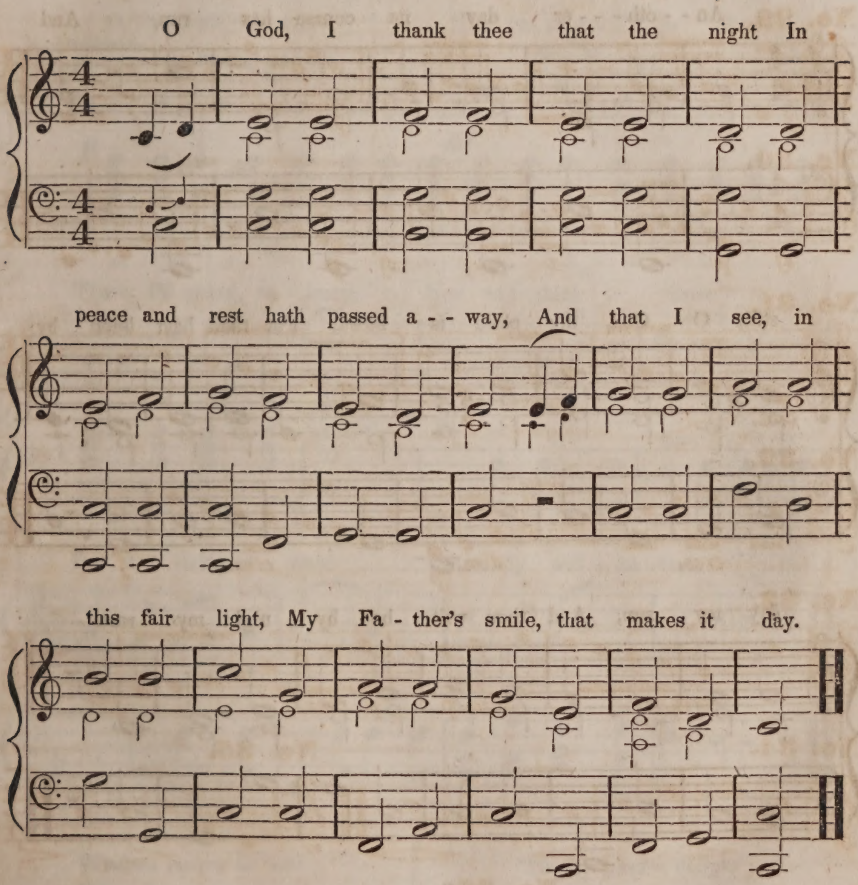


MORNING HYMN.

POETRY BY REV. J. PIERPONT.



2.

Be thou my guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

EVENING HYMN.

POETRY BY REV. J. PIERPONT.

An - - oth - - - er day its course has run, And

still, O God, thy child is blest; For thou hast been by

day my sun, And thou wilt be by night my rest.

2.

Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close;
And now, while all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

O, 'tis well I know Glad to school I'll go:

Andante.

p mf

There I'll strive to learn, Nor will think it hard,

f p

For a rich re - ward Sure - ly will re - turn.

f

2.

Wisdom makes us love
Him who reigns above,
Leads to what is good:
Angels love my ways,
When I spend my days
Rightly serving God.

3.

'Tis my heart's delight
Every day and night
Learning good to spend.
Glad to school I'll go,
For 'tis well I know
Happy will it end.

THE MORNING CALL.

Wake, wake, wake at the wild bird's lay! He carols ear - ly

from the lone - ly bower, And chants sweet praises with the dawn of

day. Wake, wake, wake at this hour!

f

2.

List to the chirper's note:
He seems to call thee from his chosen bough,
And joy and health upon the breezes float:
Come forth, then, now!

3.

Come to the balmy air;
Its gentlest breath shall play upon thy brow,
And sweetly soothe the troublings of thy care:
Yes, come forth now!

4.

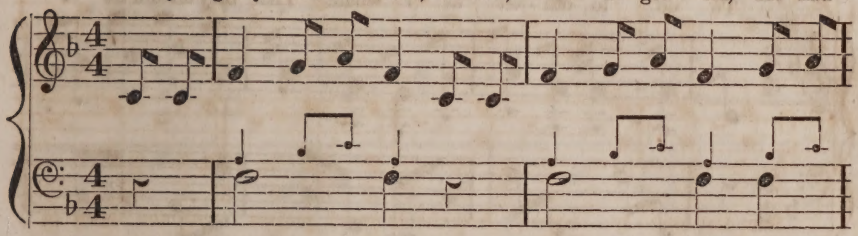
Come to the garden's bound:
There flow'rets brighten in the earliest ray;
And, from their opening leaves, breathe fragrance round:
Up, come away!

5.

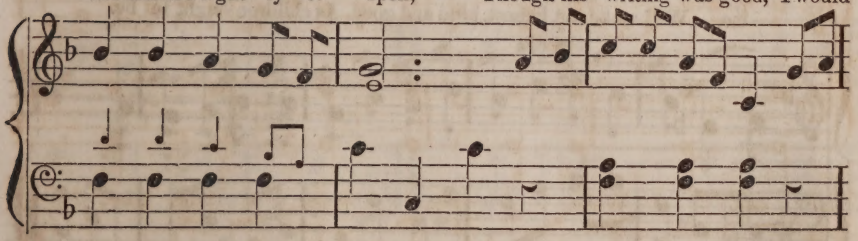
Come to the glorious light:
The dewy pearls shall shine along thy way;
And each loved rill shall gleam with radiance bright:
Come, let's away!

THE GOOD SCHOLAR.

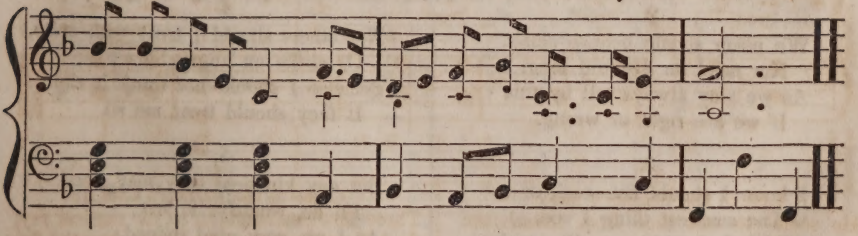
A young boy had been told, That if, when he grew old, He had



not learned right - ly to spell, Though his writing was good, 'Twould



not be un-der-stood: Said he, "I will learn my task well."

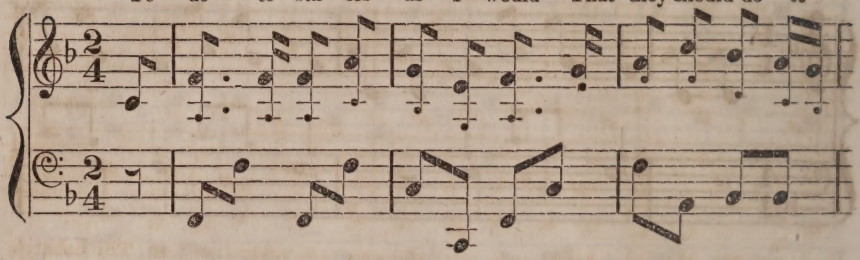


2.

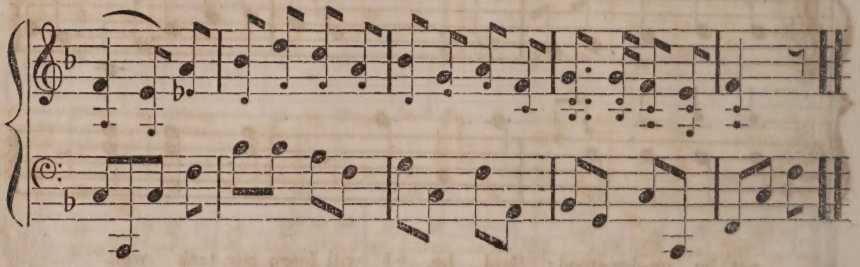
So he made it a rule
To be silent at school;
And what do you think came to pass?
Why, he learned it so fast,
That, from being the last,
He soon was the first in his class.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

To do to oth - ers as I would That they should do to



me, Will make me honest, kind and good, As children ought to be.



2.

We never should behave amiss,
Nor need be doubtful long,
As we may always tell by this
If we are right or wrong.

3.

I know I should not steal, or use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose,
If it belonged to me.

4.

Nor others should I treat with spite,
Or strike an angry blow;
Because I should not think it right,
If they should treat me so.

5.

But any kindness they may need
I'll do, whate'er it be;
As I am very glad indeed,
When they are kind to me.

6.

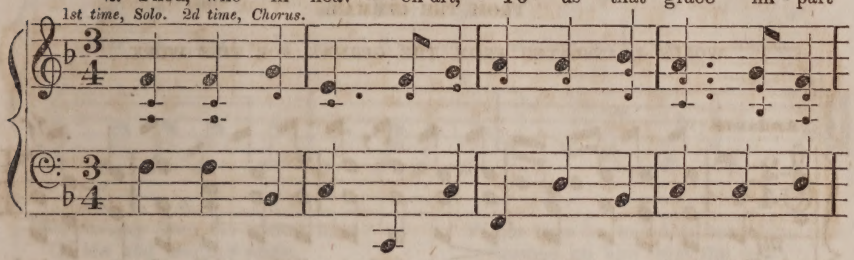
Then let me ne'er, at home or school,
In action or in word,
Appear not to have learned this rule
Of Jesus Christ our Lord.

GLAD HEARTS TO THEE WE BRING.

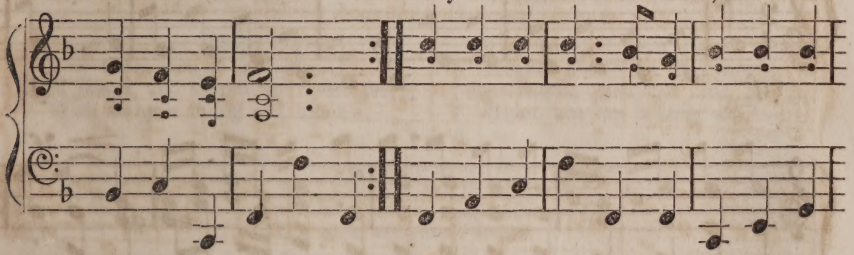
NATIONAL MELODY.

1. Glad hearts to thee we bring; With joy thy name we sing,
2. Thou, who in heav - - en art, To us that grace im - part

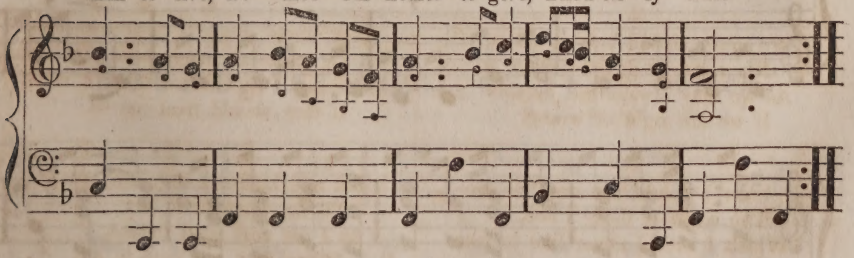
1st time, Solo. 2d time, Chorus.



Fa - ther a - - bove. Cre - a - tion prais - es thee; Thy bounty's
Our Sa - vior knew: May we his truth re - ceive; Aid us like



full and free; In all a - round we see To - kens of love.
him to live, To thee our hearts to give, Thou on - ly true.



3.

Giver of all our powers,
Now, in life's morning hours,
May they be thine;
Thine may they ever be,
Pure, and from error free,
An offering worthy thee,
Parent divine.

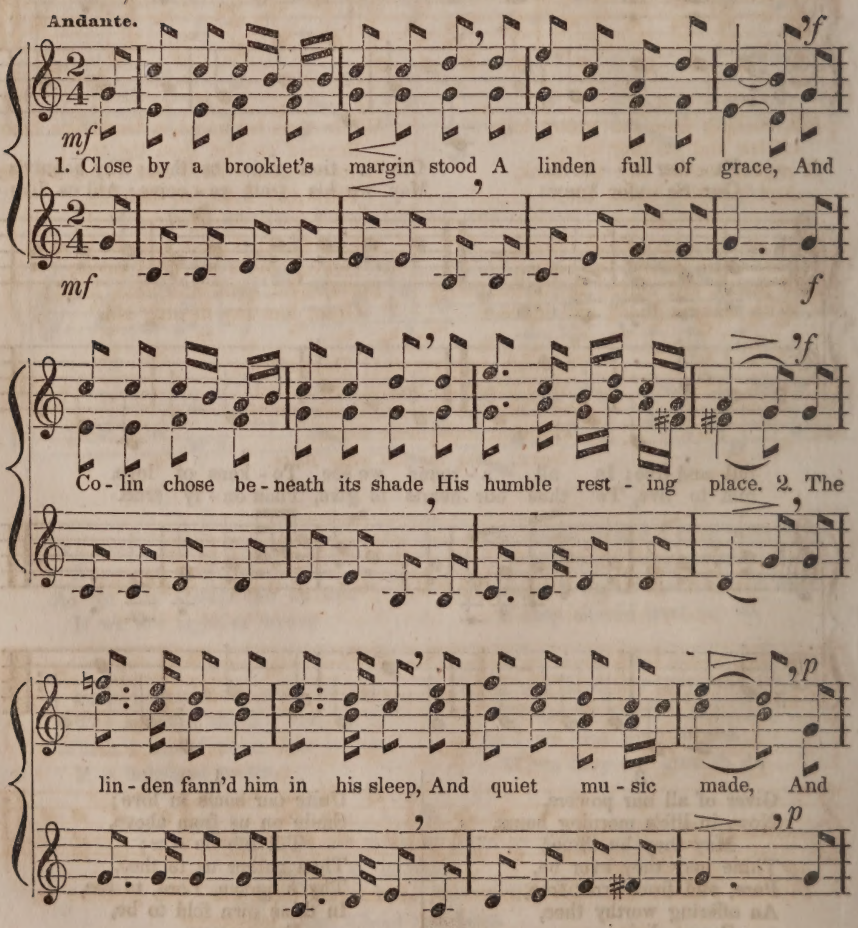
4.

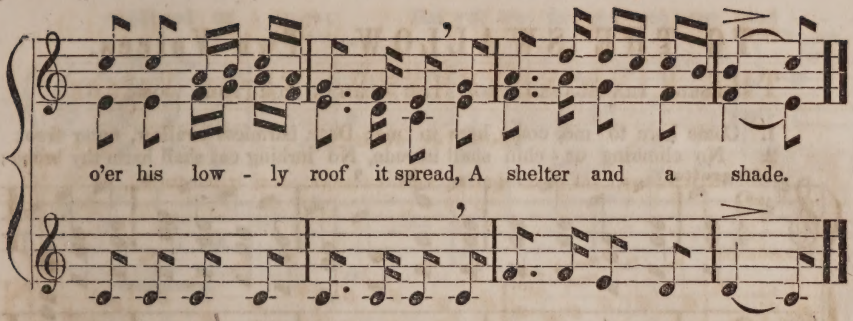
Unite our souls in love;
Smile on us from above,
Till life be o'er;
Then gather us to thee,
Thy kingdom, Lord, to see,
In thine own fold to be,
Forevermore.

THE KIND SHEPHERD. Three Voices.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.





3.
But, rushing from the wintry hills
Of ice and melting snow,
A raging torrent tore the bank,
And laid the linden low.

4.
Soon as the angry flood retired,
Poor Colin sought the place,
And raised, and stayed the linden there,
With many a thong and brace.

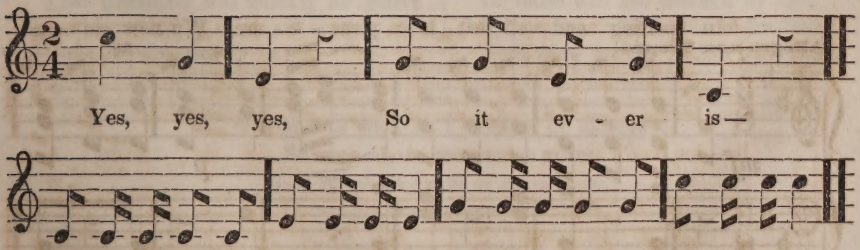
5.
While thus he toiled, a beauteous face
Beamed on him from the tree;
A voice cried, "Thou hast saved my life:
What can I do for thee?"

6.
"Kind angel, I have nought to ask:
Heaven sends me all I need;
But Damon, good and kind, is ill;
Grant him thy healing aid."

7.
The wish was granted: Damon soon
Was cheerful, bright, and sound;
And Colin, in his neighbor's good,
His own enjoyment found.

NOTE. *Sing the last verse twice.*

ROUND, for Eight or Four Voices.



TO THE SWALLOW. Two Voices.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

1. Come here to me, come here to me; Dear, harmless swallow, enter free;
2. No climbing ur - chin shall intrude, No lurking cat shall harm thy brood;

Allegretto.

And, where it suits thy fan - cy best, Build here in peace thy humble nest.
And, when the days are warm and long, My care re - pay in twittering song.

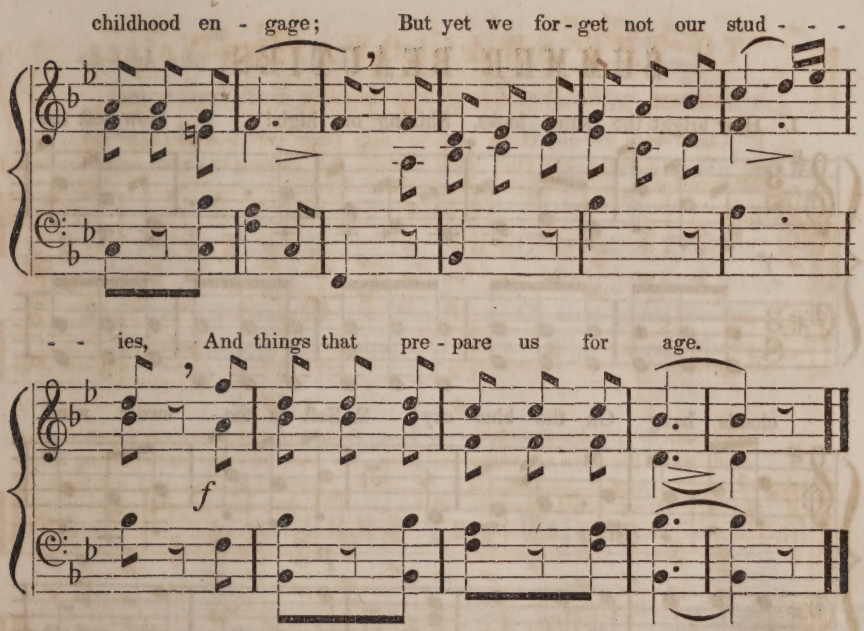
CHILDHOOD. Two Voices.

MUSIC BY C. F. GEORGI.
WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

In sporting and all that is pleas - - - ure, We now in our

Allegro non Troppo.

mf *p*



2.

We welcome the pleasures of music,
And oft do we join in the song,
Amidst the bright sunbeams of May-day,
Or when the cool evening is long.

3.

But ever we strive to remember
That childhood will quickly be gone;
The stream that to manhood conveys us
Rolls rapidly, rapidly on.

4.

Then, diligence ever our motto,
Each hour in some good we'll employ;
And thus shall our future life's pathway
Be covered with roses of joy.

5.

We'll listen to all the good counsel
Of those who are honored by age,
And treasure those sacred instructions
That glow on the Bible's pure page.

6.

And thus shall each pleasure of childhood
Be such as, in future ripe years,
Shall never be cause of repentance,
Or mingle my fortune with tears.

SUMMER BEAUTIES.

1. How bright the sun looks, Shining on high! How soft the

f

clouds hang On the blue sky! 2. Soft is the sweet wind,

p

Pleasant the sight Of the grass wa - ving In the pure light.

3.

See the young birds dart
From tree to tree!
Is not their song one
Of grateful glee?

4.

How the broad river
Sparkles and flows,
Bearing the sunshine
On as it goes!

5.

Out in the fields, then,
Let us go forth;
Beauty and gladness
Cover the earth.

6.

We will be thankful,
With all around;
And we will wander
Where flowers are found.

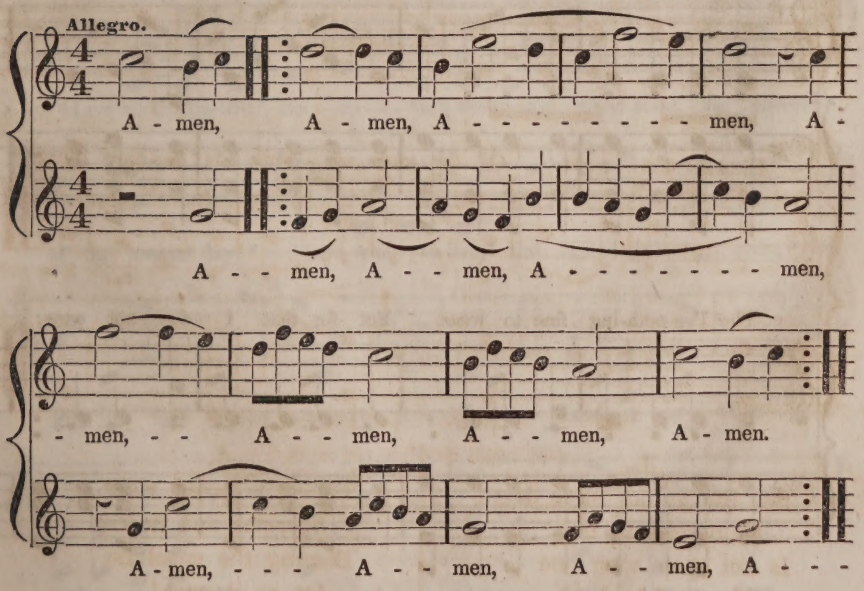
7.

O, can we ever
See the earth thus,
Without adoring
Him who made us? —

8.

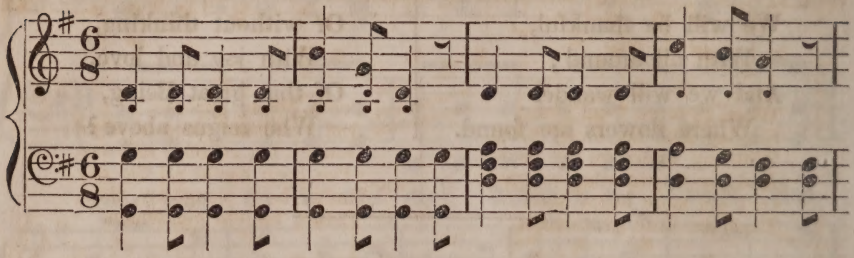
Or without thinking,
With joy and love,
Of that great Being,
Who reigns above?

AMEN. Two Voices.

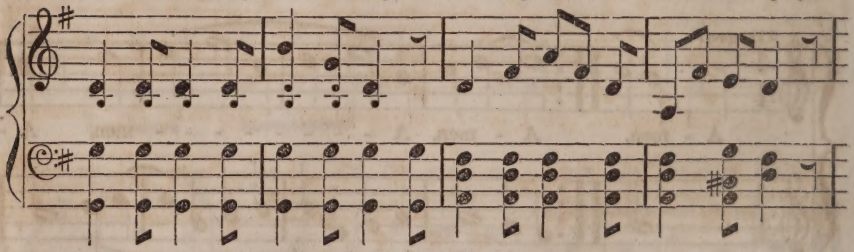


THE WORKING BOY.

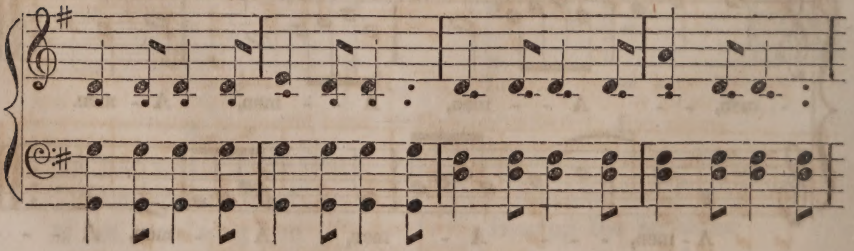
I'm a lit - tle husbandman; Work and la - bor hard I can.



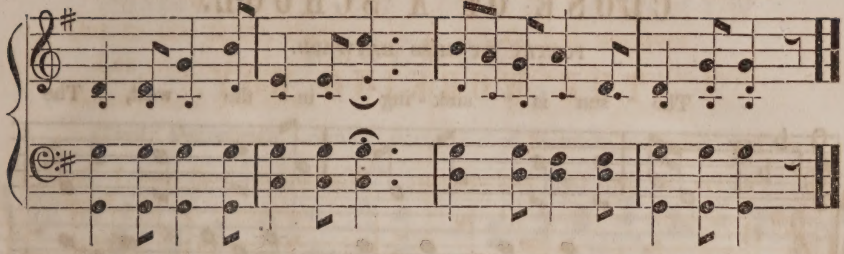
I'm as hap - py, all the day, At my work, as if 'twere play.



Tho' I've noth-ing fine to wear, Yet for that I do not care;



Tho' I've nothing fine to wear, Yet for that I do not care.



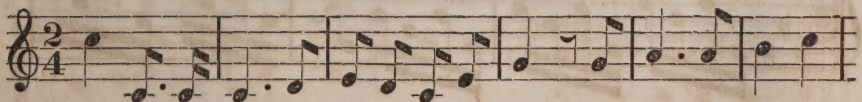
2.

When to work I go along,
Singing loud my merry song,
With my wallet on my back,
And my wagon whip to crack,
O, I am more happy then
Than the little gentleman!

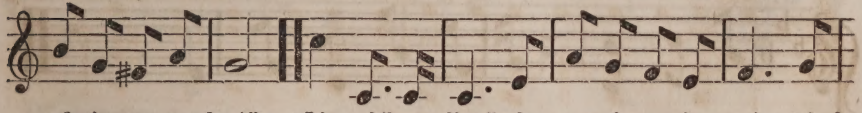
3.

I've a hearty appetite,
And I soundly sleep at night;
Down I lie, content, and say,
"I've been useful all the day."
Rather be a ploughboy, then,
Than a useless gentleman.

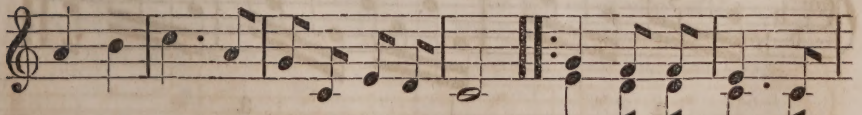
LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE.



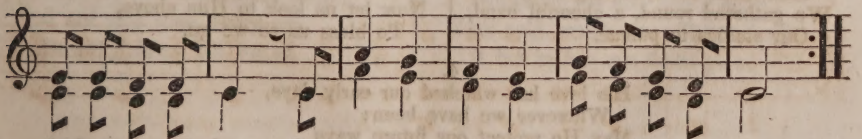
"Live while you live," the ep - i - cure would say, "And seize the pleasures



of the present day!" "Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries, "And



give to God each moment as it flies!" Lord, in my view let



both u - ni - ted be; I live in pleasure while I live to thee.

CLOSE OF A SCHOOL.

POETRY BY MISS HAYWARD.

The sun is sink - ing in the west, The

time for la - - bor goes; And slow - ly come the

hours of rest, Of qui - - et and re - - pose.

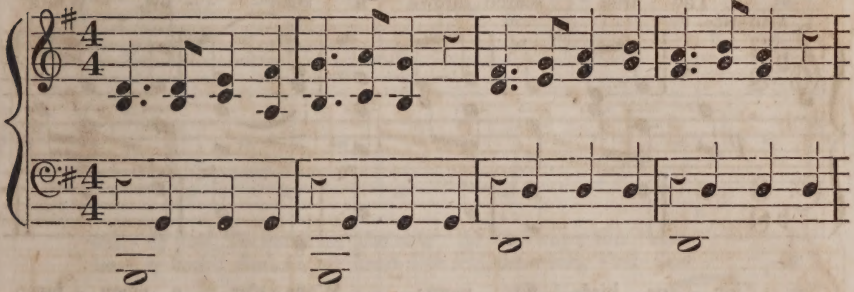
2.
Ere yet the morning zephyrs bland
Had dried the sparkling dew,
We gathered round, a cheerful band,
Our studies to pursue.

3.
The day has passed in peace and love;
The fading sunbeams glow;
Now let us look to Him above,
To bless us as we go.

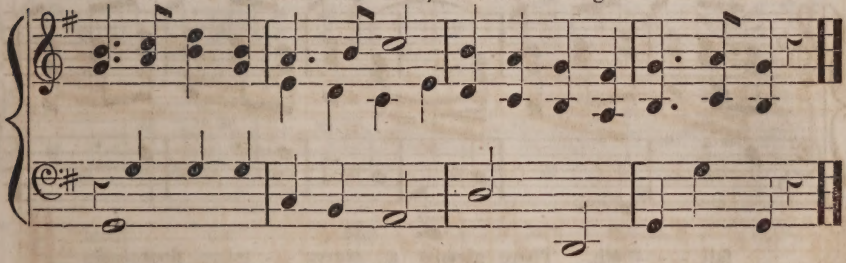
4.
His love has watched our early days,
Wherever we have been:
May He protect our future ways
From sorrow and from sin.

DECEMBER.

Chill December's coming now, Robed in white, with powdered hair;



I - ci - cles are round his brow, Garments strange for win - ter wear.



2.

All my pretty flowers have died;
All the birds have ceased to sing;
E'en the woodbine leaves are dried;
Not a fly is on the wing.

3.

But we will have glorious fun
With the ice and drifted snow;
And our sled shall glibly run,
As away down hill we go.

4.

Close around the cheerful hearth,
We will sit at close of day;
Merrily, 'twixt books and mirth,
Evening hours will glide away.

5.

Welcome, welcome, winter dear,
Glittering ice and fleecy snow!
Your cold breath we will not fear;
It but makes our faces glow.

WINTER EVENING. Two Voices.

NATIONAL MELODY.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

1. From wood and val - - - ley call - - - - eth The
2. The tree scarce throws a shad - - - - ow, Where

Andante.

p

joy - ous bird no more; Wher - e'er a moon - beam
tall and gaunt it stands; The stream a - long the

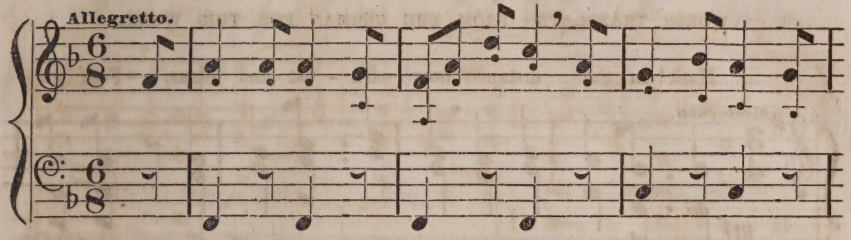
fall - - - eth, There gleams a crys - - tal floor.
mead - ow Is bound in i - - - cy bands.

3.
Yet light and warmth are gleaming
In every cottage low,
And happy faces beaming,
Unchilled by winter's snow.

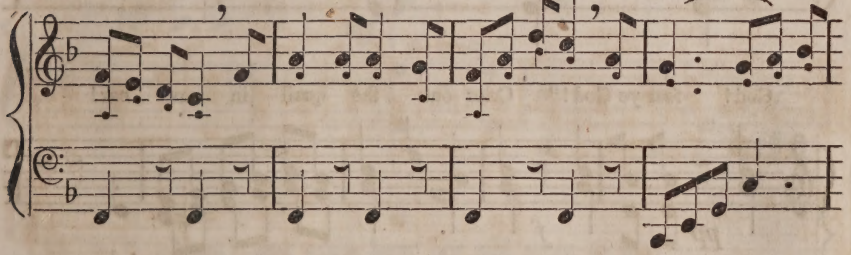
4.
Young lips, together chanting
Their evening hymn so clear,
Sing, summer is not wanting
To make their treasures dear.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

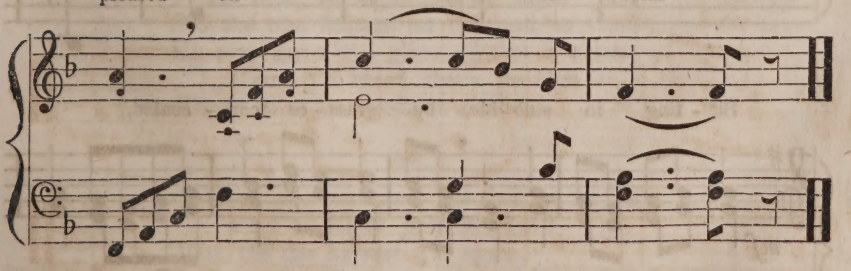
1. I love to join the joy - - ful play, To sport beside the
2. For there I meet my teach - er's smile, And read and learn the



sha - dy pool, To watch my kite soar far a - way; But more I
ho - ly book; And, O, my heart doth feel, the while, That God is



love the Sab - - - - - - bath school.
pleased on us to look.



3.

And when we bend the knee in prayer,
And hymns to our Redeemer raise,
It seems to me that God is there,
To hear us pray and sing his praise.

4.

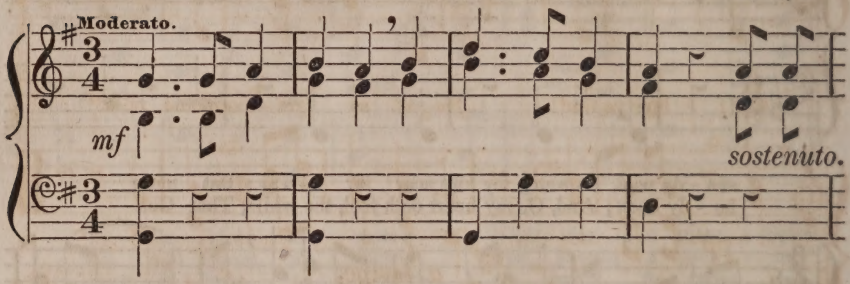
While others slight the Sabbath day,
And shun the gospel's joyful sound,
O, may I cleave to Wisdom's way,
And ever in her paths be found.

THE QUAIL'S SONG. Two Voices.

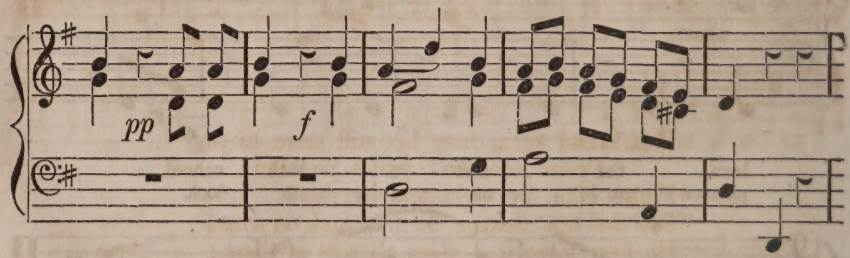
MUSIC FROM THE GERMAN.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

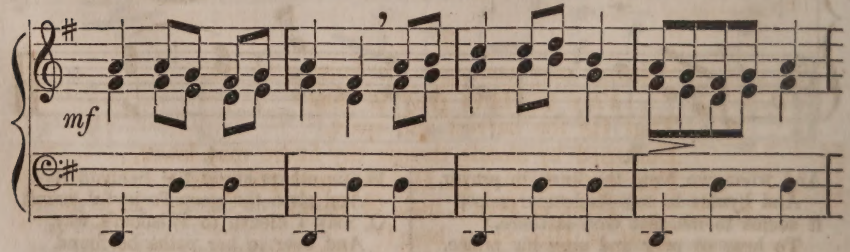
Hark! in the distance how earn - est and clear, "Fear ye



God! fear ye God!" Cries out the quail in mv ear!



Sit - ting in stub - ble, by grass - es con - cealed,



Summons the dwell - er of for - - est and field, "Love ye

f *sosten.*

God! love ye God! He is so gra - cious and mild."

pp *mf* *a tempo.*

2.

Hark! and again hear her still seem to say,
"Praise ye Him! praise ye Him!
Praise Him, by night and by day!
See the ripe fruitage on tree and on vine!
He ever gives it — gives all that is thine.
Thank ye Him! thank ye Him!
Thank Him for goodness divine!

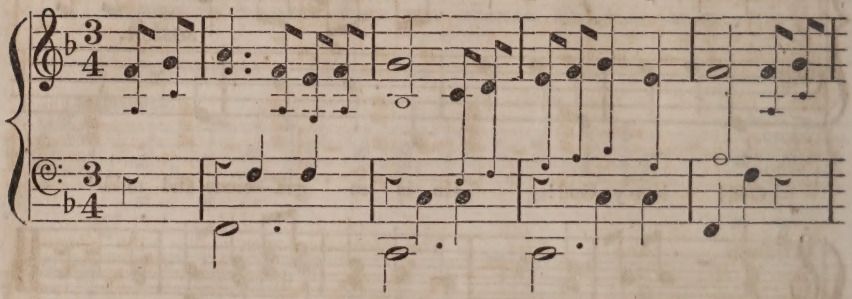
3.

"Storms may endanger the fruitage so fair:
Pray to Him! pray to Him!
That He the harvest will spare.
Darkened by clouds, though thy future may lower,
Fear not: believe in His love and His power.
Trust in Him! trust in Him!
Trust in Him every hour!"

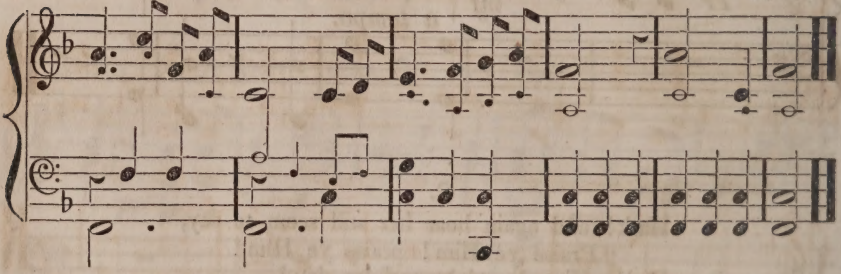
CHILDREN, GOD IS GOOD.

POETRY BY MISS HAYWARD.

God is good: the pleasant flowers, Growing in the fair, green wood, And this



pret - ty world of ours, Tell us, "Children, God is good, God is good."



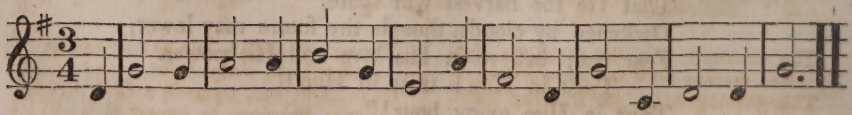
2.

And the brook, that runs along
Where so often we have stood,
Sings for us a gentle song,
Saying, "Children, God is good."

3.

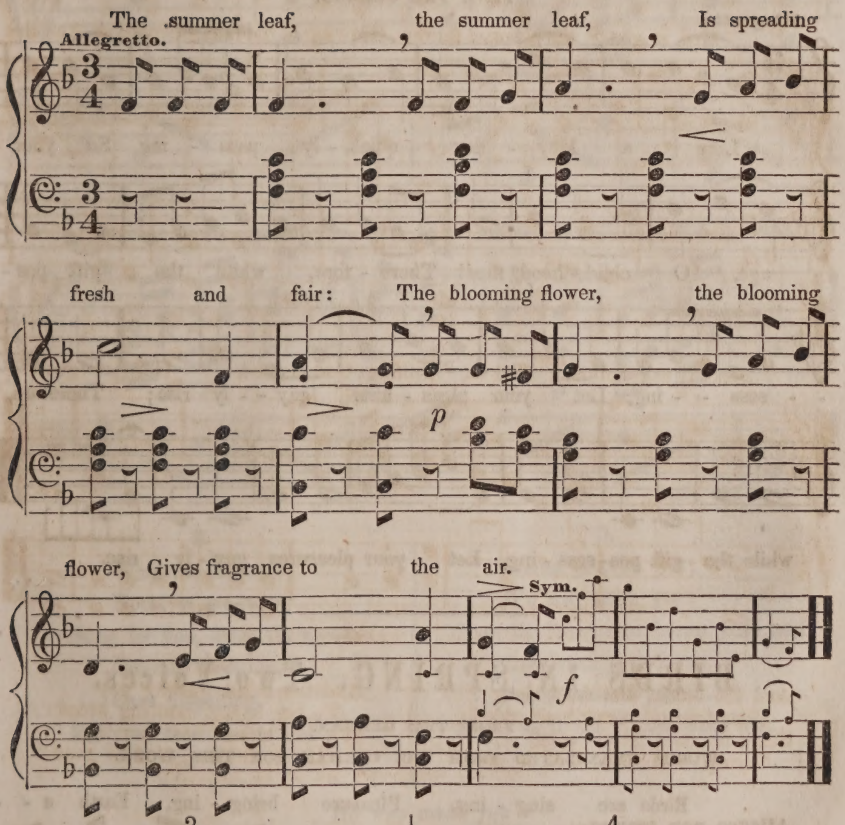
And the robin warbles gay
To her happy, nestling brood:
We can almost hear her say,
"Little children, God is good."

SENTENCE.



The sun, and moon, and stars all shine, To prove their Ma - ker is di - vine.

SUMMER SONG.



2.
The verdant fields, the verdant fields,
Invite the gay to rove;
The sportive birds, the sportive birds,
Are warbling in the grove.

3.
The meadows rich, the meadows rich,
Are decked with dew-drops light;
The gushing fount, the gushing fount,
Pours forth its waters bright.

4.
The winding stream, the winding stream,
Flows gently on its way;
The morning beam, the morning beam,
Proclaims the king of day.

5.
Fair nature smiles, fair nature smiles,
And tells to every heart,
There is a God, there is a God,
These blessings to impart.

ROUND, for Three Voices.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Allegretto.

Like a May - day quick - ly pass - ing, So your

age, O child - hood, flies! There - fore, while the gift pos -

- - sess - - ing, Let your pleas - ures gay - - ly rise; Therefore,

while the gift pos - sess - ing, Let your pleasures gay - ly rise.

BIRDS IN SPRING. Two Voices.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

Birds are sing - ing, Pleasure bring - ing, Earth a - -

Allegro non troppo.

p *mf* *f*

- gain with smiles to cheer: Glad we meet you,

p

Glad we greet you, O ye signs of spring - time dear!

f

2.

Winter's sadness
Notes of gladness,
Sung by you, drive far away:
Sweetly swelling,
Care dispelling,
Let your music longer stay.

3.

Homes prepare you;
We will spare you;
Base the hand that harms your nest:
Love shall guard you,
Peace reward you:—
Stay! we'll not disturb your rest.

4.

He who made you
Kindly bade you
Live to cheer our life with song;
While we ever
Thank the Giver,
Dear shall be your lovely throng.

OPENING OF A SCHOOL.

MUSIC BY F. W. HILLENHAGEN.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK

1. We follow the sweet in - cli - na - tion That makes us in friendship u -
2. We follow our teacher's di - rec - tion In all that he bids us to

- - nite, Ab - horring that foulest temp - ta - - tion That
do; We'll heed ev - ery er - ror's cor - rec - - tion, And

leads men to anger and spite, That leads men to anger and spite.
knowledge will gladly pur - sue, And knowledge will gladly pur-sue.

cres.

3.

True knowledge can furnish a treasure
Far richer than all earthly gold;
It gives us a pure, heavenly pleasure,
Of higher, more generous mould.

4.

In friendship and zeal, then, united,
All merry, and blithesome, and gay,
With such acquisitions delighted,
We'll go on our lovely, bright way.

THE RINGDOVE. Two Voices.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

1. O listen! from the thicket What soft and plaintive strain!
2. I heard the joy-ous sky-lark Pour forth his morning song;

It is the lit-tle ring-dove, ring - - - - - dove, That
And oth-er birds in cho-rus, cho - - - - - - -rus, A -

fills the shade a - - gain, That fills the shade a - - gain.
wake the ech-oes long, A - - wake the ech-oes long.

3.

But innocence and pity,
And all things sweet, are thine;
And sorrow loves to listen,
And catch thy strain again.

4.

Still sing, to soothe the spirit,
That struggles oft below:
Thou hast a note of pity
For every thought of woe.

THE ROSE-TREE.

Andante.

Rose - tree, O my beauteous rose-tree, Oft - en have I

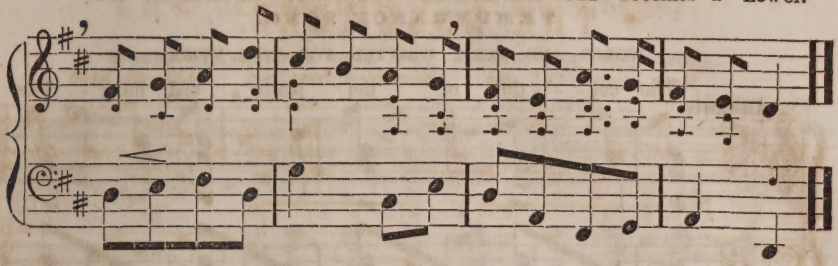
p

longed to know How thy tender leaves are mantled, How thy

buds do burst and blow. I have watered,

sunned, and trained thee, And have watched thee many an hour;

Yet I nev - er could dis - cov - er How a bud becomes a flower.



2.

So, last night, I thought about thee,
On my pillow, till, at last,
I was lost in quiet slumber,
And a dream before me passed.
In it I beheld my rose-tree
Stripped of flower, and bud, and leaf;
And the naked stalk and branches
Filled me with surprise and grief.

3.

Then, methought, I wept to see thee
Spoiled of all that made thee dear,
Till a band of smiling angels,
Mildly shining, hovered near.
Gently as they gathered round thee,
All in silence, one of them
Laid his tender finger on thee,
Drawing leaves from out thy stem.

4.

One by one, thy twigs he furnished
With a dress of foliage green;
While another angel followed,
Bringing buds the leaves between.
Then came one the buds to open,
And their silken rolls unsheathed:
Then the one who tints the roses
Through the loosened foldings breathed.

5.

And the angel of the odors
Filled each golden-bottomed cell,
Till, between the parting petals,
Free on air the fragrance fell:
And my rose-tree stood completed,
Finished thus by angels' hands,
Perfect in its bloom and fragrance,
Beautiful as now it stands.

6.

Lifting then their shining pinions,
Quick the angels passed from sight,
Leaving, where aloft they vanished,
But a stream of fading light.
Then I heard soft strains of music,
In their voices from above,
Dying in the azure distance,
Naming thee their gift of love.

7.

Hence, whenever I behold thee,
I shall think of angels too,
And the countless works of goodness
They descend on earth to do.
All unseen and silent, round us
They their constant watches keep:
Whether we may wake or slumber,
Guardian angels never sleep.

THE VOICE OF NATURE. Two Voices.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

WORDS AND MUSIC WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

Andante.

The cat - - - tle of the plains and hills, The deer of for - - est shades, The sheep that feed be - - - - - side the rills, A - - long the flow - - ery glades, —

2.

All seek the river, spring, or lake,
And quaff the limpid tide;
Their daily thirst in peace they slake,
Nor covet aught beside.

3.

No creature, by pure instinct led,
(Which is his Maker's voice,)
Will, *unconstrained*, on poison feed,
Or ruin seek by choice.

4.

But man, who reason boldly claims,
Claims to be lord of earth, —
Man, who the highest powers and names
Assumes by right of birth, —

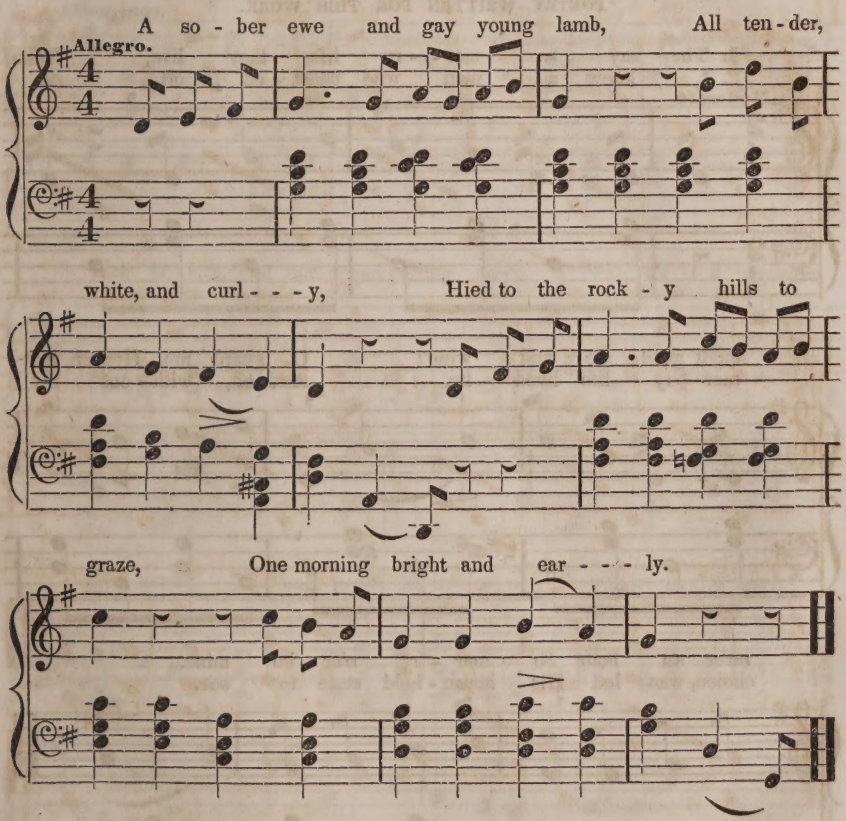
5.

Drowns reason in the burning cup,
Which nature never gave,
And sinks creation's lord below
The brute he calls his slave.

THE EWE AND LAMB.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.



2.

The lambkin hopped, the lambkin skipped,
With many a giddy antic;
"Child," cried the mother, "mind your steps;
Be not so wild and frantic.

3.

"Behind that hill are rolling stones,
And if you venture over,
Belike they'll fall and break your bones;
Stay here among the clover."

4.

But, up hill, down hill, frisked he on;
No lamb was e'er so jolly,
Till, ah! among the rolling stones
He suffered for his folly.

5.

My dear young friends, from this my song,
A lesson you may borrow,
That pleasure, when pursued too far,
Will surely end in sorrow.

THEY SAY A MERRY LIFE THEY LIVE.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

POETRY WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

1. They say a mer - - ry life they live, Who
2. I knew a man who boast - ed oft A

Moderato.

quaff good ale and wine: O, guard me, Heaven, that
mer - ry life lived he, And oft, with - out my

ne'er an hour *So* mer - ry e'er be mine.
choice, was led His house - hold state to see.

3.

I heard his babes with hunger cry;
I saw his weeping wife;
I saw the man from sheriffs fly;—
O, *what* a merry life!

4.

I saw him stretched 'mid ice and sleet,
In winter's coldest air,
And stooped to raise him to his feet,
But, ah! no life was there!

THE STRANGER.

Allegretto.

Who knocks so loud-ly at the gate? The night is dark, the

hour is late, The rain comes pelting down. "O, 'tis a stranger,

gone astray, That calls to ask the nearest way To yonder lit-tle town."

2.

Why, 'tis a long and dreary mile,
For one o'ercome with cold and toil;
So go to him, and say,
"Good stranger, here repose to-night;
And, with the morning's earliest light,
We'll guide you on your way."

PROCRASTINATION.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

Arioso.

La - zy peo - ple say, "*To-morrow;*"—So they al - ways, al - ways borrow,

f *p*

But they nev - er, nev - er pay; All that's good to - mor - row do - ing,

f *cres.*

All that's ill they're then eschew - ing; Great things do, but not *to - day.*

cres. *f*

2.

Being's stream is ever rolling:
Present time alone controlling
Can we make a source of good.
Present time's a golden treasure,
But the future—who can measure?
That belongs alone to God.

3.

Every day we're vainly spending
Tells, upon its woful ending,
Loss that never can be paid:
Let us, then, to action moving,
Every passing hour improving,
Live for good till life shall fade.

LONGING FOR MY MOTHER. Two Voices.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

Were I a lit - - tle bird, Had I a pair of wings,

Moderato.

p *cres.*

To thee I'd fly. Ah! but that can - not be;

f *p*

Ah! but that can - not be; And here I sigh.

mf *f*

2.

Though thou art far from here,
In dreams thou still art near;
I'm not alone;
But when I wake again,
Then thou art gone.

3.

Weeping I then complain,
Calling on thee in vain;
Thou dost not stay.
Mother, for thee I pine!
Mother, O mother mine,
Stay not away!

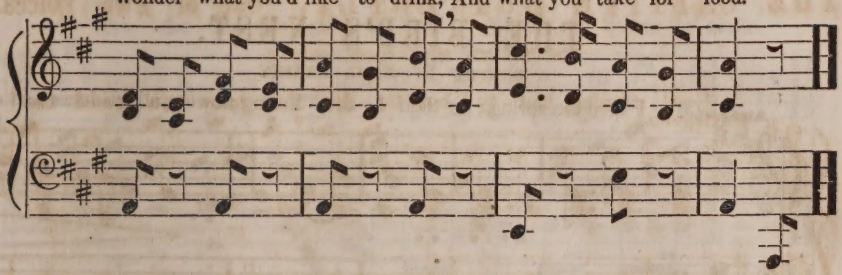
THE CAPTIVE BUTTERFLY. One or Two Voices.

POETRY BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Allegretto.

Good morning, pret - ty but - ter - fly: How have you passed the night? I hope you're gay and glad as I To see the sun so bright. But, lit - tle, si - lent one, I think You're in a so - ber mood: I

wonder what you'd like to drink, And what you take for food.



2.

I shut you in my crystal cup,
To let your winglets rest;
And now I want to hold it up,
To see your velvet breast.
I want to count your tiny toes,
To find your breathing place;
And see the downy horn that grows
Each side your pretty face.

3.

I'd like to see just how you're made,
With stripes, and spots, and rings;
And wish you'd show me how you played
Your shining, rainbow wings.
"'Twas not," the little prisoner said,
"For want of food or drink,
That, while you slumbered on your bed,
I could not sleep a wink.

4.

"My wings are pained for want of flight,
My lungs for want of air;
In bitterness I passed the night,
And meet the morning's glare.
While looking through my prison wall,
So close, and yet so clear,
I see there's freedom there for all,
While I'm a captive here.

5.

"I've stood upon my little feet,
Till they severely ache;
I feel that liberty is sweet,
Which I can never take.
I don't deserve a fate like this;
I've ever acted well,
Since first I left the chrysalis,
And fluttered from my shell.

6.

"I've never injured fruit or flower,
Or man, or bird, or beast;
And such a one should have the power
Of living free, at least.
And now, if you will let me quit
My prison-house, the cup,
I'll show you how I sport and flit,
And make my wings go up."

7.

The lid was raised; the prisoner said,
"Behold my airy play!"
Then quickly on the wing he fled,
Away, away, away.
From flower to flower he quickly flew,
To cool his aching feet,
And slake his thirst with morning dew;
And liberty was sweet.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

POETRY BY H. C. DEAKIN.

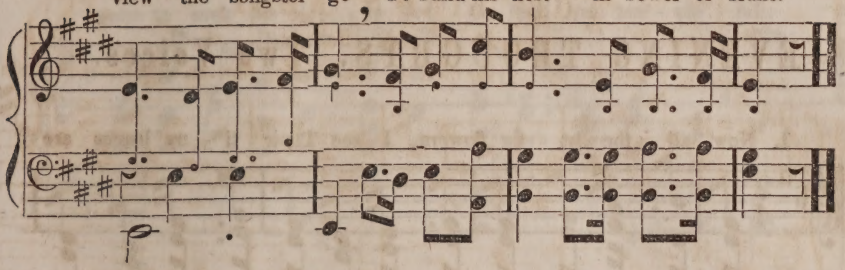
Andante. I love the spring; for then I see Young flowers, all gladness and de-

- - - light, Young leaves up-on the for-est tree, Young

insects taking their first flight. I love the spring; for

then I know The year its youth-ful course will take: I then, too,

view the songster go, To build his nest in bower or brake.



2.

Poor little bird! how hard you earn
A dwelling for thy infant train!
Poor bird! how often dost thou mourn
Thy home made desolate and bare!
A thousand times thy wings are spread,
Thou hunger feel'st, and loss of rest,
Ere thou, with patience stern, hast made,
Of moss or wool, thy humble nest.

3.

And then the cruel spoiler comes,
With eager haste and cunning eye,
Regardless of thy fluttering plumes,
Thy anxious looks, thy piercing cry.
O thoughtless youth, in deed and word—
So careless, reckless, in thy glee!
The Power who made that little bird,
Gave life, and breath, and strength to thee.

4.

Thou'st home, and friends, and parents good;
The loved, the loving, by thy side;
The household hearth, the plenteous food;
And all thy wants are well supplied;—
Whilst this poor bird the blast sustains,
The rain, the whirlwind's bitter ire;
And, when the icy winter reigns,
It has no dwelling, food, or fire.

5.

Thou lov'st its song, the happy song
It sings when summer breezes blow;
And wouldst thou seize its helpless young,
And fill its tuneful note with woe?
O, wouldst thou mar the little joy,
The parent bliss all creatures feel?
Ah, no! 'twere cruel, thoughtless boy!
To wound, when we've no power to heal.

6.

O youth, forbear such treacherous arts!
Joy, based upon another's woe,
A brief, frail pleasure but imparts:
Man should all cruelty forego.
Praise Him who gave thee life and light,
A home of peace, a bower of rest;
And, gazing on the poor bird's flight,
Harm not its young, nor rob its nest.

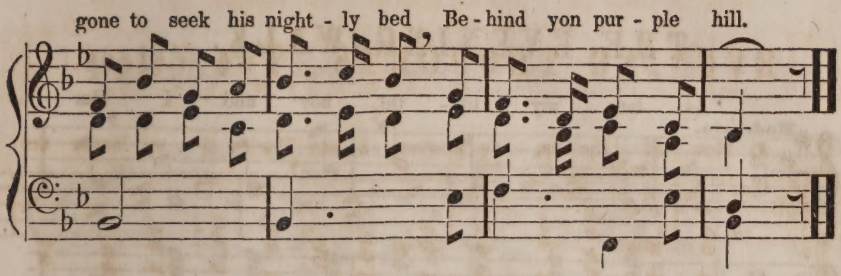
EVENING THOUGHTS. Two Voices.

1. Now all the lit - tle flowers I see Their ti - ny leaves are

clos - ing; The birds are perch - ing on the tree, The

lamb - kins are re - - pos - ing. 2. The sun, where yon - der

streak of red Is faint - ly glimmer - ing still, Has



3.

And I, through all the quiet night,
Must sleep the hours away,
That I may waken fresh and bright,
To live another day.

4.

And well I know whose lips will smile,
And pray with me, and bless me,
And who will talk to me the while
Her gentle hands undress me.

5.

She'll tell me there is One above,
Upon a glorious throne,
Who loves me with a tender love,
More tender than her own.

6.

He made the sun, and stars, and skies,
The pretty shrubs and flowers,
And all the birds and butterflies
That flutter through the bowers.

7.

He keeps them all beneath his wings,
And there they safely rest;
Yet, though they're bright and lovely things,
He loves us far the best.

8.

For when the birds and flowers are dead,
Their little life is past;
But, though we die, yet he has said,
Our life shall always last.

9.

And we shall live with him in heaven;
For he has sent his Son
To die, that we may be forgiven
The sins that we have done.

10.

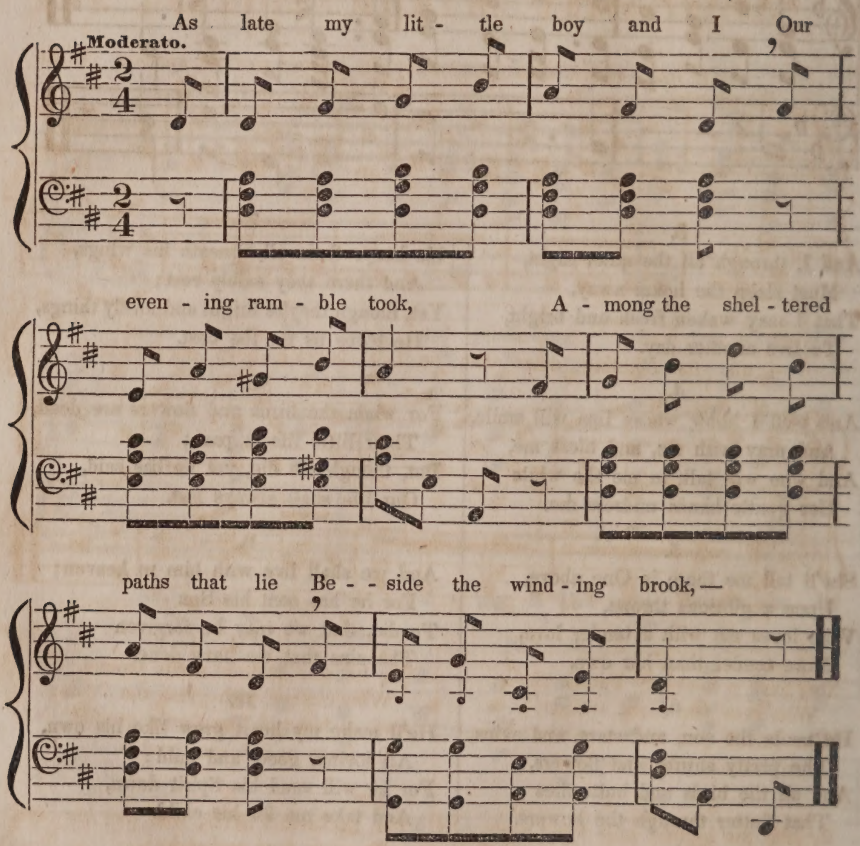
He'll make my heart grow like his own,
All loving, good, and mild;
For he will send his Spirit down,
And take me for his child.

11.

Then happily I'll lie and sleep
Within my little nest,
For well I know that he will keep
His children while they rest.

NOTE. *Sing the last verse twice.*

THE EVENING WALK.



2.

I took his hand:—"Look forth, my love,
On all this pleasant scene,—
The hills, the stream, the shady grove,
The meadows smooth and green.

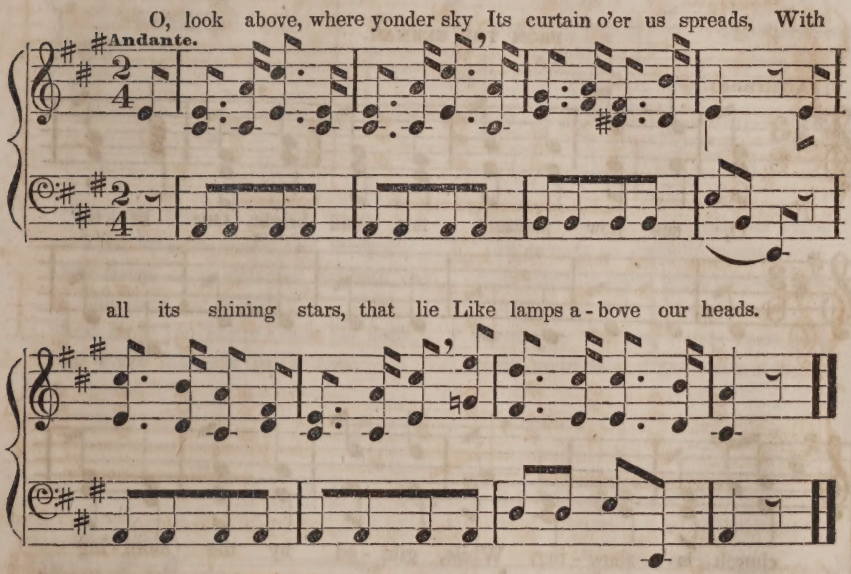
3.

"See on the slope those flocks of sheep,
Like drifts of winter's snow;
The cows that feed beneath the steep,
Where all our spring flowers grow;—

4.

"The noisy insects passing by,
The birds upon their nest,
The busy bee with loaded thigh
Returning to its rest.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE. Two Voices.



2.
You have a heavenly Father there,
Who sees you night and day;
Who guards you with a parent's care,
And listens when you pray.

3.
By him the highest hills were made,
The fields, and valleys low:
He raised for us this thicket's shade,
And bade the rivers flow.

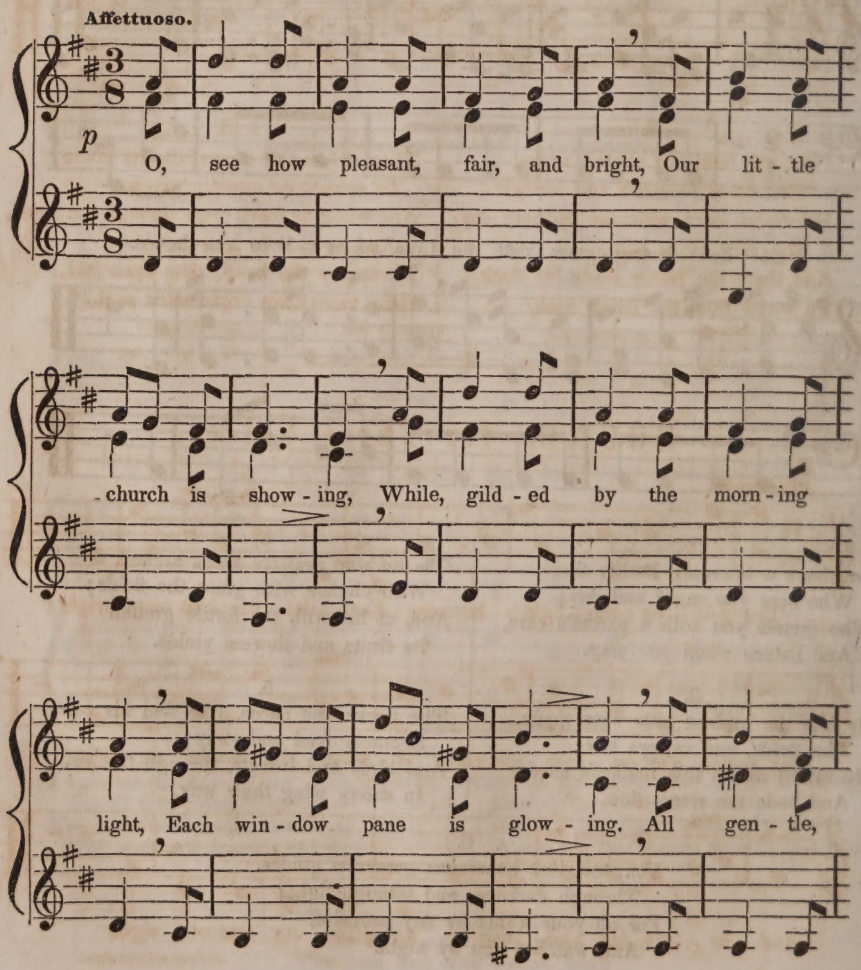
4.
'Tis he who scatters seeds around,
Who clothes with grass the fields;
And, at his will, the fertile ground
Its fruits and flowers yields.

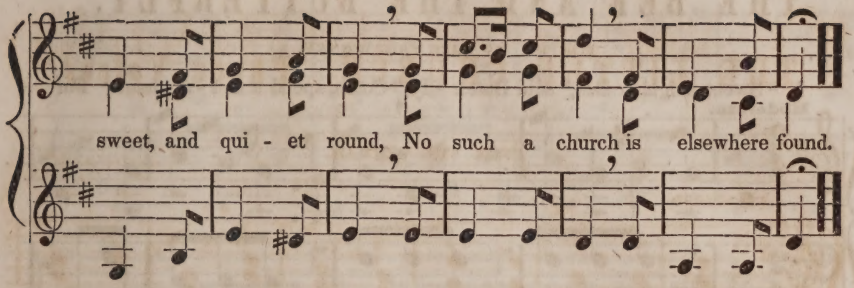
5.
The flocks and herds, who feel his care,
Securely feed and stray;
And birds and insects, through the air,
In safety wing their way.

6.
You, too, that bounteous goodness guides,
Through darkness and through light;
For all your wants by day provides,
And watches you by night.

THE LITTLE CHURCH. Three Voices.

FROM THE GERMAN.





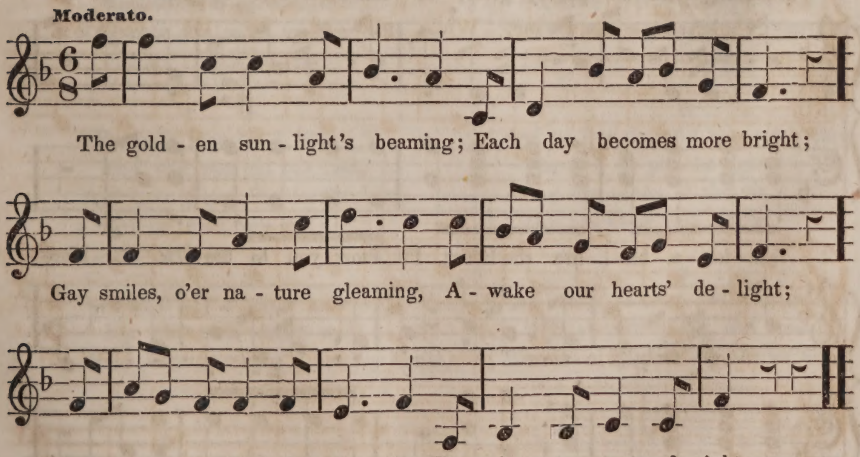
2.

No costly arts our church array,
That bride so meek and lowly;
But there, each welcome Sabbath day,
The very air is holy;
And there the pastor leads his flock
To water from the living rock.

3.

Then, when the organ lifts its voice
In sounds so sweetly given,
And when its tones press through the heart,
And open it to heaven, —
Then may the heart, thus open laid,
Hear more than organ ever said.

ROUND, for Three Voices.



THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

POETRY BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

1. "Sweet neighbor Bee," said Butter - fly, "Come, spend a mer - ry hour; For

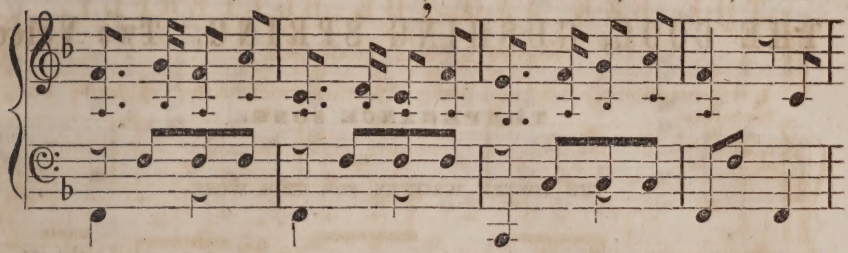
Moderato.

cloudless is the sum - mer sky, And fragrant ev - ery flower. 2. Miss

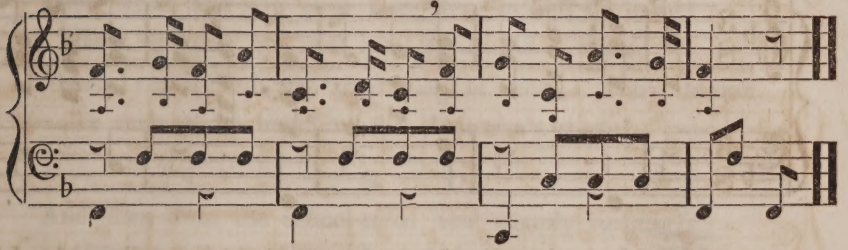
Humming - bird a par - ty gives, A full-dress ball of state: A

fash - ion - a - ble life she lives; I'll show you to the *fête.* 3. Here

is her card; she sent it down; She meant to call, no doubt; But



then your queen is apt to frown, And you are al - ways out."



4.

But to the butterfly the bee
Replied with earnest brow,
"Suppose you work an hour with me;
I'm not at leisure now.

5.

"By daily industry I live;
Say, will you aid my task,
And bear this pollen to the hive,
If I do what you ask?

6.

"Perhaps you'd better toil awhile
For your own winter store,
Since summer wears a fleeting smile,
And autumn's at the door."

7.

"Good-by," the butterfly rejoined;
"You've grown a mope, I see;
There's nothing spoils a brilliant mind
Like humdrum industry."

8.

And so the cheerful bee, with care,
Pursued, on pinions light,
Along the ocean of the air,
Her trackless path aright.

9.

One morn, as from her honeyed cell,
'Mid autumn's frost, she sped,
Beneath a floweret's withered bell
The butterfly lay dead.

THE COOL, GUSHING SPRING. Two Voices.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

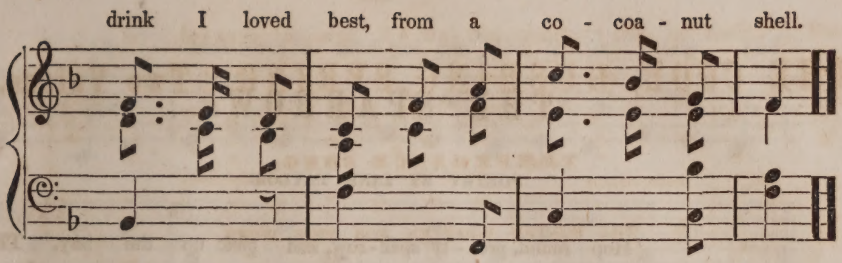
THE POETRY WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

How bright was the spring, gush - ing out of the mountain! How

Andante.

sweet and how cool! I re - mem - ber it well, As I

stopped there at noon - day, to taste from its fountain The



2.

How white and how clear were the sands of its basin!
How soothing and soft was the music it made,
When, vexed with my playmates, or tired, I would hasten
To rest on its bank, in the elder-tree's shade!

3.

And then from the school-room how eagerly rushing,
(E'er ceased the last notes of the noon-recess bell,)
I quaffed of that spring, from the mountain side gushing,
The drink I loved best, from a cocoa-nut shell!

4.

Talk not of Tokay, of Champagne or Madeira,
As glowing like rubies, as topaz so bright:
No wine is more sparkling, no jewel is clearer,
Than the clear, sparkling spring, welling up to the light.

5.

Go ask the poor soul who with fever is glowing,
Or the traveller, 'mid sands without river or well,
To choose the gold cup with rich wine overflowing,
Or the cool, gushing spring and a cocoa-nut shell.

THE SPARROW.

POETRY BY JANE TAYLOR.

Allegro.

Hop round, pret - ty spar - row, and pick up the hay, The

twigs and the moss that are dry. Fear not; I'll stand far e - nough

out of your way; Don't fly from the window so shy, shy.

1st time. 2d time.

I don't mean to catch you, you dear lit - tle chick, And

fast - en you up in a cage, To hop all day long on a

straight bit of stick, Or flut - ter a - bout in a rage.

D.C.

D.C.

2.

I only just want to stand by you, and see
You gather the twigs for your house;
Or sit at the foot of the jenneting-tree,
While you sing a song in the boughs.
If you would but eat a crumb out of my hand,
How happy and glad I should be!
Then come, pretty bird, while I quietly stand
Close here by the jenneting-tree.

THE ROBIN.

Allegro.

Rob - in, rob - in, sing to me, And I'll glad - ly

suf - - fer thee, Thus to break - fast, in the tree,

On the rud - dy cherry. Soon as thou hast swallowed it,

How I love to see thee flit, To an - oth - er twig, and sit

Sing - ing there so mer - ry,— Sing - ing there so mer - ry!

f

2.

It was kind in thee to fly
Near my window, and to try
There to raise thy notes so high,
Breaking up my slumbers.
Robin, half the cheering power
Of this bright and lovely hour,
While I pluck the dewy flower,
Comes from thy sweet numbers.

3.

Who, that hears the mellow note,
From my robin's little throat,
On the air of morning float,
Could desire to still her?
Who her beauty could behold,
And consent to have it told
That he had a heart so cold
As to wish to kill her?

ROUND, for Four Voices.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Allegretto.

Chil - dren, chil - dren, let us now take pleas - ure:

Let us sing loud in joy - ful meas - - ure.

TO MY SISTER. Two Voices.

MUSIC BY G C. GROSHEIM.

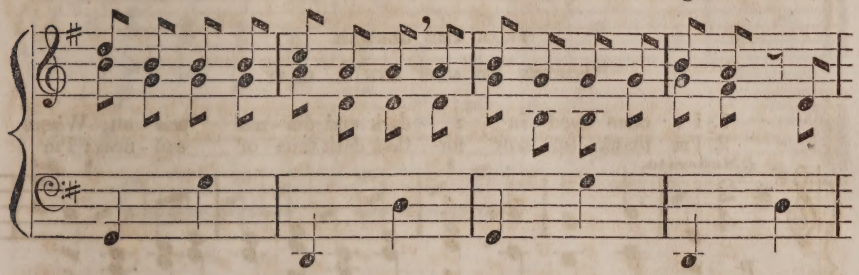
WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

1. To - gether we our whole lives long Would spend in gladness here: The
2. Yet, not for - ev - er shall we stand, As now, love, side by side: The

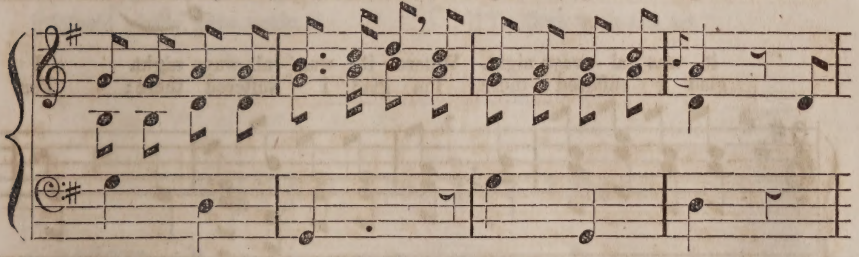
meadow gay, the wild - wood song, To us are ev - er dear. For
fu - ture stretches forth its hand, The o - cean lifts its tide. O,

us do bloom the hedge, the grove, The wa-ter - fall is rushing; The
far - ther than the eye can see, Un - cer - tain paths shall lead us: Be

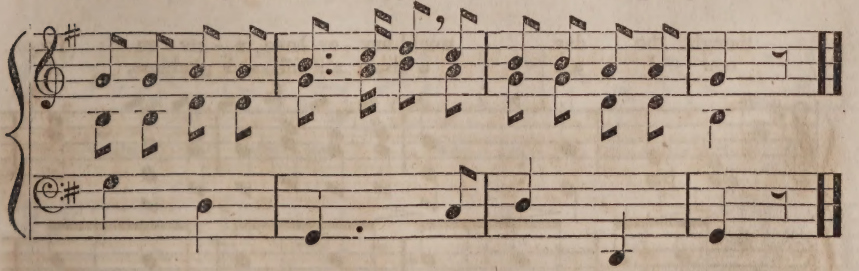
stream, re - flect - ing from a-bove Heaven's blue and red, is gushing. The
thou to me as I to thee, And both to heaven shall guide us. But



eye of Joy doth beck - on us, And glances golden bright; We
now sweet Joy doth beck - on us; She glances golden bright; We



see it there, and catch its ray, And bless its kindling light.
see her there, and catch her ray, And bless her kindling light.



THE BUTTERFLY. Two Voices.

FROM THE GERMAN.

POETRY BY MISS ANN A. GRAY.

1. I once lived in a dark and dis - mal pris - on, Where
2. I'm thank - ful now for that dark time of sad - ness; I'm

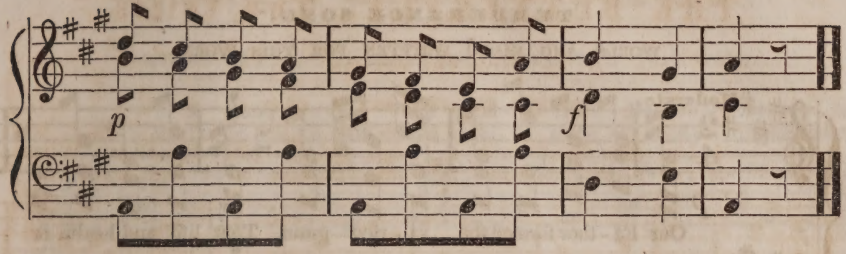
Moderato.

p f

it was al - ways night, Where it was al - ways night. I
glad I suffered there, I'm glad I suffered there; For

thought the day would nev - er have a - ris - en To
now I am a thing all life and gladness, A

cheer me with its light, To cheer me with its light.
thing most bright and fair, A thing most bright and fair.



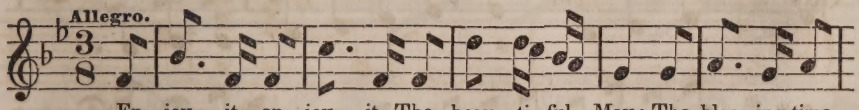
3.

Before I entered there, all eyes did shun me,
|: And I gave nought but pain; :|
But now all eyes that ever gazed upon me
|: Would gladly gaze again. :|

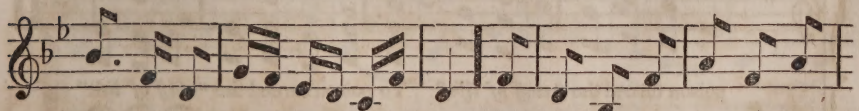
4.

And I could only, in that dismal prison,
|: Have donned these garments fair, :|
And but from thence could ever have arisen
|: To float upon the air. :|

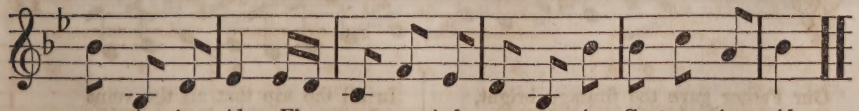
ROUND, for Two Voices.



En - joy it, en - joy it, The beau - ti - ful May: The blooming time



hastens, It hast - ens a - way. En - joy it, en - joy it, The



grove in its pride, E'er stormy winds scat - ter it, Scatter it wide.

OUR FATHER FORMED THE VARIED GRAIN. Three Voices.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

WORDS AND MUSIC WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

Moderato.

p

Our Fa - ther formed the va - ried grain, That life and health it

cres.

might sus - tain; But man, in league with fiends of strife, To

poison turned the "*staff of life*," To poison turned the "*staff of life*."

2.

Our Father gave the fruitage bright,
To yield refreshment and delight;
Man changed its sweets to liquid fire,
To scorch, and plague with torments dire.

3.

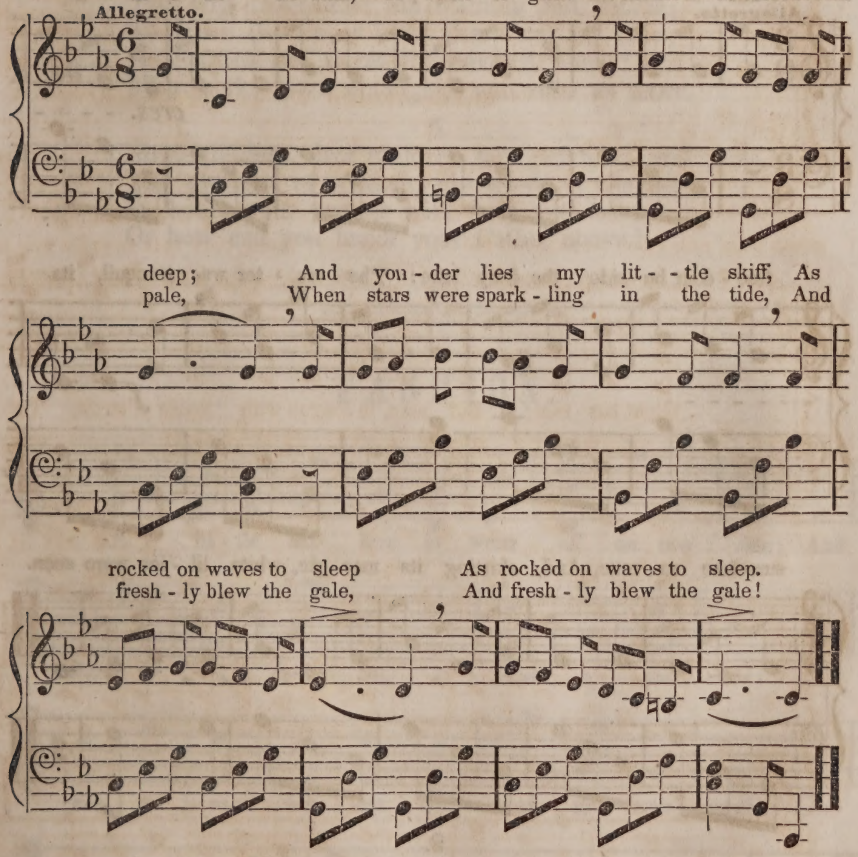
In all the sap that all the veins
Of every healthy plant contains,
From east to west, the world around,
No drop of *native* rum is found.

THE FISHER-BOY'S FAREWELL.

NATIONAL AIR.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

1. I stand up - on the wood - y cliff: Be - low's the val - ley deep; And you - der lies my lit - - tle skiff, As rocked on waves to sleep
2. O lit - - tle skiff, so swift to glide With me in moonbeam pale, When stars were spark - ling in the tide, And fresh - ly blew the gale, As rocked on waves to sleep. And fresh - ly blew the gale!



3.
No more upon the dewy green
Shall I now wait for thee,
But float, by mortal eye unseen,
Far o'er the gladsome sea.

4.
I leave my home, I leave these skies,
And bid the vale farewell;
And all that fills my heart and eyes
Must but in memory dwell.

THE BOY AND THE LILIES.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

Allegretto.

An ur - chin, his hol - i - day pleas - ure to take, Was sporting in

cres.

free - dom be - side the deep lake: The wa - ter was tranquil, its

f

sur - face se - rene, And, skirting its mar - gin, white lil - ies were seen.

2.

He counted the star-flowers with coveting eyes,
And cried, "Silver blossoms, I'll make you my prize!"
He plunges and struggles with venturesome hand,
All eager to seize them, and bring them to land.

3.

"Stop!" cried out his mother; "the water is deep:
O, stop! for the shore is uneven and steep;
The water is deep, and deceitful the ground:
O, turn and come hither, or you will be drowned!"

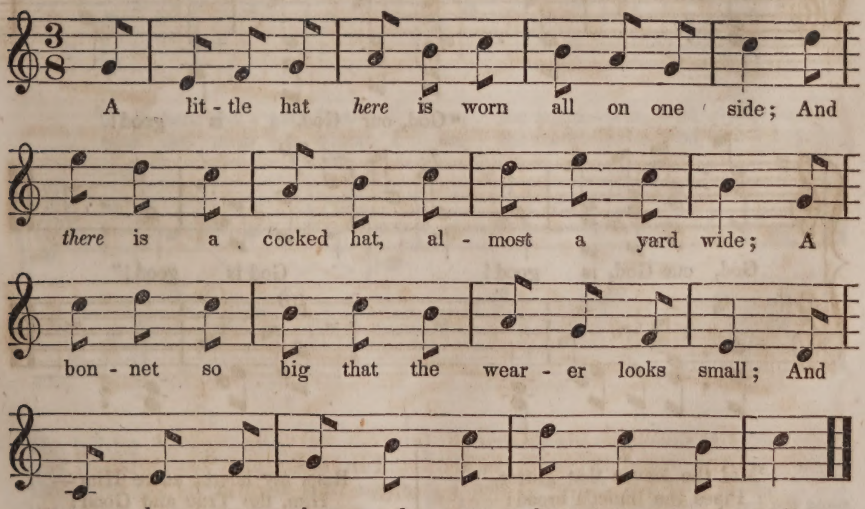
4.

The boy disregarded the warning and prayer;
To pluck the sweet lilies alone was his care;
He reaches and seizes the coveted store,
Then sinks down entangled, and rises no more.

5.

Now, children, dear children, take warning, and prize
The counsels of wisdom, the words of the wise:
O, honor your parents with duty and love,
Or how can you honor your Father above?

FASHION.



GOD IS GOOD. Four Voices.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

Moderato. *mf*

See the heav - ens stream - ing Light in full - est

mf

p

flood; Ev - - - ery ray is beam - - ing,

p

"God, our God, is good!

pp

God, our God, is good! God is good!"

pp

2.

'Mid the leaves that glitter,
Pipes the linnet's brood:
Speaks not every twitter,
"God, our God, is good"?

3.

Rise, my heart; adore Him—
Him, the True and Good!
Bow with love before Him:
God, our God, is good!

THE MOUNTAIN HERD-BOY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

1. I tend the wand' - ring moun - tain flock; My cas - tle is the
2. Here is the moun - tain tor - rent's head; I drink it from its

Larghetto.

p

cav - erned rock; Here morn - ing's ear - liest beam is cast, And even - ing's
rock - y bed; Ere leaps it forth with thundering sound, I clasp it

blush here lin - gers last. I am the moun - tain herd - - - boy.
with my arms a - round. I am the moun - tain herd - - - boy.

f

3.

The hill-top is my citadel,
And storms around it harmless swell;
The north and south winds howl amain,
But cannot drown my merry strain.
I am the mountain herd-boy.

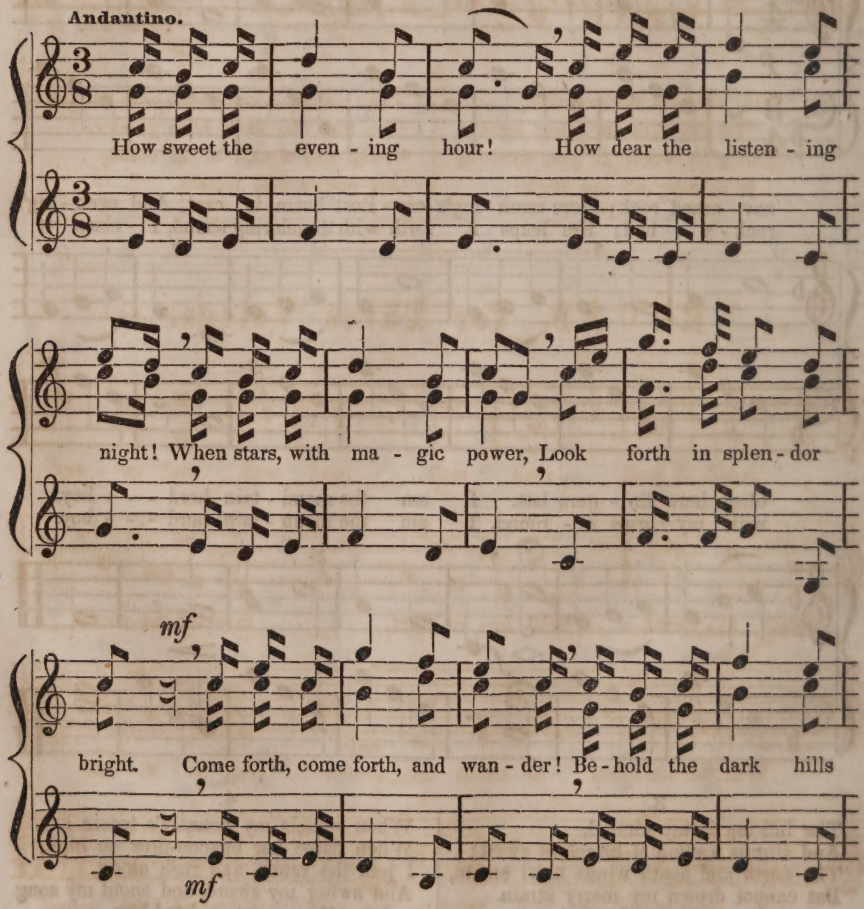
4.

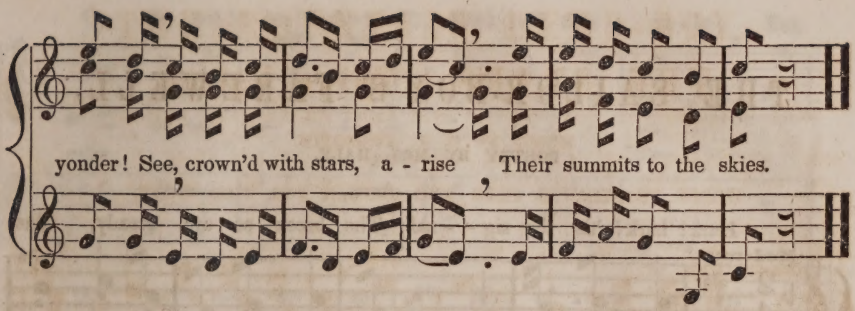
When sounds my country's tocsin cry,
When flame her beacon-fires on high,
I join the ranks, and rush along,
And swing my sword, and shout my song.
I am the mountain herd-boy.

THE STARS. Three Voices.

MUSIC BY G. C. GROSHEIM.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.



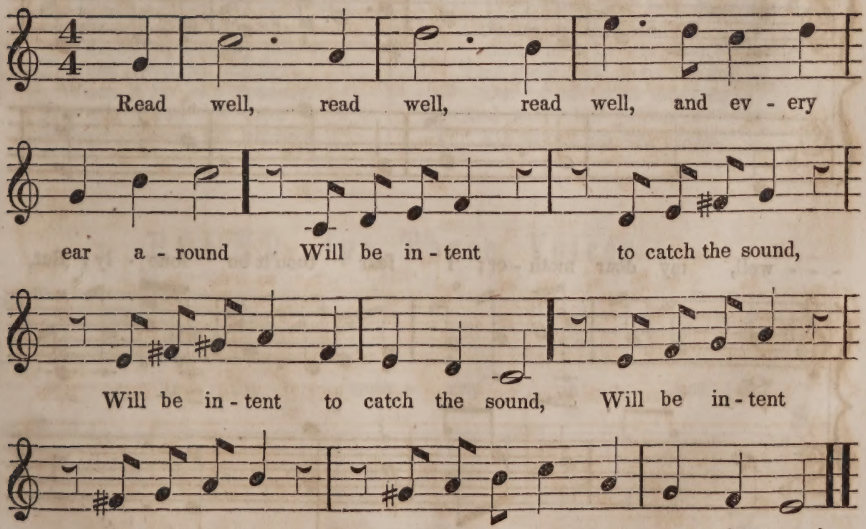


2.

See, over all the meadow,
The fire-flies shedding light!
The glow-worm, in yon shadow,
Is shining all the night.

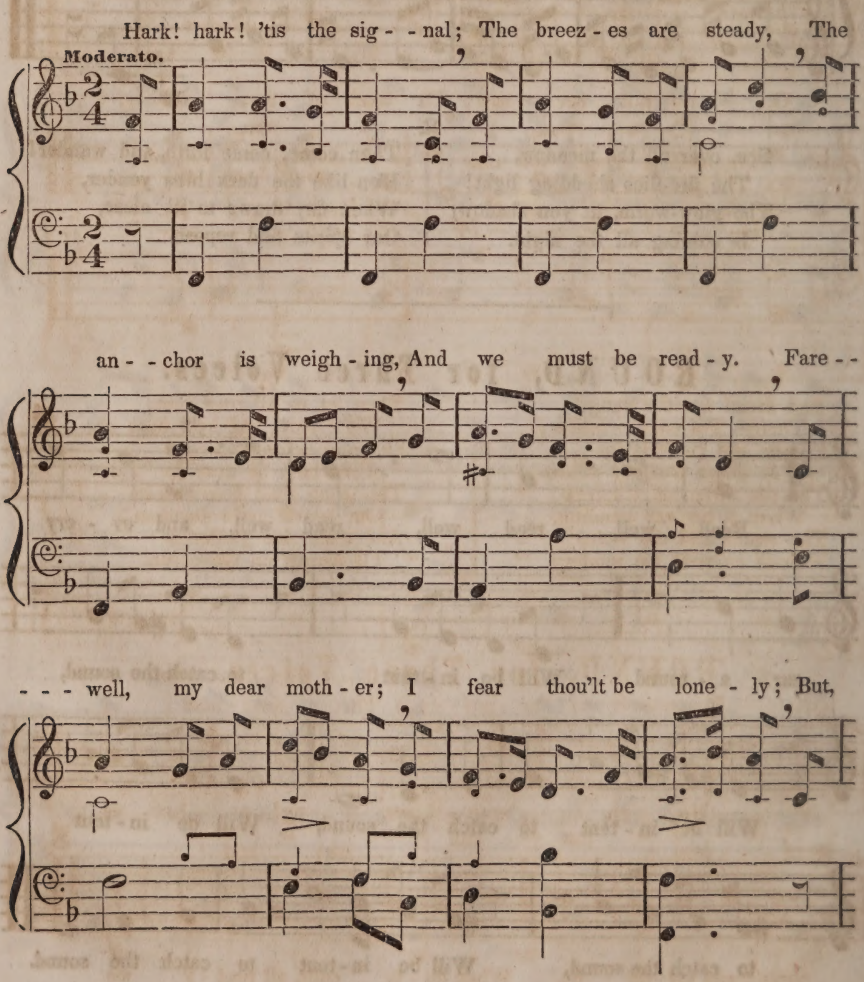
Then come, come forth, and wander!
E'en like the dark hills yonder,
When day draws to its close,
Our spirits find repose.

ROUND, for Three Voices.



THE SAILOR-BOY'S FAREWELL.

POETRY BY MRS. HALE.



O, do not sor - row; I'll think of thee on - ly; But,

cres. *pia.*

O, do not sor - - row; I'll think of thee on - ly.

pp

2.

And dread not the danger,
Though I'm on the billow;
I know my kind Savior
Will watch o'er my pillow.
The sea owns his sceptre;
When it he was treading,
The winds and the water
Grew calm at his bidding.

3.

Then let us all trust him;
We'll pray, and he'll hear us;
On land or on water
Alike he'll be near us.
This song shall bear to him
Our hearts' pure devotion;
And under his guidance
I'll launch on the ocean.

ROUND, for Three Voices.

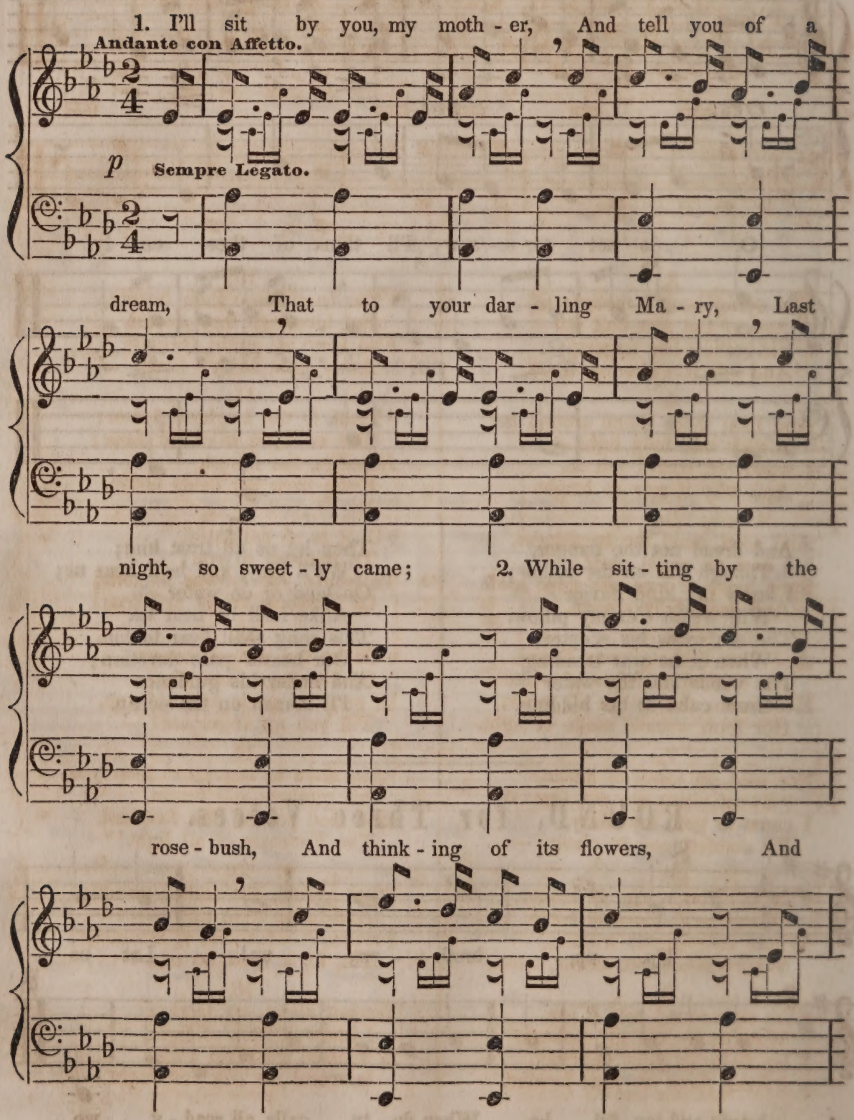
S.

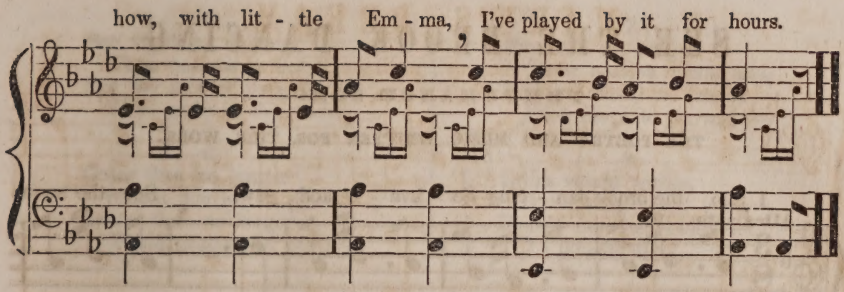
Up, up, broth - - ers, up! Let us

S.

bright and joy - ful be. When du - ty calls, all read - y we.

MARY'S DREAM.


1. I'll sit by you, my moth - er, And tell you of a
Andante con Affetto.
p
Sempre Legato.
dream, That to your dar - ling Ma - ry, Last
night, so sweet - ly came; 2. While sit - ting by the
rose - bush, And think - ing of its flowers, And



3.
Her dying hour I thought of,
And of the rose-bud fair
I laid within her fingers,
And left it withering there.

4.
And then there shone around me
A pale and holy light—
I wondered why I felt so,
And why it was so bright.

5.
And soon, amid the brightness,
I saw an angel child:
Such looks of love she gave me!
And beautifully smiled.

6.
And then I knew 'twas Emma,
All clothed in robes of white:
Her words, they were all music,
Her form seemed made of light.

7.
She said, in tones of music,
"Sweet sister, do not fear:
I come to you, my Mary,
To comfort and to cheer;—

8.
"To tell you words of beauty,
Of my new, glorious home,
Where roses never wither,
Where shade can never come.

9.
"I'm ever round you, Mary,
With these celestial flowers:
I lay them in your pathway,
I hang them on your bowers.

10.
"You cannot see their beauty;
But blessings they impart,
And keep all sinful feelings
Away from Mary's heart.

11.
"*Truth* is the brightest flower;
The sweetest is called *Love;*
Humility, the fairest,
Fresh from the fields above.

12.
"O, it is so delightful
To minister to you;
To weave you crowns immortal
Of blossoms bright and true!

13.
"To be the winged bearer
Of blessings from afar;
In good to guide and aid you,
Till you an angel are!—

14.
"And then to heaven to bear you,
All glorious and bright,
And lead you to His footstool,
The Fountain of all light!"

15.
Thus saying, she smiled sweetly,
And faded from my view:
I woke—and found it dreaming;
Yet, O, it must be true!

16.
I'm not alone, my mother:
I know a form of light,
A blessed guardian angel,
Is round me day and night.

SEE THE BROOK DANCING.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

THE POETRY AND MUSIC WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

1. See the brook dan - cing So live - ly and gay! See the waves

Allegretto.

glancing "Bright off and a - way!" 2. See the grass greening Wher -

ev - er it glides! See the lambs gleaning Their food on its sides!

3.
See the fish darting
Its pebbles among!
See lilies starting
Its margin along!

4.
See cattle wading
To shun the fierce heat!
See the trees shading
Their chosen retreat!

5.
See swallows dipping
Their bosoms to lave!
See the flowers peeping
With pride in the wave!

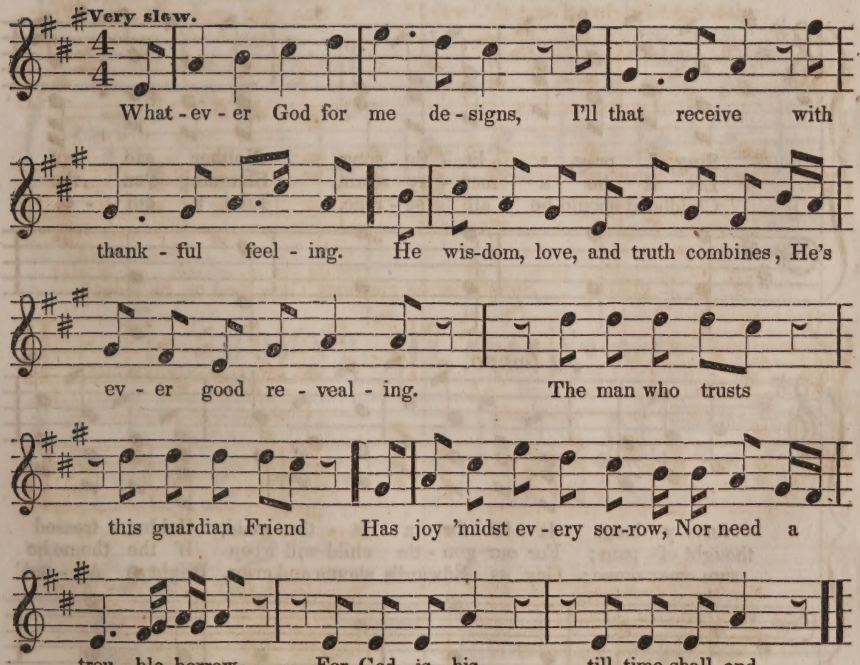
6.
Grass then no longer
Would flourish so green,
Lambs then no longer
Would grazing be seen,—

7.
Swallows no longer
Their bosoms would lave,
Flowers would no longer
Peep down to its wave,—

8.
Lilies would wither,
And fishes would burn,
Should this sweet brooklet
To *alcohol* turn

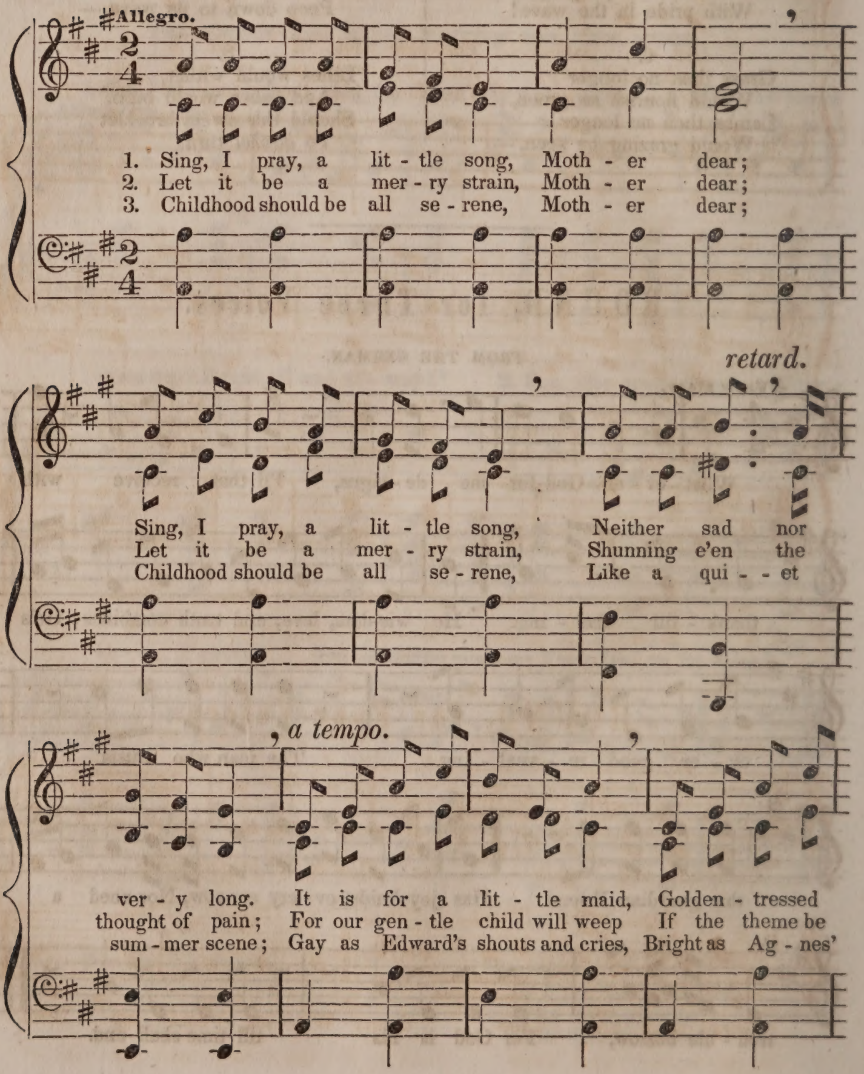
ROUND, for Three Voices.

FROM THE GERMAN.



GOLDEN-TRESSED ADELAIDE.

POETRY BY BARRY CORNWALL.



Ad - e - laide; Therefore let it suit a mer - ry,
dark and deep; And we would not raise a sin - gle,
az - - ure eyes; Therefore bid the song be mer - ry,

mer - ry, mer - ry ear, Moth - er dear, Moth - er dear.
sin - gle, sin - gle tear, Moth - er dear, Moth - er dear.
mer - ry, to the ear, Moth - er dear, Moth - er dear.

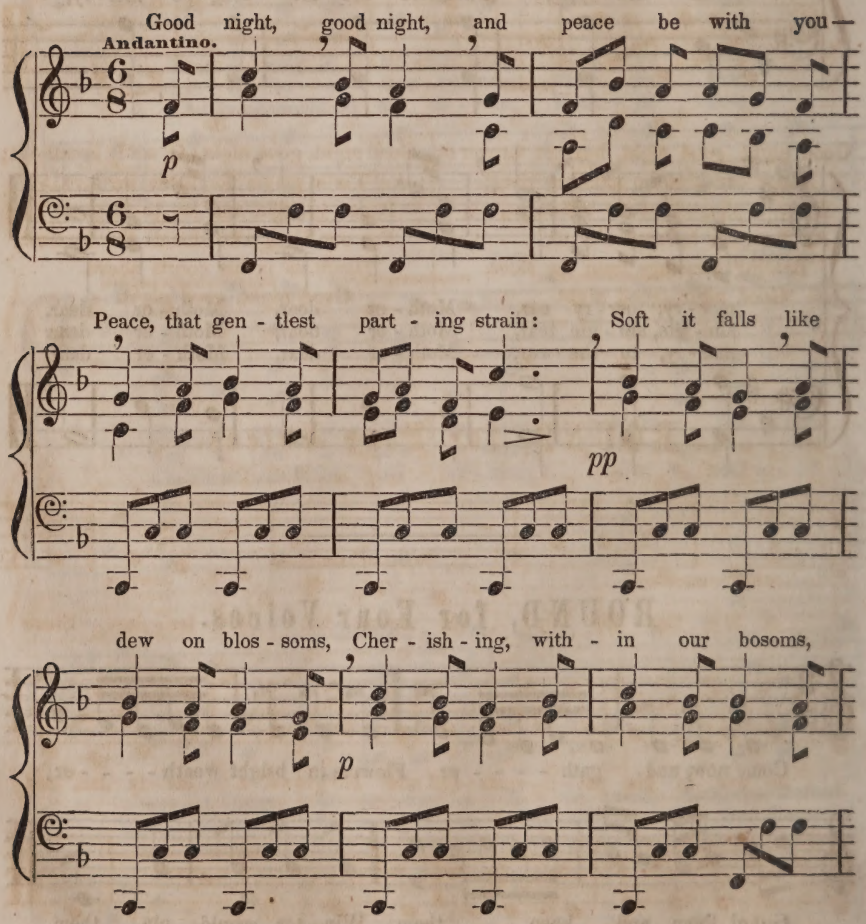
ROUND, for Four Voices.

Come now, and gath - - - - er Flowers in bright weath - - - - er;

Guard them and keep them; Win - ter would nip them.

GOOD NIGHT. One or Two Voices.

POETRY BY MRS. HALE.



Kind de - sires to meet a - gain. Good night, good night.

Chorus.

mf *pp* *e calando.*

Good night, good night.

2.

Good night, good night, but not forever:
Hope can see the morning rise;
Many a pleasant scene before us,
As if angels hovered o'er us,
Bearing blessings from the skies.
Good night, good night.

3.

Good night, good night; O, softly breathe it;
'Tis a prayer for those we love;
Peace to-night and joy to-morrow;
For our God, who shields the sparrow,
Hears us in his courts above.
Good night, good night.

ROUND, for Four Voices.

Is this the boy? It seems but yes - ter - day, Since

he was in his pet - ti - coats; and now He grows a lus - ty lad, and

strong, and tall, And bears a doz - en sum-mers on his brow.

MY NATIVE LAND.

POETRY BY MRS. HALE.

My na-tive land, my na-tive land, O, 'tis a love-ly

Maestoso.

mf

land to me! I bless my God That I was born Where man is

free, Where man, where man is *free.* Our land, it is a glorious

f *ff*

8ves.

land, And wide it spreads from sea to sea, And

sf

wide it spreads from sea to sea; And sis - ter states in u-nion join, And

sf

all, and all are *free*, And all are *free*.

f *ff*

2.

And equal laws we all obey;
To tyrants we ne'er bent the knee;
No lord we know but God alone—
For all are *free*.
We've lofty hills and sunny vales,
|: And streams that roll to either sea; :|
And, through this broad and varied land,
We all are *free*.

3.

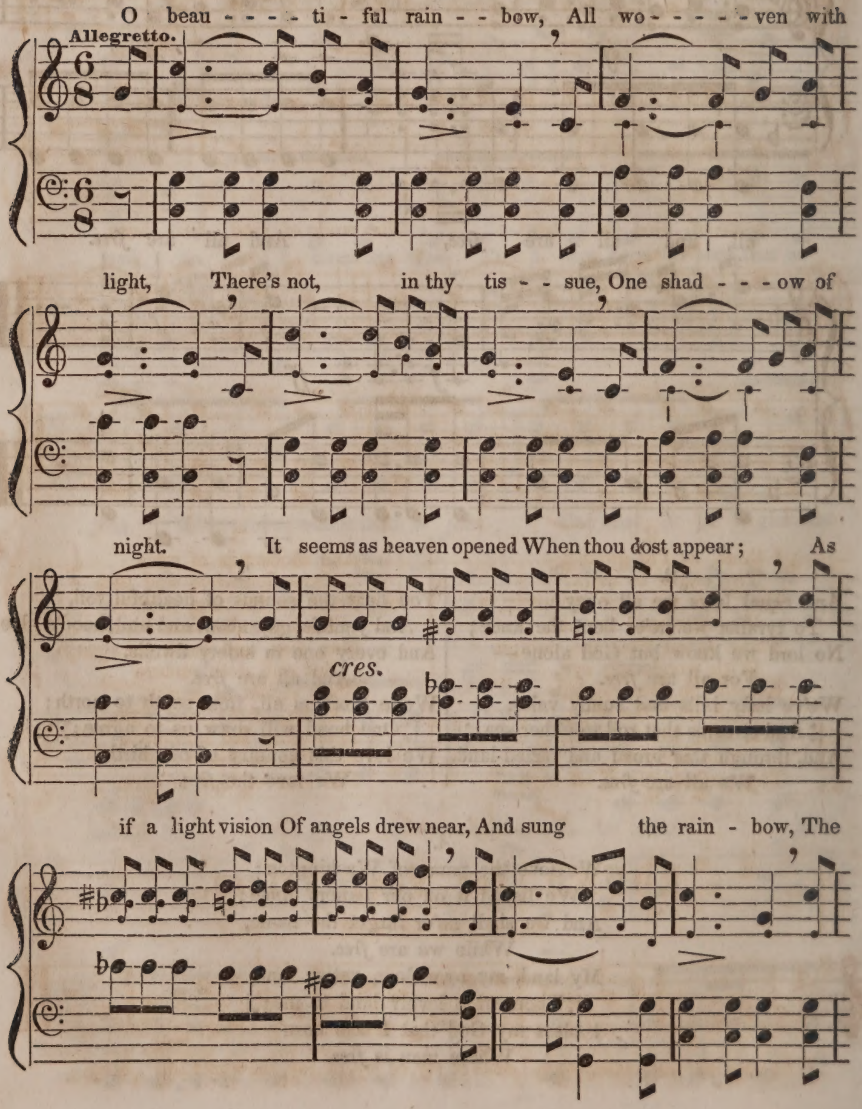
You hear the sounds of healthful toil,
And youth's gay shout and childhood's glee;
And every one in safety dwells,
And all are *free*.
We're brothers all, from south to north;
|: One bond will draw us to agree; :|
We love this country of our birth,
We love the *free*.

4.

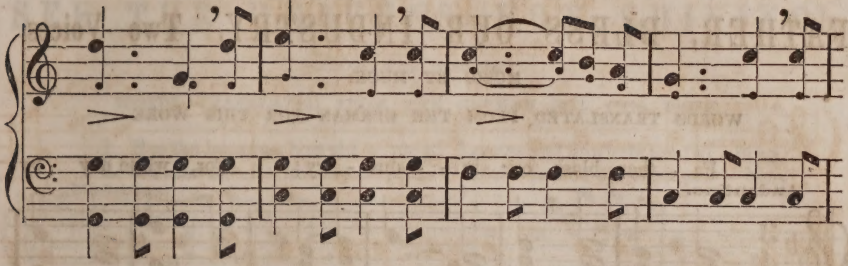
We love the name of Washington;
We lisped it on our fathers' knee;
And we shall ne'er forget the name,
While we are *free*.
My land, my own dear, native land,
|: Thou art a lovely land to me; :|
I bless my God that I was born
Where man is *free*.

THE RAINBOW.

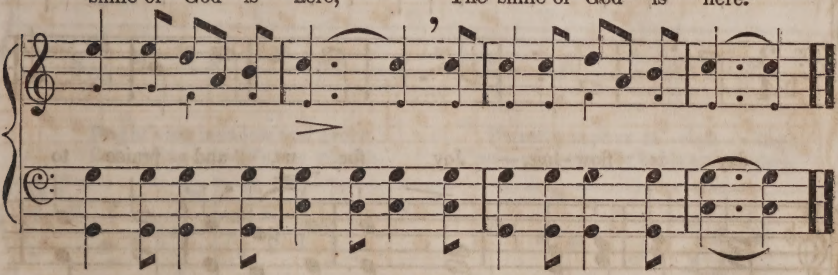
POETRY BY MRS. HALE



rain - - bow, the rain - - bow, And sung the rain - - bow; The



smile of God is here, The smile of God is here.



2.

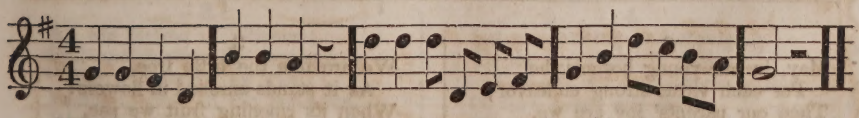
I think, as I'm gazing,
Thy colors to mark,
How, o'er the lone mountain,
Where rested the ark,
Those saved from the deluge,
With wondering eye,
Beheld the first rainbow
Burst over the sky;
And sung the rainbow,
The rainbow,
Thy promise, God, on high.

3.

And thousands of ages
Have flourished and fled,
Since on the first rainbow
That promise was read.
Man dies, and earth changes;
But still doth endure
God's signet of mercy,
Fresh, lovely, and pure.
Then sing the rainbow,
The rainbow;
The love of God is sure.

ROUND, for Four Voices.

FROM THE GERMAN.



Who doth love not music, song, Lacks of joy, of joy, of joy, his whole life long.

FATHER, BLESS OUR INDUSTRY. Two Voices.

MUSIC BY MUCK.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK

Andantino.

Fa - ther, bless our in - - dus - try; For, while day by day is flow - ing,— Joy for us, and praise to thee,— We are wi - - - ser, bet - - ter grow - ing.

2.

May, in our young bosoms, be
For each virtue strong endeavor;
Then our parents' joy are we,
And the good are happy ever.

3.

We are like the little tree,
As it stands enrobed in flowers:
When its ripening fruit we see,
O, may richer fruit be ours!

SEE THE HEAVENS, HOW SHINING!

FROM THE GERMAN.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

1. See the heavens, how shi - ning! Leaves and flow'rets are twi - ning,
2. Soft the riv - u - let rip - ples O'er its bed of bright peb - bles,

Moderato.

mf

Bright'ning meadow and grove. Sweetly zephyr is sigh - - ing;
Bab - bling; lively's the sound. Trees, where bright birds are singing,

cres. *p*

O'er its dear nestlings ly - ing, Twitters, brooding, the tur - tle dove.
In the summer-wind swinging, Cast their quivering shadows round.

mf

3.

All are tasting of pleasure;
Full and flowing the measure;
Dance together for glee;
Lambkins here in the meadows,
Fawns in clustering shadows,
Swarming fish in the sunny sea.

4.

Let us, dancing and springing
To the nightingale's singing,
Trip o'er the dewy-bright ground.
O, turn faster and faster,
O'er the velvet-green pasture,
Twisting, turning the fairy round!

YES AND NO. One or Two Voices.

MUSIC BY M. DE LEDESMA.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

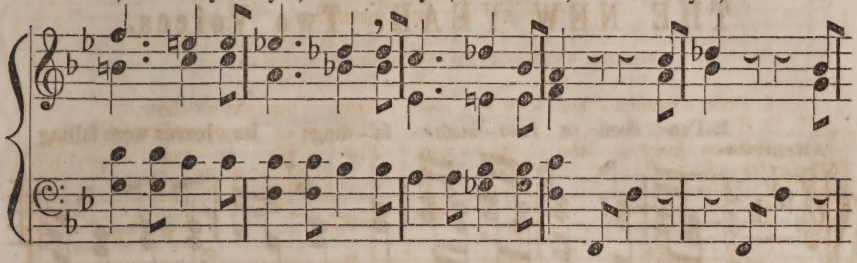
1. Short speech suf - fi - - ces Deep thought to show,
2. Time nev - - - er lin - - gers, Nev - - er moves slow.
3. Deep may the im - - port, For joy or woe,

Allegretto.

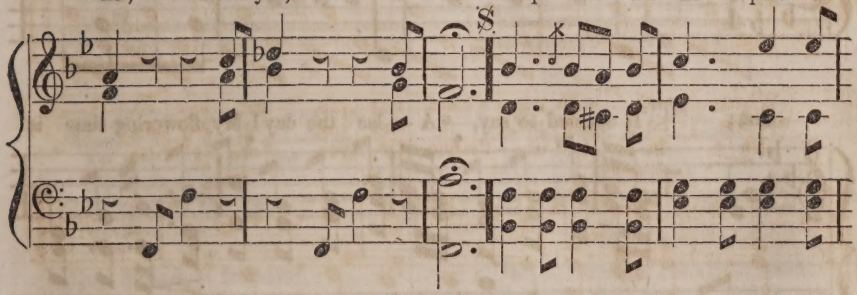
When you, with wis - - dom, Say yes, or say no.
While he per - mits it, Say yes, or say no.
Be in the ut - - t'rance Of yes, or of no.

Speech - - es of length Sweet - - ly should flow;
If he escapes, How do you know
If e - - ven these You would fore - go,

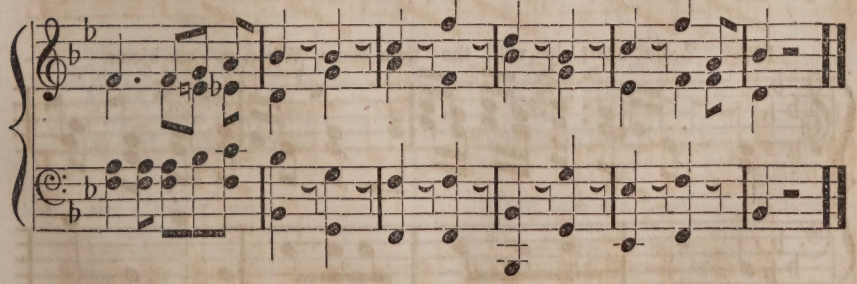
Or, I like bet - ter Plain yes, or plain no; Plain yes, or
You e'er a - gain may Say yes, or say no? Say yes, or
I, in your eyes, will Read yes, or read no; Read yes, or



no: Plain yes, or no.* When you, with wis - - dom, Say
no? Say yes, or no? While he per-mits it, Say
no; Read yes, or no. Deep is the im - - - port Of



yes, or say no; Say yes, or no; Say yes, or say no.
yes, or say no; Say yes, or no; Say yes, or say no.
yes, or of no; Of yes, or no; Of yes, or of no.



* Note. *After repeating the first strain, return, and finish with the third.*

THE NEW YEAR. Two Voices.

Allegretto.

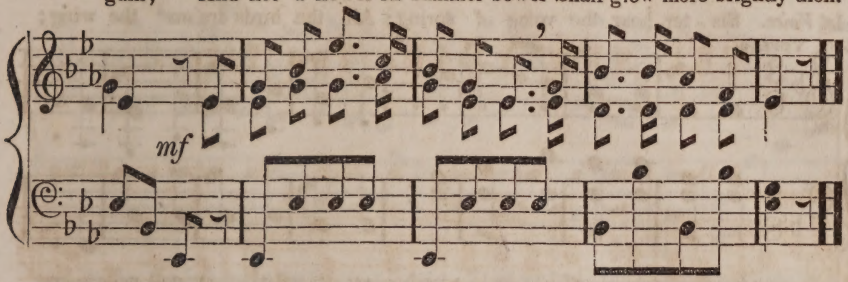
1. I've seen a rose - bush fa - ding; Its leaves were falling

mp

fast; It seemed to say, "A - - las the day! My flowering time is

past. 2. But short - ly will the time come When ro - ses bloom a -

- - gain; And not a flower In summer bower Shall glow more brightly then."



3.

I've seen a little violet,
And thus it seemed to say;—
"My strength is gone,
My beauty shorn;
I'm withering away.

4.

"But in that pleasant season
When winter frosts are done,
All gemmed with dew,
My leaflets blue
Shall open to the sun."

5.

Upon a leafless fruit-tree
I saw a robin sit;
He seemed to wear
A downcast air,
And chirped, "Te-wit, te-wit."

6.

"Adieu," he said, "fair village,
Where I have lived so long;
I'll be this way
Some sweet spring day,
And sing a blither song."

7.

I saw a lovely infant,
Just sinking to its rest;
His cheek of rose
In sweet repose
Upon his mother's breast.

8.

But soon, his slumber over,
A fairer sight than this:
With motion fleet,
He sprang to meet
His mother's playful kiss.

9.

I met a little maiden;
Her face was fair to see;
Her step was light,
Her eye was bright,
And thus she said to me:—

10.

"The flowers have each their season;
All things their time to shine:
With fresher hue,
And vigor new,
Why should not I have mine?"

11.

And then this little maiden,
Whose face was fair to see,
Whose step was light,
Whose eye was bright,
Continued thus to me:—

12.

"The time has come—I feel it—
New powers within to find:
'Tis here, 'tis here,
The glad *New Year*,
The spring-time of the mind."

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

1st Voice. Sis - ter, hear the voice of spring; All the birds are on the wing;

Vivace.

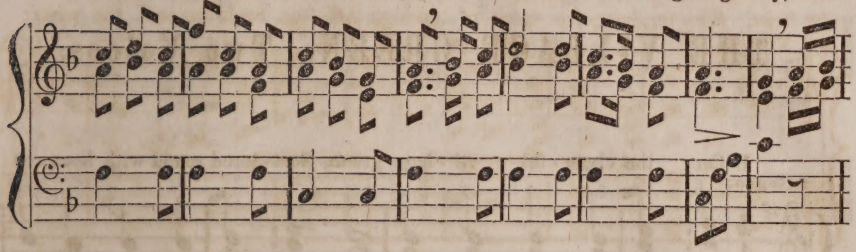
All is joy, and peace, and life; All is calm, and free from strife.

2d Voice. Sis - ter, see, the beam - ing sun, Swift and bright, his course doth run;

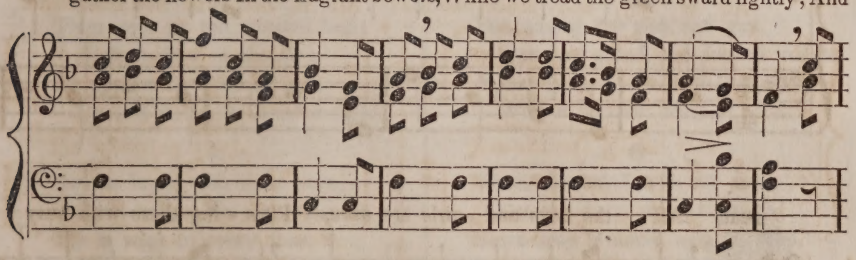
Sis - ter, see the ear - ly flowers, Springing fresh in fragrant bowers. Then

Chorus.

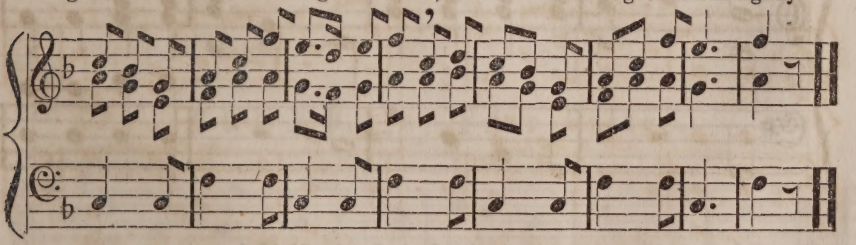
let us away To the meadows so gay, While the sun is shi - ning bright - ly, And



gather the flowers In the fragrant bowers, While we tread the green sward lightly; And



gather the flowers In the fragrant bowers, While we tread the green sward lightly.



2.

1st Voice.

Brother, wake; 'tis late, 'tis late;
And the sun has mounted high;
Not a moment will he wait,
Speeding onward through the sky.

2d Voice.

Brother, morning air is sweet;
Hasten quick, and go with me,
Where the sparkling waters meet;
Let us hasten o'er the lea.

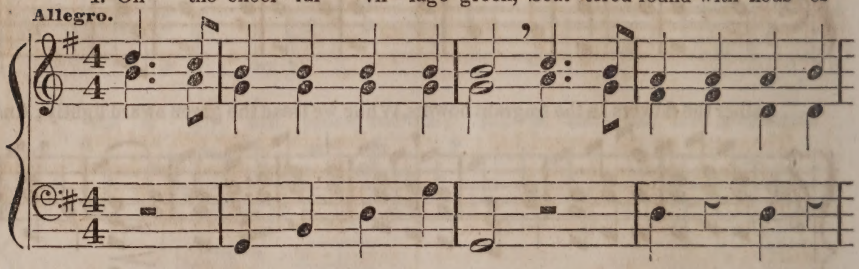
Chorus.

Then come, let us go,
Where the bright waters flow,
And the birds are sweetly singing;
Where gently the wave
Does the green bank lave,
And the air with joy is ringing.

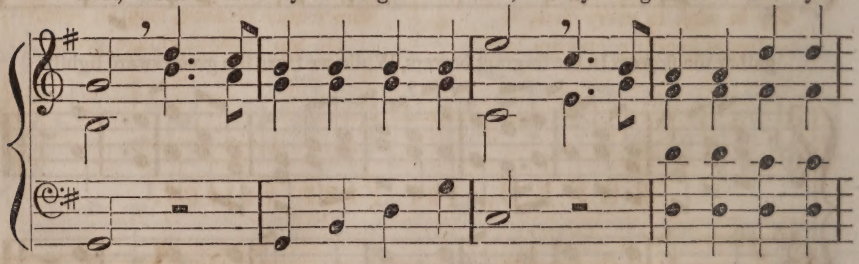
THE VILLAGE GREEN. Two Voices.

Allegro.

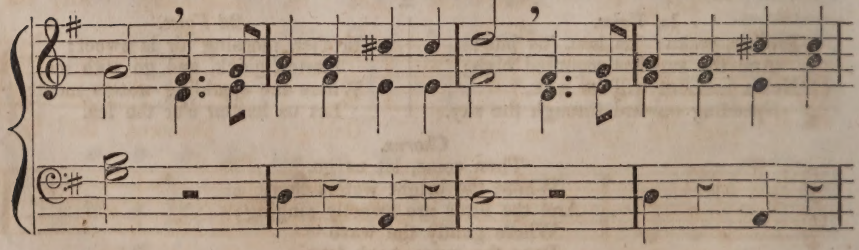
1. On the cheer - ful vil - lage green, Scat - tered round with hous - es



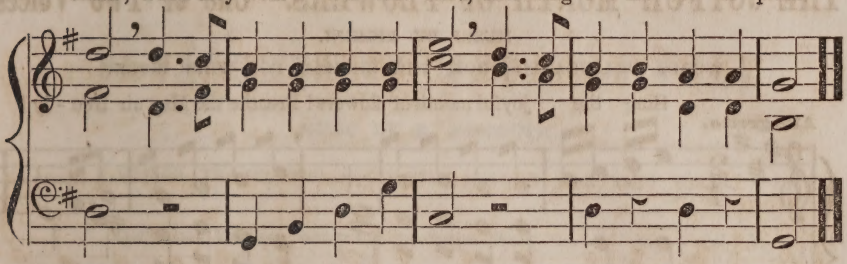
neat, All the boys and girls are seen, Play - ing there with busy



feet. 2. Now they frol - ic, hand in hand, Mak - ing many a mer - ry



chain; Then they form a war-like band, Marching o'er the lev-el plain.



3.

Then goes up the worsted ball;
High it rises in the air;
Or against the cottage wall,
Up and down, it bounces there.

4.

As the hoop, with even pace,
Runs before the merry crowd,
Joy is seen in every face,
Joy is heard in clamors loud.

5.

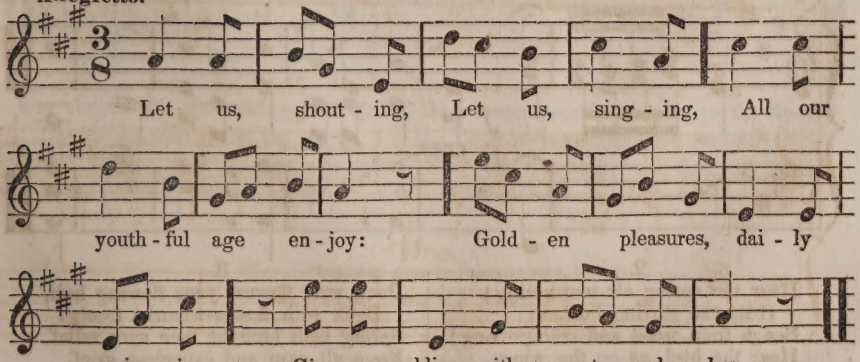
For, among the rich and gay,
Fine, and grand, and decked in lace,
None appear more glad than they—
With a happier heart or face.

6.

Then, contented with my state,
Let me envy not the great;
Since true pleasure may be seen,
On the cheerful village green.

ROUND, for Four Voices.

Allegretto.



THE JOYFUL MONTH OF FLOWERS. One or Two Voices.

MUSIC BY RIGHINI.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

Alle gretto.

Sing the joyful month of flowers! Breathe the May air free - ly!

Hap - py who en - - joys May hours; Na - ture's sweetest

gift is ours. Sing gay - ly! sing gay - ly! sing gay - ly!

f

cres.

2.

Hear the spring air murmuring;
Hear the stirring bushes;
Songs from wood and cottage ring;
Hear the bird, as on the wing
He rushes! he rushes!

3.

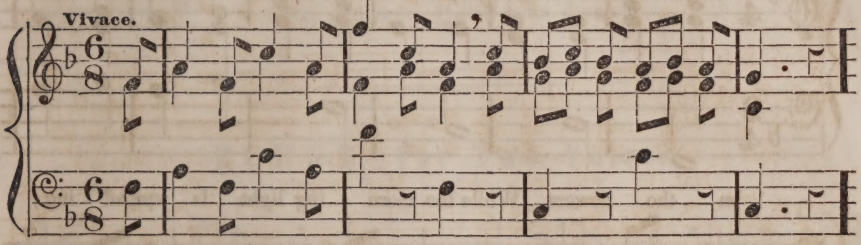
Deck with flowers your flowing hair,
Deck with flower-wreaths freely:
Spring hath brought thee sure relief
From all care and causeless grief.
Sing gayly! sing gayly!

PLEASURES OF MAY. Two Voices.

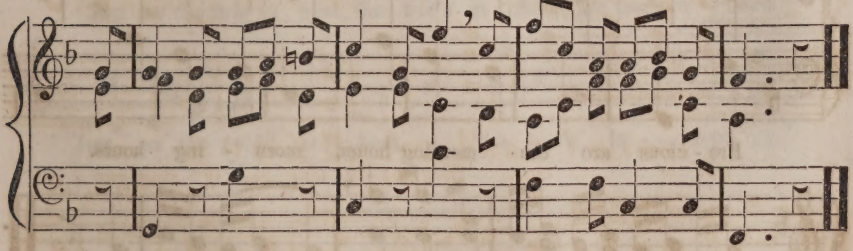
MUSIC BY E. ANSCHÜTZ.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

Come out to play, come out to dance, Sing out a joy - ful lay:



She comes, she comes, with sunny glance, "The flow - ery - foot - ed May."



2.

She clothes the trees with tender green,
She decks with gems the grass;
Sweet flowers, of every hue, are seen
Where'er her footsteps pass.

3.

Her sweet breath whispers to the flowers
To shed their fragrance round;
She calls the birds, who thro' the bowers
Their silver clarions sound.

4.

She drives the gloom from every heart,
From every brow the frown,
And fain would love and peace impart
From *Him* who sends her down.

THE GARDENERS. One or Two Voices.

MUSIC BY PAESIELLO.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

Andante.

Come with me to trim the gar - den, While the dew is

on the flowers, While the morn - ing light is spread - ing;

Pre - cious are the morning hours, morn - ing hours.

2.

Train the vines, and trim the borders,
Weed the beds, and dig around;
Let the strong, the plain, the useful,
Be with flowers entwined and crowned,
Twined and crowned.

3.

Grateful, sweet, their odors rising,
O'er and o'er our care requite,
While the happy birds around us,
Carol to the dawning light,
Dawning light.

4.

See how apple-flowers are falling,
Bright as snow-flakes touched with red!
Fair ones! here you must not linger,
Littering thus our |: garden bed. :|

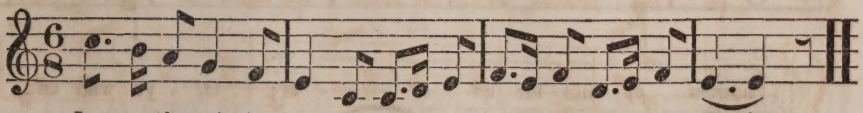
5.

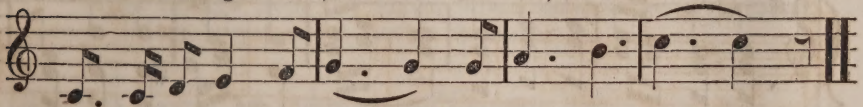
While you on your stems were growing,
You were sweet and very fair;
But, disordered, useless lying,
You become but |: rubbish here. :|

6.

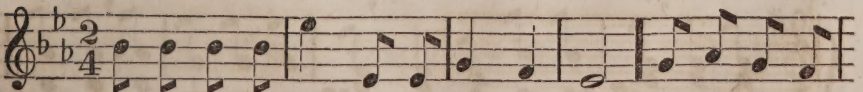
So are things most rare and costly,
Out of use, and out of place;
But though plain, and cheap, and common,
Use and order |: give them grace. :|

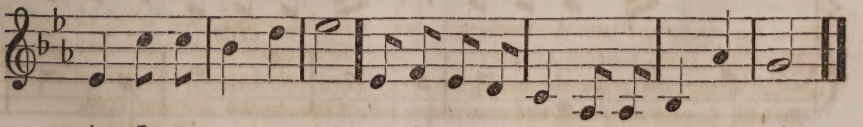
ROUND, for Two Voices.





ROUND, for Three Voices.





LOVE AND TRUTH. Two Voices.

MUSIC BY C. G. HERING.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

Allegretto.

Two flowerets are bloom - ing, per - en - nial and bright, In

p

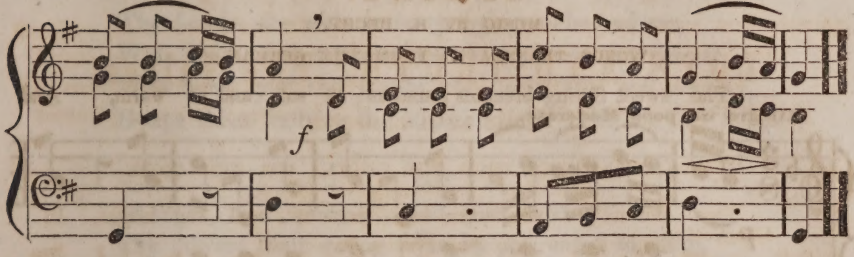
bowers of life for us ev - - - er; O, ye who can

mf

find them, pro - tect them with care, And close to your heart, ay, your

cres. - - - -

heart, of hearts wear, And there let them blos-som for ev - - - er.



2.

The first flower is *Love;* in the heart is its root;
Its hue is the glow of the morning;
It wilts not in sunshine, it sinks not in storm,
But lifts toward the heaven its delicate form,
Earth's desert with beauty adorning.

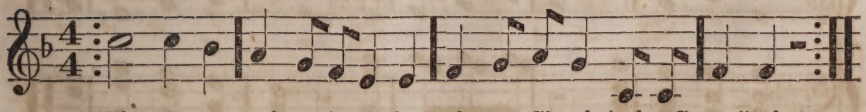
3.

The second fair flower in the garden is *Truth;*
In hues of high heaven it is shining;
It never grows old, it ne'er withers away,
But springs from the grave, where earth's treasures decay,
More bright when earth's flowerets are pining.

4.

O, happy, who learneth the heavenly art,
In garlands of life to unite them!
Thrice happy, who acts the self-conqueror's part,
And holds in check strictly the springs of the heart,
That evils flow not *thence* to blight them.

ROUND, for Four Voices.

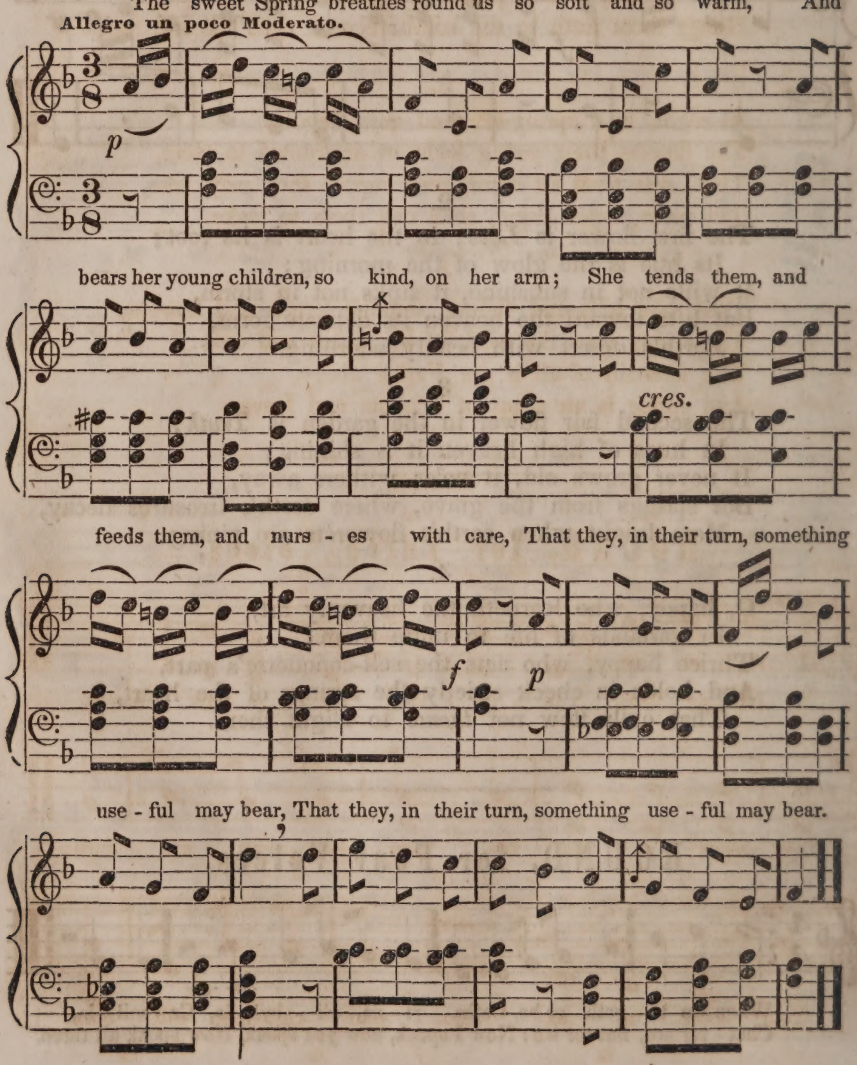


When we to - geth - er be, Catha - ri - na, Si - byl - la, Ca - mil la,
Chat - ter we, flat-ter we: Now I speak, now you speak, Now speak all three.

SPRING.

MUSIC BY H. HECHT.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.



2.

The brooks she with green-springing arches adorns,
With white, fragrant blossoms she garlands the thorns;
With buds, gold and purple, she decks hills and plains,
Brings them forth to the sunshine, and calls the soft rains.

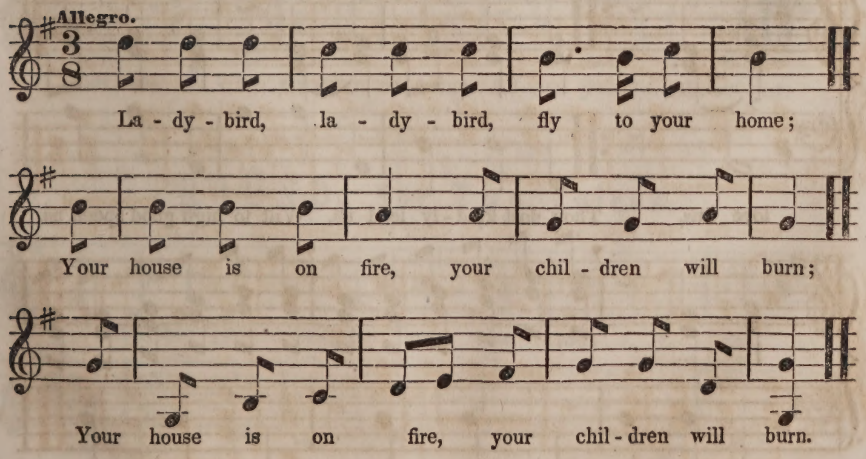
3.

At night, in a spring-like and quiet repose,
The flowers their young folds are instructed to close,
That, safe from all harm, their repose they may take,
Till morn, again rising, shall call them to wake.

4.

Thus, o'er hills and valleys, through forests and bowers,
The spring does the work of its Maker and ours:
The fountain of all is our Father above,
And spring is an agent of Wisdom and Love.

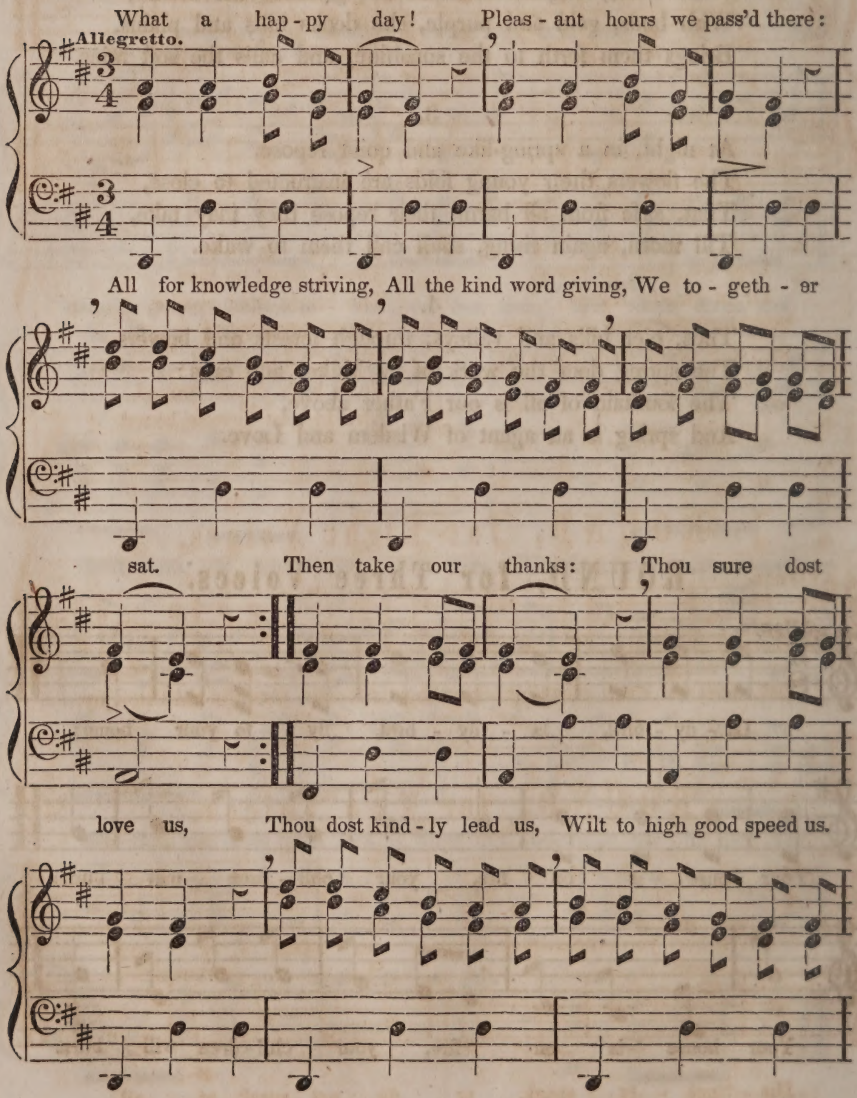
ROUND, for Three Voices.



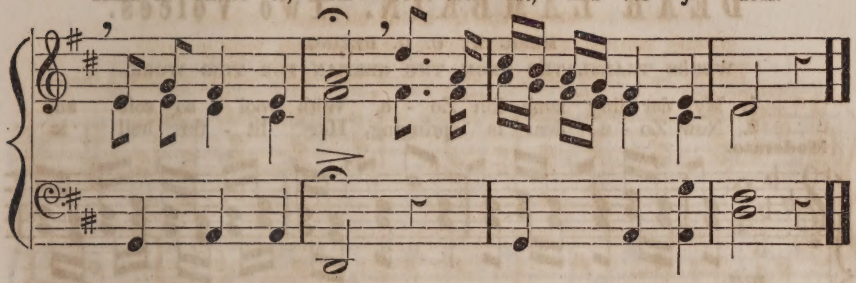
AFTER SCHOOL. Two Voices.

MUSIC BY G. C. GROSHEIM.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.



Kind in - struct - or, hear! True thou art, and ver - y dear.

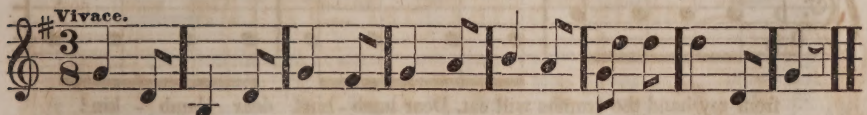


2.

Live we, then, in peace,
Or in gloomy sorrow,
We shall feel thee near us;
Still thy words shall cheer us,
Even to the grave:

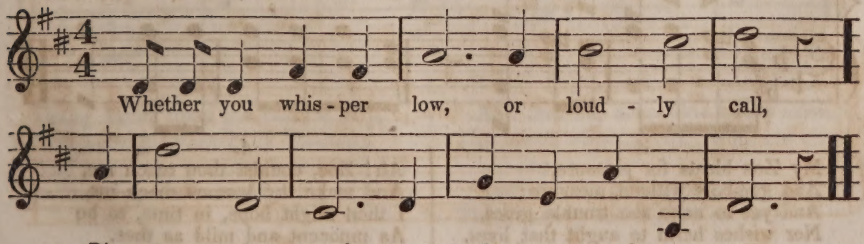
Thou'lt show us then
The bright land yonder,
Where blest spirits wander,
Where bright angels, singing,
God's high throne around,
Live in love forever bound.

ROUND, for Eight Voices.



Let us ev - er, shouting, sing-ing, All our youthful time en - joy.

ROUND, for Two Voices.



Whether you whis - per low, or loud - ly call,

Dis - tinct - ly speak, or do not speak at all.

DEAR LAMBKIN. Two Voices.

MUSIC BY C. G. HERING.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

1. My dar - ling lamb - kin Zo - e, With wool so soft and
2. Now Zo - e dear is springing, Her lit - tle bell is

Moderato.

pia.

snow - y, Will fol - low me with pat - tering feet, And
ring - ing, That bell my moth - er's own dear hand Tied

from my hand the crumbs will eat. Dear lamb - kin! dear lamb - kin!
round her neck with silken band. Dear lamb - kin! dear lamb - kin!

3.

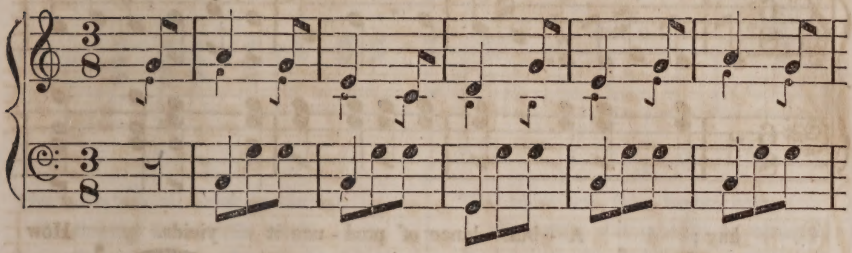
My Zoe bleats for pleasure,
And gambols without measure;
And yet to none she trouble gives,
Nor wishes harm to aught that lives.
Dear lambkin! dear lambkin!

4.

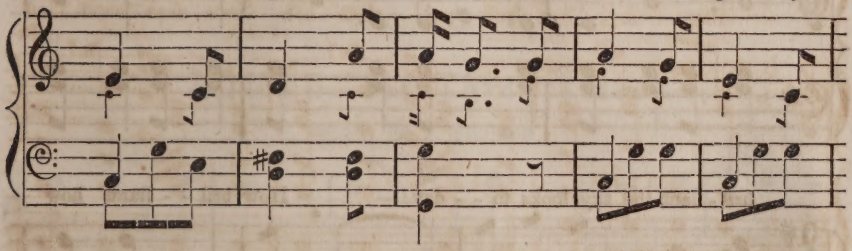
Ah! Zoe, couldst thou teach me,
And make thy lessons reach me,
I then might hope, in time, to be
As innocent and mild as thee.
Dear lambkin! dear lambkin!

SPRING.

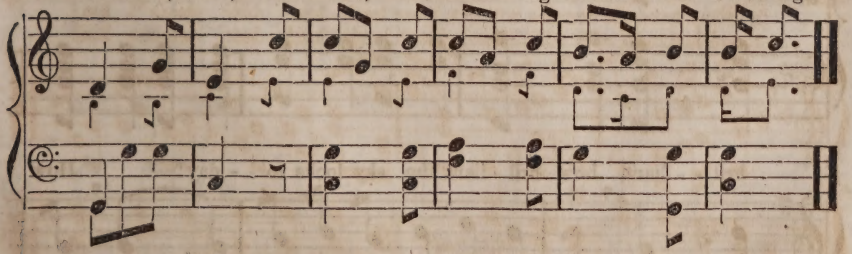
1. Come forth, for in the for - - est deep, The vio - - let
2. The yel - low sun has thawed the streams; Their wa - - ters



from the ground is springing; And on the new - ly
now are gent - - ly flow-ing; And o'er the grass - y



bud - ding boughs Bright birds, just from the south, are sing - ing.
meadows, too, The cool, re - fresh - ing winds are blow - ing.



3.

Young lambs upon the pasture skip,
Where butterflies are gaily dancing;
And round the woodbine's honeyed cell
The humming-bird's bright wing is glancing.

4.

And thro' the deep, blue, sunny skies,
The broad, white, fleecy clouds are straying;
And o'er the flowery meadows gay,
The swallows merrily are playing.

SUMMER.

O, come, let us go to the field; The men are now making sweet

hay; A - bun - dance of prod - uce it yields. How

bril - liant the sky looks to - - day!— How bril - - liant, how

bril - - liant, how bril - liant the sky looks to - - day!— How

bril - - liant, how bril - liant, how brilliant the sky looks to - day!

2.

The birds are all brisk in the air,
Or singing a beautiful song.
See, every thing round us looks fair;
But winter will soon be along.

3.

The birds will then hasten away;
All nature will quickly be changed;
So let us enjoy, while we may,
The seasons our God has arranged.

ROUND, for Three Voices.

MUSIC BY F. SILCHER

Morn - ing hours, morn - ing hours, morn - ing hours bring

gold - en stores. Morn - ing hours, morn - ing hours

morn - ing hours bring gold - en stores. Morn - ing hours

morn - ing hours, morn - - ing hours bring gold - en stores.

THE MEADOWS.

POETRY BY JANE TAYLOR.

We'll go to the meadows, where cowslips do grow, And

but-tercups looking as yel-low as gold, And dai-sies and

vio-lets be-ginning to blow; For 'tis a most beau-ti-ful

sight to be-hold. The lit-tle bee humming a-bout them is

seen; The but - ter - - fly mer - ri - - ly dan - ces a -

- - - - - - long; The grass - hop - per chirps in the hed - ges so

green; The lin - net is sing - ing its live - li - est song.

2.

The birds and the insects are happy and gay;
The beasts of the field, they are glad, and rejoice;
And we will be thankful to God, every day,
And praise his great name in a loftier voice.
He made the green meadows; He planted the flowers;
He sent the bright sun in the heavens to blaze;
'Twas He formed these wonderful bodies of ours:
As long as we live we will sing of his praise.

ALL YONDER, IN THE MEADOW.

FROM THE GERMAN.

1. All yon - der, in the mead - - ow, Is sunshine clear and
2, All yon - der, in the moun - - tain, Is ac - tive life and

Allegretto.

bright; All yonder, in the shad - ow, Is cool - ness and de - light.
health; All yonder, in the val - ley, Is rest and peaceful wealth.

3.

All brightly in the heavens
The stars at even glow;
All lovely bloom the flowers,—
The stars of earth below.

4.

The health, or wealth, or flowers,
The stars, or sunshine bright,
More sweet, more blessed, more lovely,
When heart and heart unite.

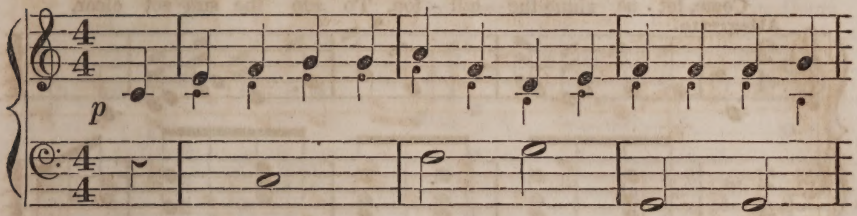
ROUND, for Four Voices.

FROM THE GERMAN.

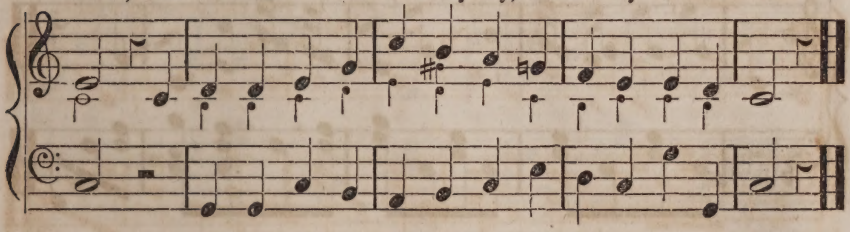
Let but fortune give us pleasure, Then we'll en - vy none their treasure.

WINTER.

My pret - ty flowers are gone a - way, All cov - ered o'er with



snow; And I must wait till next May-day, To see my violets blow.



2.

I'm very sure the leaves will peep
Again above the ground,
Although the root is buried deep,
And not a stem is found.

3.

My mother says, the grave may close
O'er little Jane and I;
But we, like our sweet, fading rose,
Shall only *seem* to die.

4.

I know my mother tells me true;
I'm not afraid to go
To God, who showers my plants with dew,
And covers them with snow.

COME, LET US CLIMB THE HILL-TOP.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Allegretto.

Come, let us climb the hill - top, To see the sun set clear,

And pause a - while, the ves - per From all the birds to hear.

2.

Like you, the free should carol,
Ye people of the air,
And raise to Him their voices,
Who gave the voice for prayer.

3.

Sing, too, ye nobler freemen,
By truth made free indeed;
For, save the foe within you,
No foes have ye to dread.

ROUND, for Two Voices.

Moderato.

All work, and no play, makes Jack a dull boy.

All work, and no play, makes Jack a dull boy.

THE SUMMER NOW IS HERE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Allegro.

Tra, ri, ra, The sum - mer now is here! Come

f *p*

with me to the bow - ers, To gath - er summer flow - ers.

Yes, yes, yes, The sum - mer now is here.

f

2.

Tra, ri, ra,
The summer now is here!
Come, raise the song together,
And welcome summer weather.
Yes, yes, yes,
The summer now is here!

3.

Tra, ri, ra,
The summer now is here!
The frost-king is defeated!
The winter has retreated!
Yes, yes, yes,
The first of June is here!

MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

Sis - ter, wake! the sky is light; Morn has

come, the earth is bright; Stars are gone, and

night is done; Come, and see the ris - - - - - - ing

sun! Let us view his ear - ly peep; Nights are long e -

- - - nough for sleep: Let us view his ear - ly peep;

Nights are long e - nough for sleep.

2.

Now the grass does freshly spring;
Butterflies are on the wing,
Thro' and thro' the grape-vine bowers,
Round and round among the flowers;
Now, beneath the pleasant sky,
Lambs are frisking joyously.

3.

Merry birds, that all night long
Hushed in sleep their happy song,
Glad another day to see,
Sing on every bush and tree:
Let us join our voice of praise
With their sweet, enchanting lays.

4.

Here are beds of flowers for you,
Buttercups, and violets blue;
Wreaths of morning-glories bright,
Pink and purple, blue and white,
Wave with every wind that blows:
Come, for soon their leaves will close.

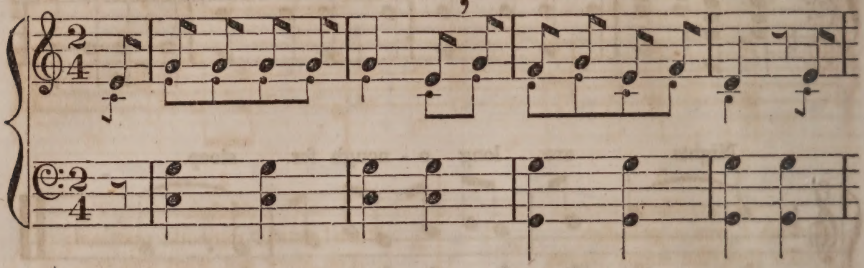
5.

"Busy bees" are humming now,
Robin hops from bough to bough.
Sister, come, and sit with me
Underneath this balmy tree;
All are busy, all are gay,—
We will be as blithe as they.

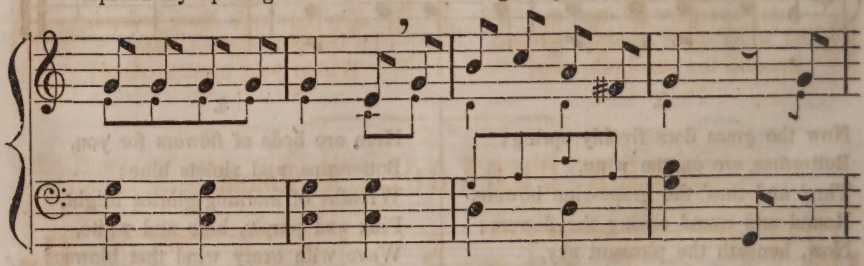
WISHES.

POETRY BY MRS. GILMAN.

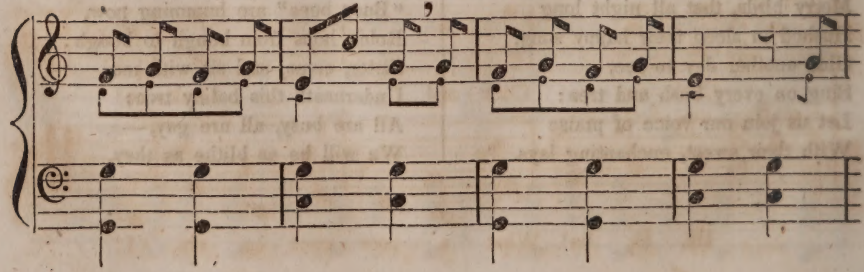
1. *Anna.* I wish I was a small bird, A - mong the leaves to dwell, To
2. *Ellen.* I wish I was a flow' - ret, To blos - som in the grove, And



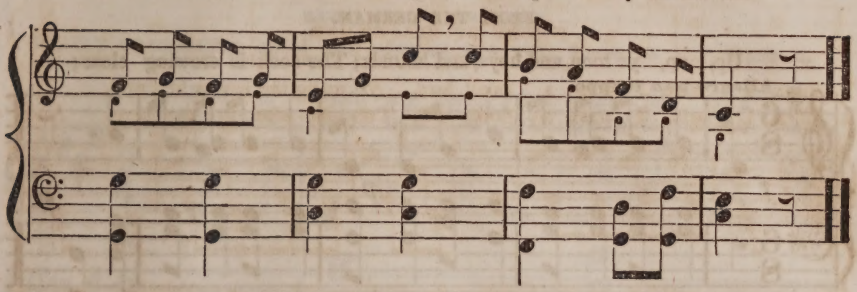
scale the sky in glad - ness, Or seek the lone - ly dell: My
spread my opening leaf - lets A - mong the plants I love: No



mat - in song should war - - ble The glo - ry of the earth; My
hand would lightly cull me, While opening to the sky; I



vesper hymn ring glad - - - ly With trill of careless mirth.
si - lent - ly should o - - - - pen, And qui - et - ly should die.



3.

Mary.

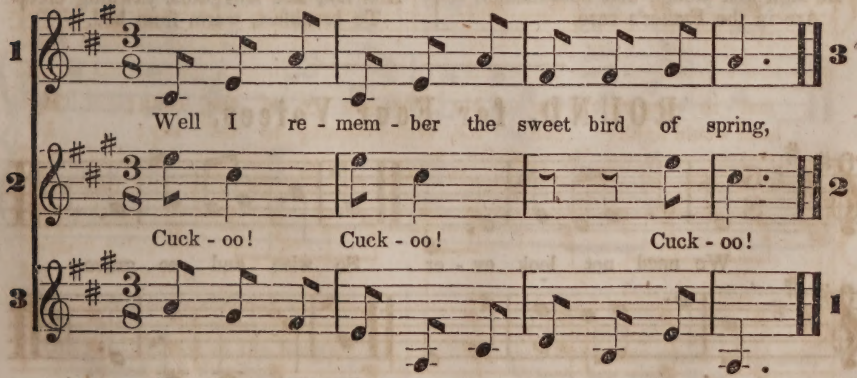
I wish I was a gold-fish,
To seek the sunny wave;
To part the gentle ripple,
And 'mid its coolness lave:
I'd glide through life, delighted,
Amid the glow of day;
And when night came in softness,
Beneath the star-beam play.

4.

Mother.

Hush! hush! romantic prattlers;
You know not what you say,
When *mind*, the crown of mortals,
You lightly throw away:
What is the songster's warble,
The flow'ret's blush refined,
To thought of the Creator
Within your opening mind?

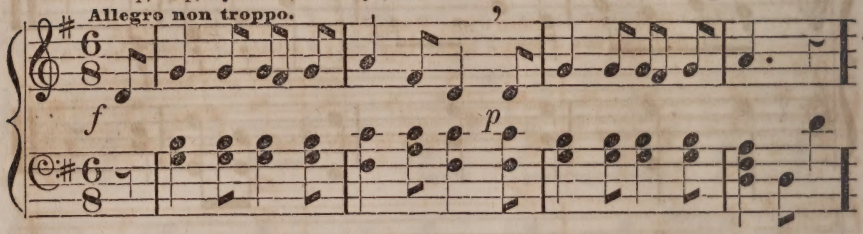
THE CUCKOO.....A Round.



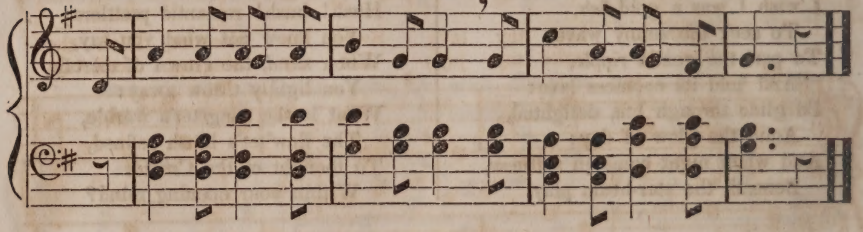
EARLY RISING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Up, up, ye men, and boys, and hounds; The cock is crowing clear;



The morning hour has gold in store; Then up, and seize your share.



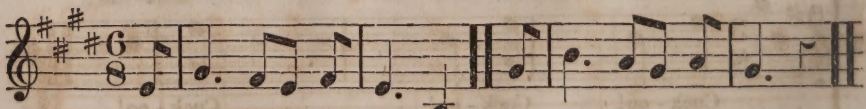
2.

The dew is sparkling on the grass,—
An angel breathed it there,
As sign and pledge that husbandmen
Are in the Father's care.

3.

Come, let us now with right good will
Each to his labor speed;
And not, like sluggards, yawning creep
To breakfast, warm from bed.

ROUND, for Four Voices.



We need not look ev - er So wise and so grave;

A right mer - - ry laughing 'Twere bet - ter to have.

THE BIRD OF SPRING.

MUSIC BY HILLENHAGEN.

POETRY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK BY J. F. WARNER.

1. Bird of morn - ing, Spring's first warn - ing, Glad I
2. Spring's re - - turn - ing, Thy so - - journ - ing, Both a - -

wake to hear thy lay; Sweet the pleasure, Rich the
- - - - - - like a - - wake my joy; Let thy singing, Loud - ly

treas - ure, Poured by thee at dawn of day.
ring - ing, All thy pre - cious life em - - ploy.

3.

From my childhood,
In the wild wood,
Oft I've listened to thy song;
Round thy dwelling,
Care dispelling,
Pleasant hours I oft prolong.

4.

O, while living,
Thanks still giving,
To that Power my praise shall soar,
Which has made thee,
Which does aid thee
Songs of sweetness thus to pour.

FILIAL LOVE.

MUSIC BY HILLENHAGEN.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK BY J F. WARNER.

I love, O God, thy good command To mind my parents'

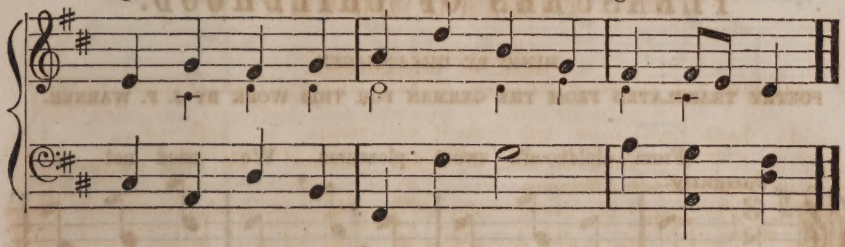
Andante con Affetuoso.

p

bid - ding; To fol - - low still their guid - ing hand, Their

ev - - ery pre - cept heed - ing. O, may I ne'er for -

- - - - - - get the worth Of aid from those who gave me birth.



2.

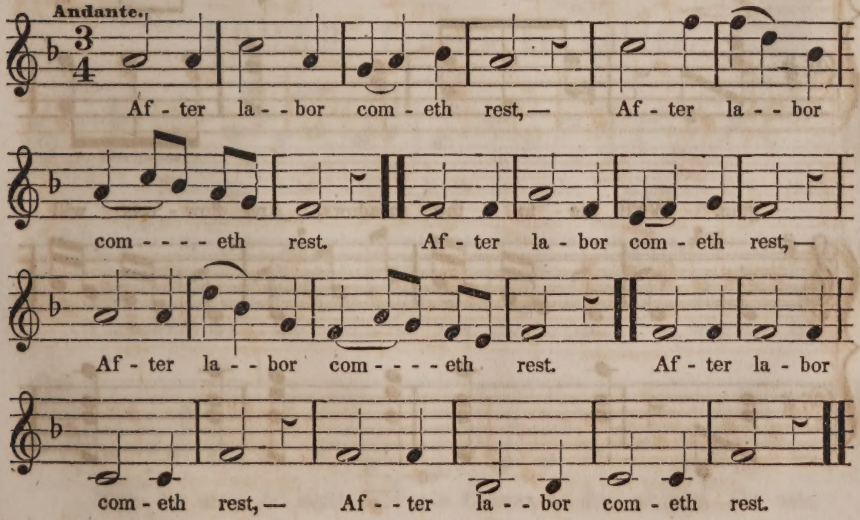
From childhood's earliest, tenderest age,
They fondly have caressed me;
And all the acts in which they 'ngage,
Are acts designed to bless me:
They've watched my life by night and day,
And guarded all my dangerous way.

3.

O, while I live, my heart shall burn
With kind and grateful feeling;
A thankful service I'll return,
While years their rounds are wheeling:
Through all my life I'll aim to be
A joy to those who've smiled on me.

ROUND, for Three Voices.

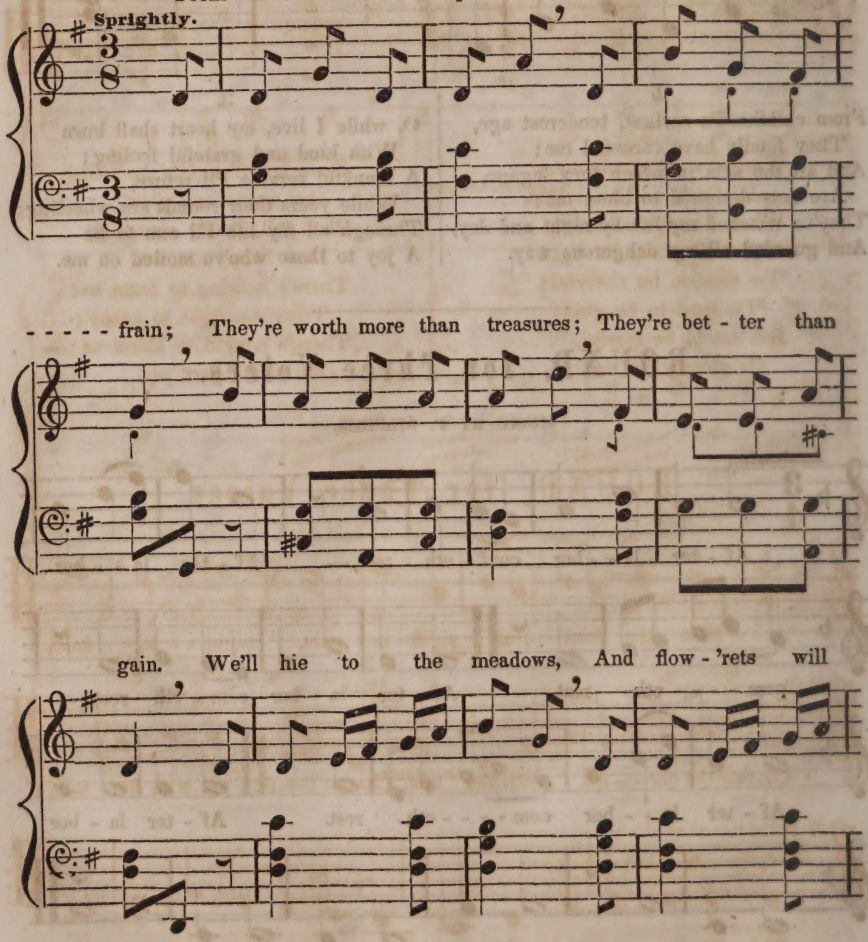
MUSIC BY F. SILCHER.



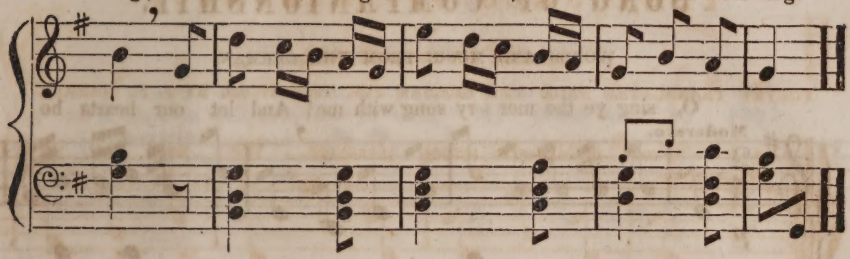
PLEASURES OF CHILDHOOD.

MUSIC BY HILLENHAGEN.

POETRY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK BY J. F. WARNER.



bring; We'll run like light shad - ows; We'll dance and we'll sing.



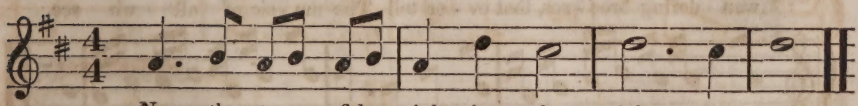
2.

'Tis life's merry morning,
All fresh, and all bright,
When beauty's adorning
O'er all sheds its light.
'Tis time to be cheerful;
'Tis time to be glad;
But not to be tearful,
Or gloomy, or sad.

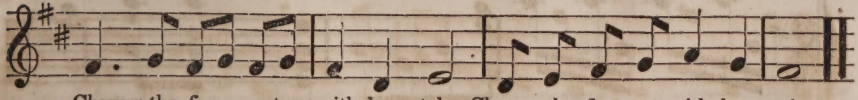
3.

From hearts lightly bounding,
Our music and glee
Shall tell, loudly sounding,
How happy are we.
There's nothing to harm us;
There's nought to annoy;
There's nought to alarm us;—
But all is pure joy.

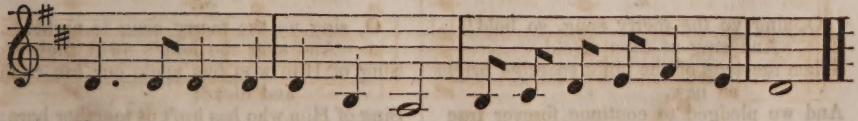
ROUND, for Three Voices.



Now the tune - - ful night - in - gale, night - - in - - gale,



Charms the for - - est with her tale, Charms the for - est with her tale.



Now the tune - ful night - in - gale Charms the for - est with her tale.

SONG OF COMPANIONSHIP.

WORDS AND MUSIC FROM THE GERMAN.

O, sing ye the mer - ry song with me! And let our hearts be

Moderato.

p

free As the waves of the o - cean, that cease - - less swell, And the

wan - dering bree - zes, that ev - er tell The mu - sic of all we see.

2.

O, sing ye the merry song, so bold!
And sing of days of old,
When the stars of the night sparkled bright as now,
And we pledged to continue forever true
As when our chorus rolled.

3.

O, sing ye the merry song to-night!
And sing the hour's swift flight!
Sing of Him who has made our life calm and clear;
Sing of Him who has bro't us together here;
O, sing the glad song to-night!

SONG AFTER RAIN.

WORDS AND MUSIC FROM THE GERMAN.

1. Float a - way, O float a - way, O'er the land and the sea!
2. Fare ye well now, fare ye well, My books and my play!

Allegretto.

Dark clouds, stay not hith - er; We want the fair weather.
Of all I am wea - ry; The birds war - ble near me;

Float a - way, O float a - way, And wel - come bright day!
I'm a - way, then, I'm a - way, On wings of the May!

3.

Float along, O float along,
Ye snowy-white throng!
No longer ye hover
The green meadows over.
To the sea, then, to the sea,
O hasten from me!

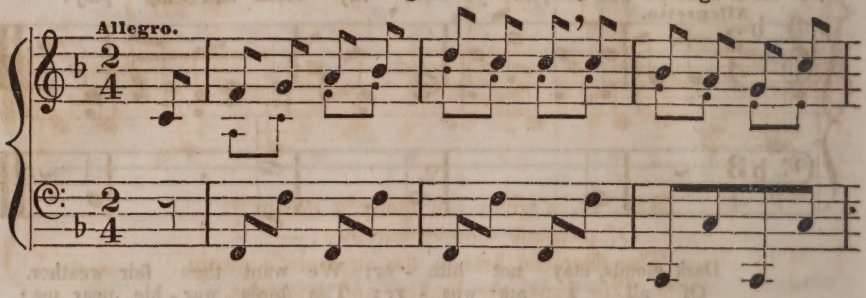
4.

O the May bright! O the May!
The glad month for me!
The birds and the flowers,
The bright falling showers!
I'm away, then, I'm away,
On wings of the May!

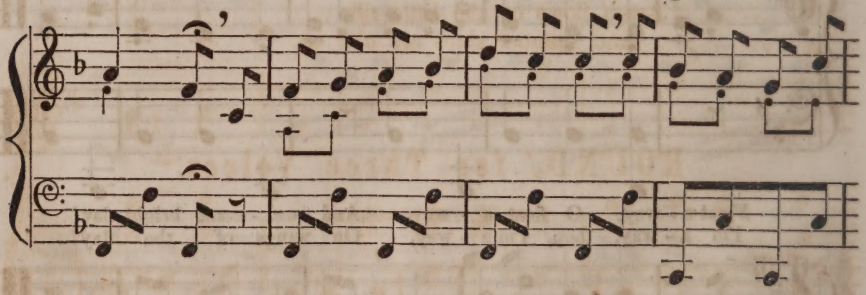
THE FROST.

WORDS AND MUSIC FROM THE GERMAN.

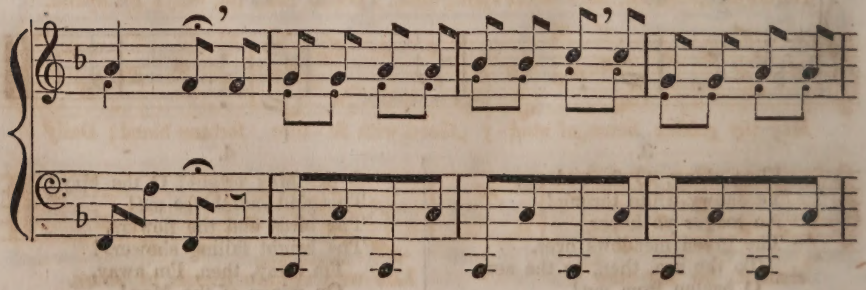
O, see, the cun - ning frost has come, Its ma - gic art re -



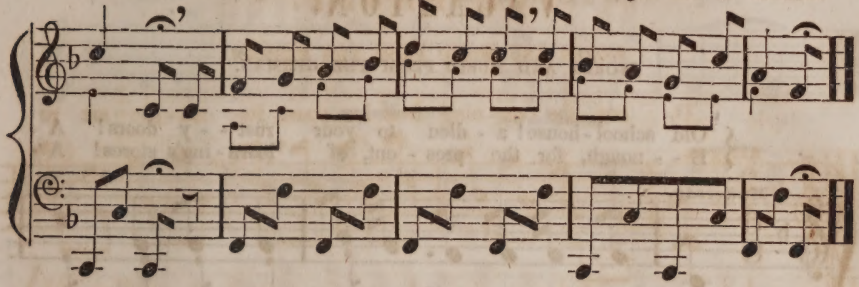
- - - veal - - ing; With pictured bower, and hill, and dome, A gain the windows



seal - - ing. It shuts from us the clear, cold sky, The snow - y - sheeted



meadow, The drear - y ice that glitters high In sunlight and in shadow.

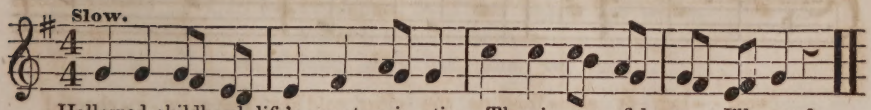


2.

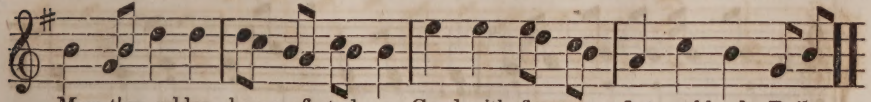
And, O, it gives full many a dream
Of pleasant summer rambles; —
The dear old bridge, the streamlet's gleam,
The ferns, the brakes, and brambles.
The sedgy lake, the wood-crowned hill, —
They live again before us;
Again flows on the little rill,
And summer skies are o'er us.

ROUND, for Three Voices.

FROM THE GERMAN.



Hallowed childhood, life's sweet spring-time, Thee in use - ful ways I'll spend.



May thy golden hours of stud - y Good with fu - ture fortune blend; Daily

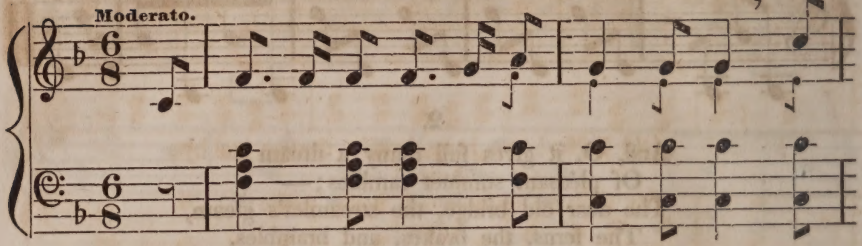
shall it be my care Life with virtue's friends to share.

VACATION.

WORDS AND MUSIC FROM THE GERMAN.

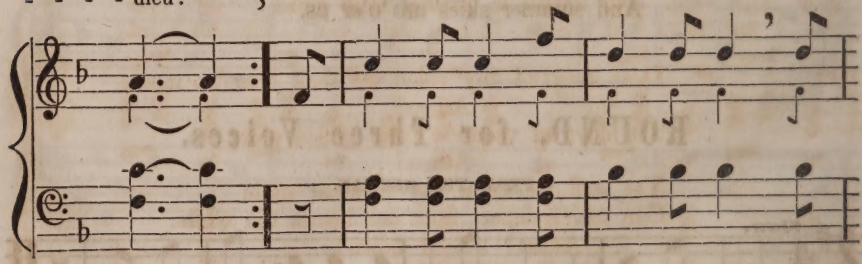
Old school-house! a-dieu to your rust-y doors! A-
E-nough, for the pres-ent, of learn-ing's stores! A-

Moderato.

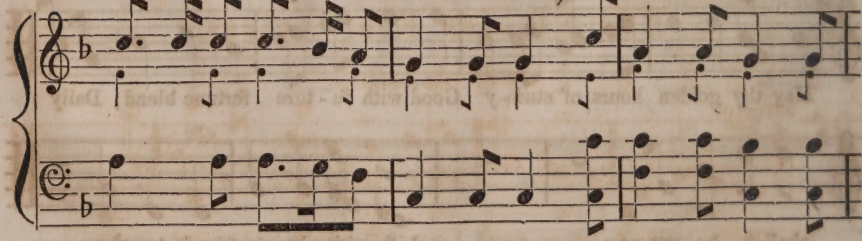


-dieu!
-dieu!

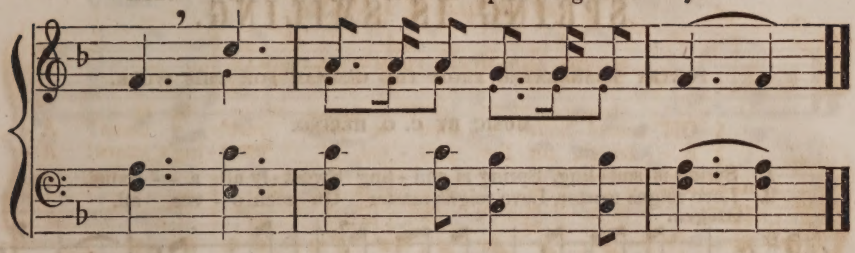
Our pa-rents dear we haste to meet, Our



homes and our gar-dens a-gain to greet. A-dieu! a-dieu! a-



- - - - dieu! No sor - row in part - ing from you!



2.

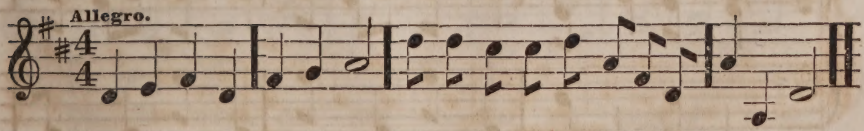
Old books! we have hastily thrown ye by;
Adieu!
On shelves, unmolested, again to lie:
Adieu!
O, brighter leaves adorn the tree:
The woods and the fields shall our lessons be.
Adieu! adieu! adieu!
No sorrow in parting from you!

3.

Dear *master!* thy voice we shall hear no more,
Adieu!
Till days of vacation have glided o'er;
Adieu!
Yet well we know thy pleasant smile
Can never depart from our hearts the while.
Adieu! adieu! adieu!
A blessing we'll ask, then, on you.

ROUND, for Four Voices.

FROM THE GERMAN.



Merry brothers, let us sing; Let us make the welkin ring, the welkin ring.

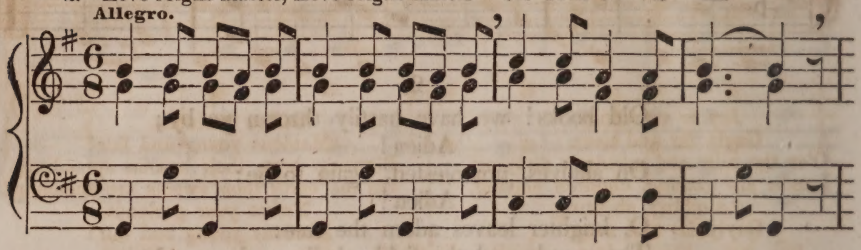
SPRING IS SMILING.

POETRY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

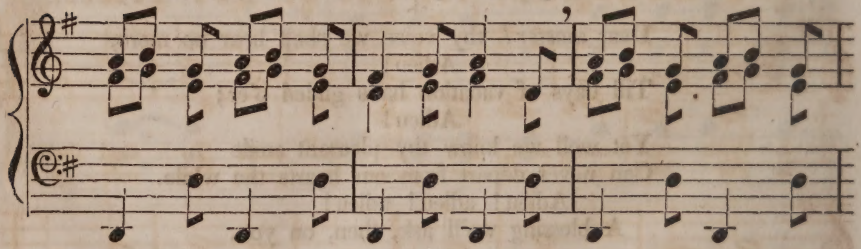
MUSIC BY C. G. HERING.

1. Spring is smi - ling, Spring is smi - ling Sweet - ly all a - - round.
2. Love reigns master, Love reigns master Un - seen o - ver all.

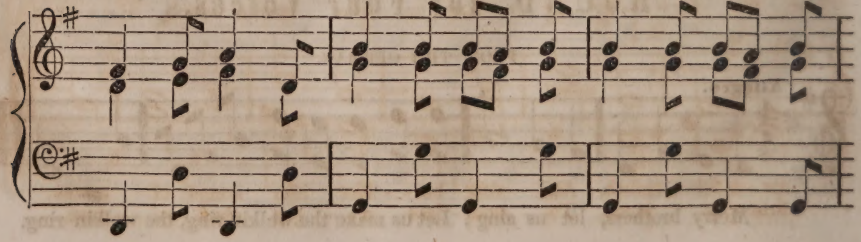
Allegro.



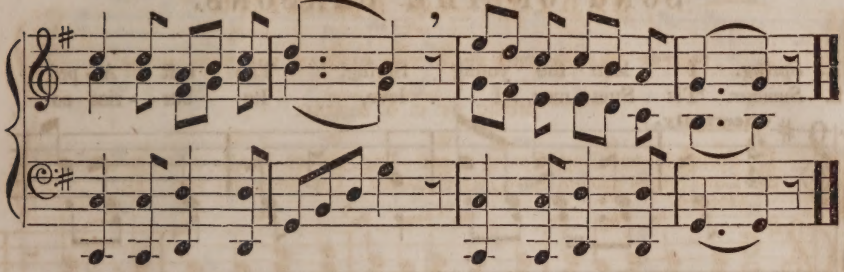
O'er the lake with white sails gleaming, O'er the fields with
In the for - - est cot - tage hi - ding, In the hall of



flow - 'rets teem - ing, Spring is smi - ling, Spring is smi - ling
state pre - si - - ding, Love reigns mas - ter, Love reigns mas - ter



Sweetly all a - - round, Sweet - ly all a - - round.
Unseen o - - ver all, Un - seen o - - ver all.



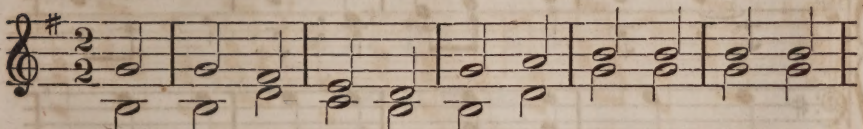
3.

Joy is sounding
Gayly far and near.
O'er the hills and meadows straying,
Lambs are grazing, children playing,
Laughing, shouting,
Gayly far and near.

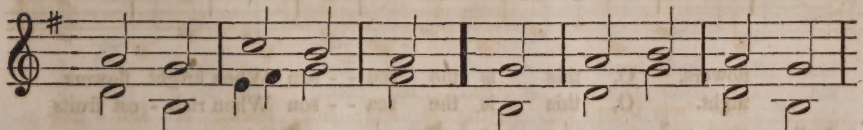
4.

Gather garlands,
Maidens young and fair!
Blossoms here, their bosoms spreading,
On the earth their sweets are shedding!
Twine your garlands,
Maidens young and fair!

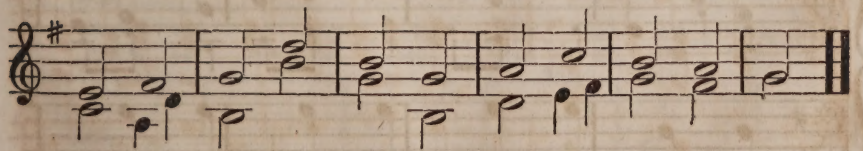
OLD HUNDRED, for One or Two Voices.



1. With one con - sent, let all the earth To God their
2. For he's the Lord, su - preme - ly good; His mer - cy



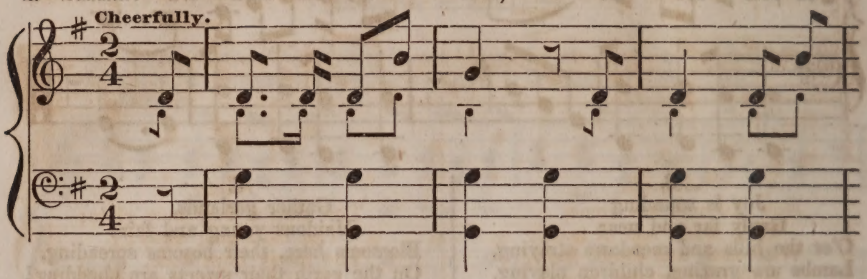
cheer - ful voi - ces raise; Glad hom - age pay, with
is for - - - ev - er sure; His truth, which al - - ways



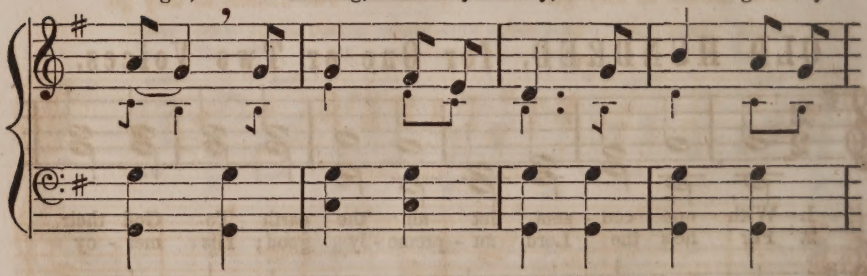
aw - - ful mirth, And sing be - - fore him songs of praise.
firm - ly stood, To end - less a - - - ges shall en - - dure.

SONG OF THE SEASONS.

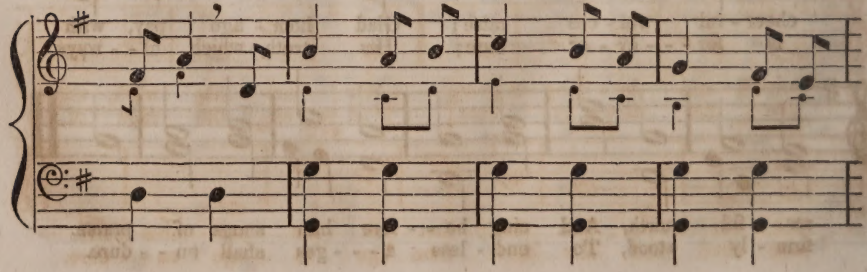
1. *Spring.* I love the young Spring, The soft A - pril
2. *Summer.* 'Tis Sum - mer I love, Its ber - - ries so



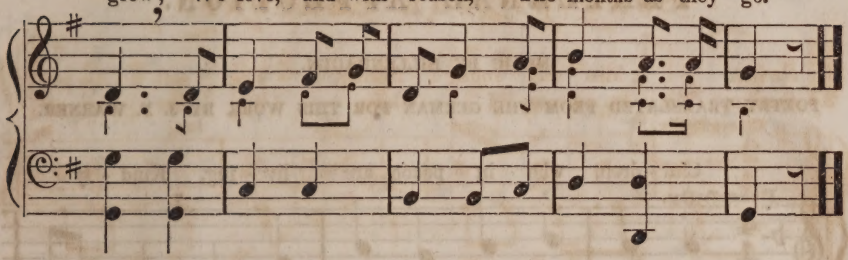
showers, The soft southern wind, The leaves and the
bright, Its long, sun - ny day, But no gloom - y



flowers. O, this is the sea - - son When bright flowers
night. O, this is the sea - - son When rich - est fruits



blow; We love, and with reason, The months as they go.
grow; We love, and with reason, The months as they go.



3.

Autumn.

Now Autumn has come,
With warm sun at noon;
With nuts, and sweet fruits,
And long harvest moon.
O, this is the season
For ripe fruits to glow;
We love, and with reason,
The months as they go.

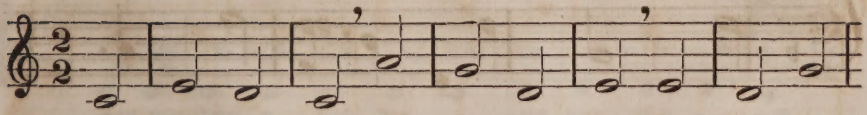
4.

Winter.

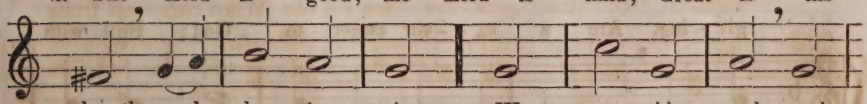
The sleighs they now glide;
The bells ring away;
The merry boys slide,
On skates how they play!
O, this is the season
Of frost and of snow;
We love, and with reason,
The months as they go.

ST. PAUL'S.

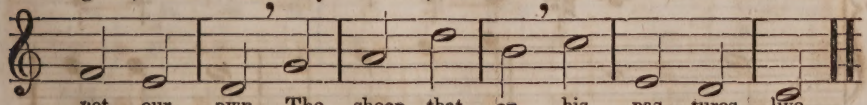
MUSIC BY DR. GREEN.



1. The Lord is God; 'tis he a - - - lone Doth life, and
2. The Lord is good; the Lord is kind; Great is his



breath, and be - - ing give; We are his work, and
grace, his mer - cy sure; And all the race of



not our own, The sheep that on his pas - tures live.
man shall find His truth from age to age en - - dure.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

MUSIC BY HILLENHAGEN.

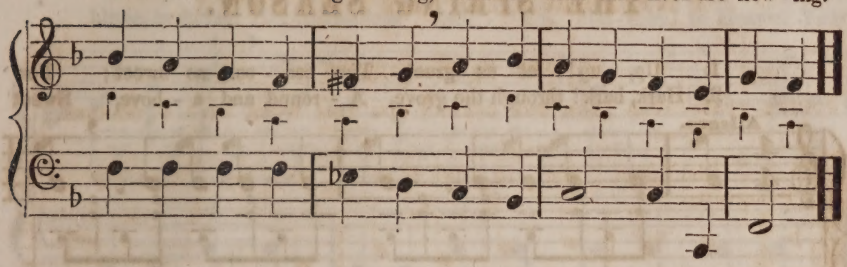
POETRY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK BY J. F. WARNER.

Peacefully.

Chil - dren, who in peace are liv - ing, Kind - ly

bent on mu - tual good, Are to pa - rents pleas - ure

giv - ing, Are a sa - - vor sweet to God; Still with



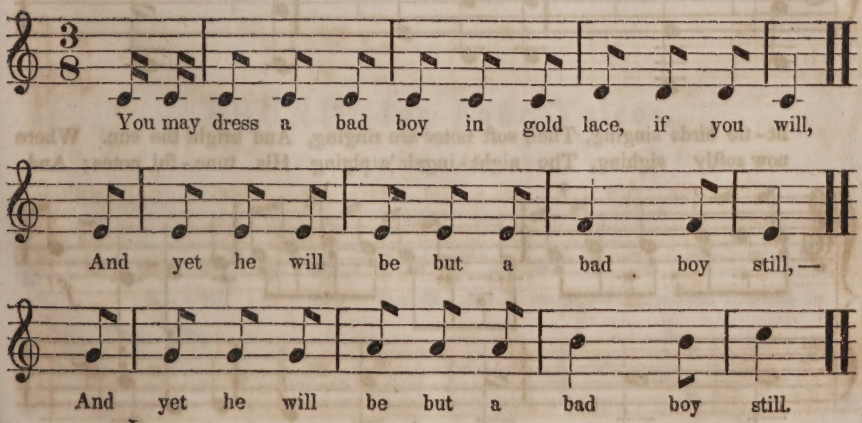
2.

Careful to avoid contention;
Studious, too, of friendly deeds;
Always giving due attention
To the path where virtue leads;
Every error promptly leaving,
Never parents' bosoms grieving.

3.

Children, who are thus pursuing
Paths of peace and mutual love,
God, with smiles, is ever viewing
And the worthy all approve;
Such to parents are a treasure;
Life to such is always pleasure.

ROUND, for Three Voices.



THE SPRING SEASON.

1. Up, up! let us greet The sea - son so sweet; For
2. Hark, hark! through the grove, A - round and a - bove, Sweet

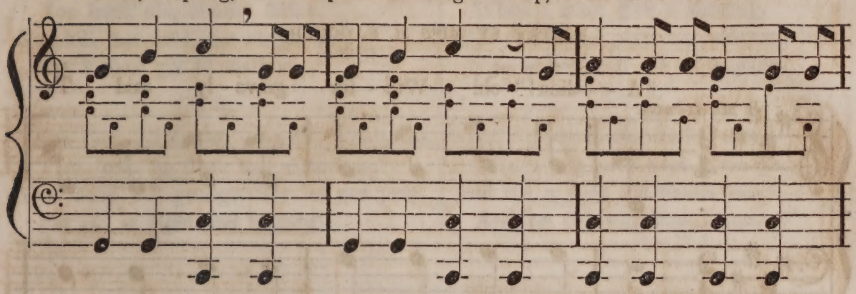
Allegro.

winter's gone, For win - ter's gone; The flow - ers are springing, The
mu - sic floats, Sweet mu - sic floats, As now loudly vie - ing, And

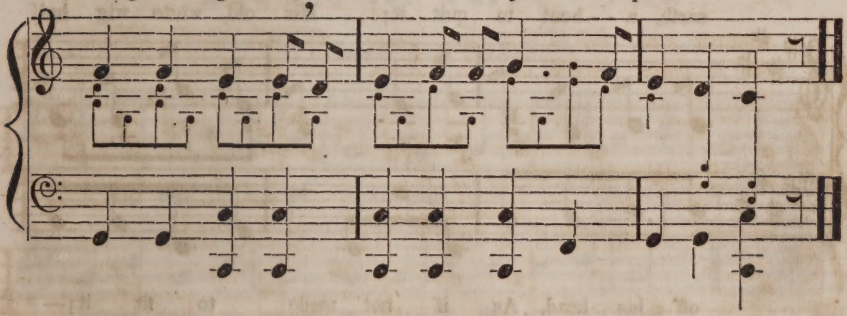
lit - tle birds singing, Their soft notes are ringing, And bright the sun. Where
now softly sighing, The night - ingale's plying His tune - ful notes; And

f

all was dressed In a snow-y vest, There green grass is growing, With
blithe, in spring, Her companions sing. Up, chil-dren! to Heaven Your

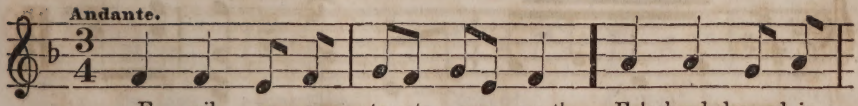


dew-drops glowing, And flow-ers are seen On buds so green.
songs be giv-en; With all na-ture join In praise di-vine.

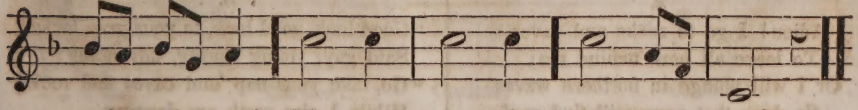


ROUND, for Four Voices.

FROM THE GERMAN.



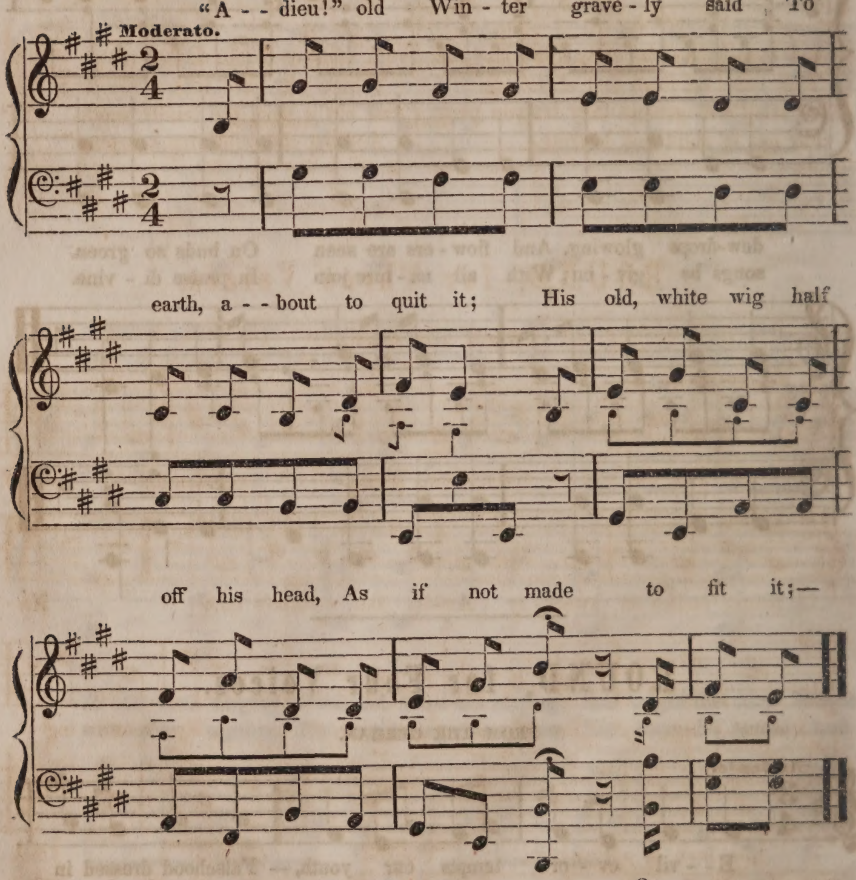
E--vil ev-er tempts our youth,— Falsehood dressed in



robes of truth. Vir--tue is the way to good.

WINTER AND SPRING.

POETRY BY MISS H. F. GOULD,



2.

"Adieu! I go to rocks and caves,
To leave all here behind me;
Or I will plunge in northern waves
So deep that none will find me."

3.

"Good luck, good luck, to your gray locks,"
Said gay, young Spring, advancing;
"Go, take your nap 'mid caves and rocks,
While I o'er earth am dancing.

4.

"There's not a spot your foot has trod,
You hard, old, clumsy fellow,
Nor hill, nor field, nor single sod,
But I have got to mellow.

5.

"And then I'll spread them o'er with grass,
That looks so fresh and cheering,
That none will grudge they let you pass
Far out of sight and hearing.

6.

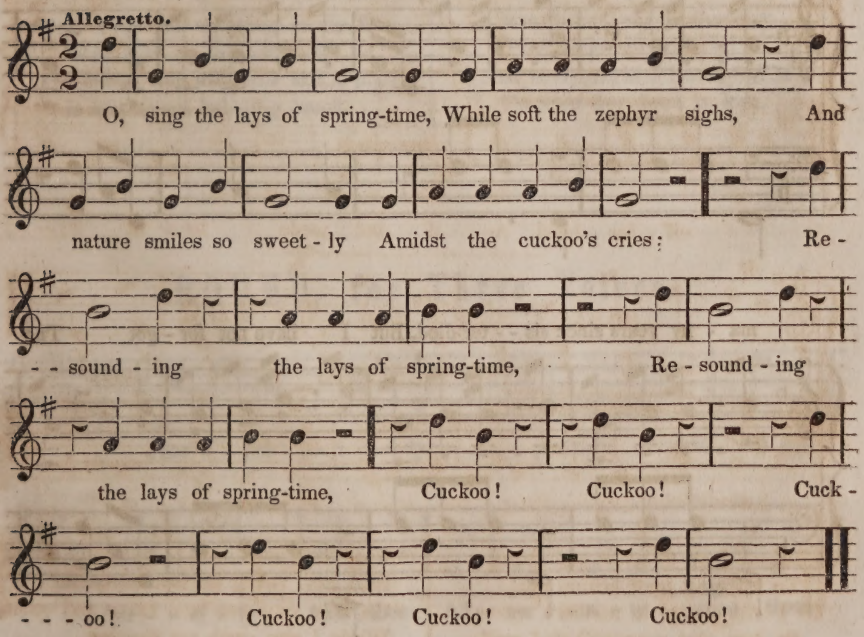
"The springs, that you locked up so tight,
When I shall give a sunning,
Will dance and play in gladdening light;
The brooks will set off running.

7.

"I'll whisper to the buried root,
Where you have kept it sleeping,
And bid it send the tender shoot,
And set the wild vine creeping."

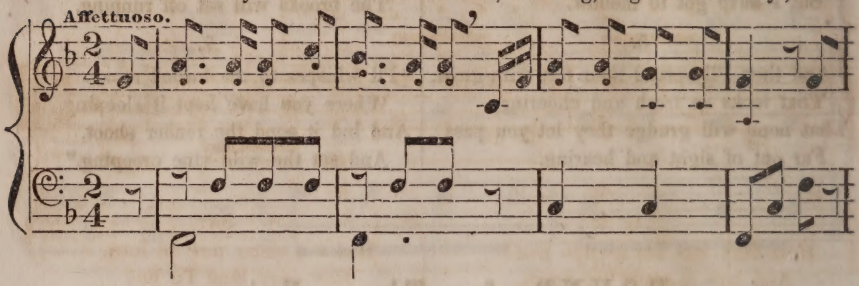
ROUND, for Three Voices.

FROM THE GERMAN.

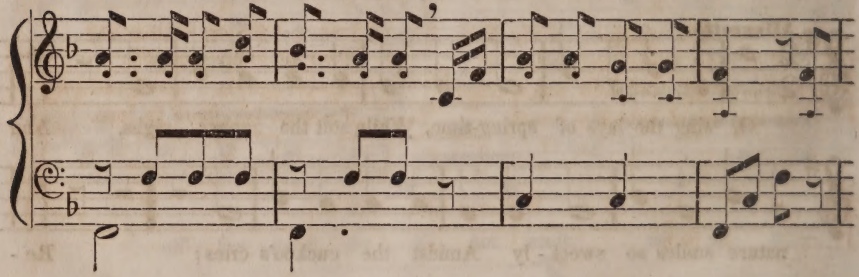


THE GIRL BESIDE THE BROOK.

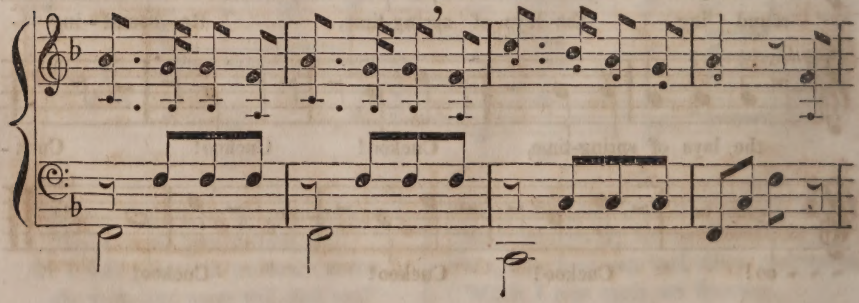
'Twas here my sister dear was drowned, One long, bright summer day; The



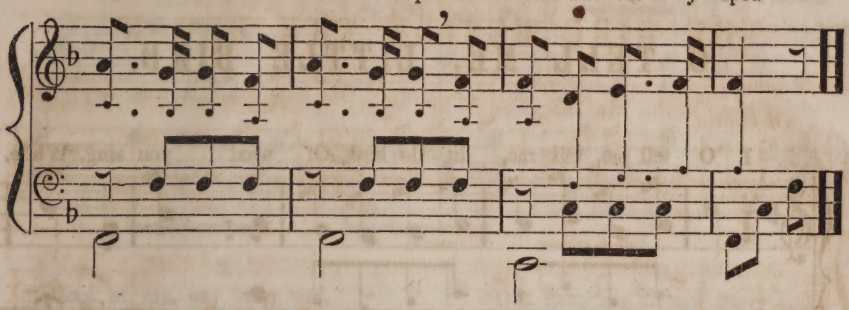
lit - tle dar - ling here was found By good and faithful Tray. 2. 'Tis



ma - ny years since sis - - ter died, But I have not for - got The



mo - - ment we her bon - - net spied Be - - side this ver - - y spot.



3.

How very wet her golden hair!
And how it made me weep,
To see her lie so still and fair,
And know it was not sleep!

4.

Poor Tray sits watching in my face
With such an earnest look!
He knows full well how sad a place
Is this sweet babbling brook.

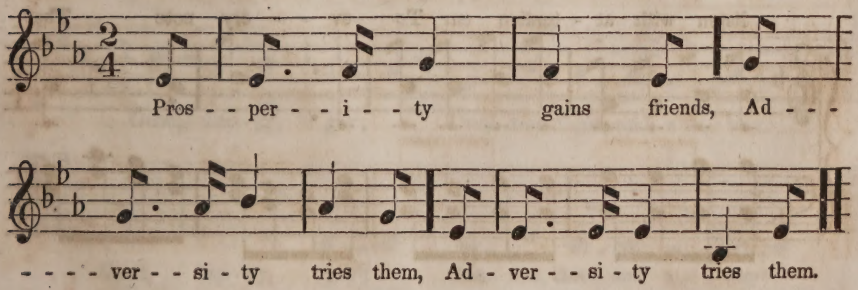
5.

Had I a sister now to love,
How very kind I'd be!
For she, the little gentle dove,
Was always kind to me.

6.

I love to hear my mother say
That sister lives above;
And every night I kneel and pray
To meet her there in love.

ROUND, for Three Voices.

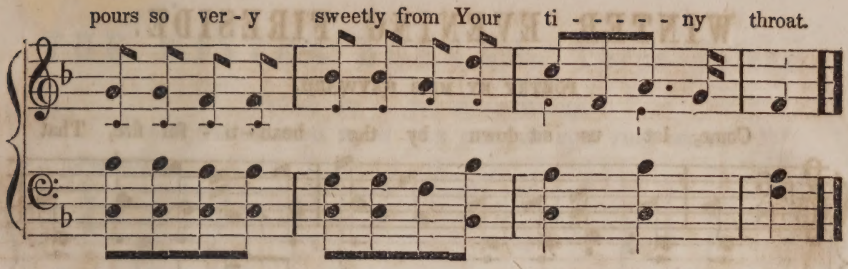


O TELL ME, LITTLE BIRD.

1. O tell me, tell me, lit - tle bird, Of what you sing, While,

through the fragrant summer air, Your way you wing. 2. I

listen with at - tentive ear To ev - - ery note That



3.

I look at you, gay little bird,
And long to know
What glorious theme thus ever makes
You warble so.

4.

Then tell me, tell me, little bird,
Gay creature bright;
For I would learn what causes you
So much delight.

5.

"Young child, I'll gladly answer all
You ask of me:
I sing the praise of Him who made
Both me and thee.

6.

"God gave me all my merry notes,
And each bright plume;
His kind hand shelters me through all
The stormy gloom.

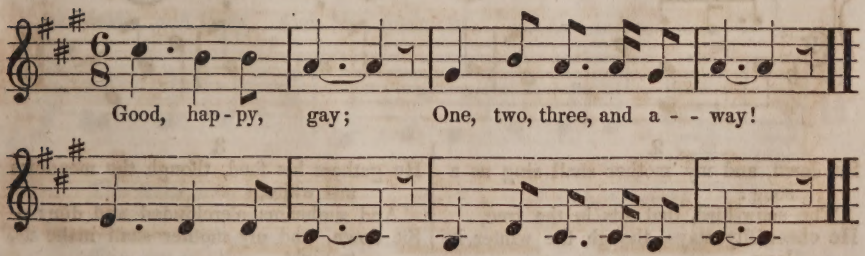
7.

"For this I thank Him in my song,
With joyful lays,
And join with all the universe
In ceaseless praise."

8.

God made me, too, sweet little bird;
And shall not I
Do as thou dost, and lift my voice
To Him on high?

ROUND, for Two Voices.



WINTER EVENING FIRESIDE.

POETRY BY MISS HAYWARD.

Come, let us sit down by the beau - ti - ful fire, That

sparkles so pleasant and warm: The wind of the night rises

higher and higher, Yet we are secure from the storm.

2.

Sit down, and my mother shall sing us a song:
The snow-bird, that sits in the tree,
He cheerfully stays, though the winter is long,
As happy as happy can be.

3.

He gathers his food, though the meadows are white,
And sunbeams o'erclouded and dim:—
Sit down, and my mother shall make us, to-night,
Be cheerful and happy like him.

THE WINTER BREAKS. Three Voices.

MUSIC BY F. W. HILLENHAGEN.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

Joyfully.

The win - ter breaks; The spring a - wakes, And fans us with soft, sunny breez - es: The snow is gone From field and lawn, And Na - ture in all her scenes pleas - es.

2.

The shepherd's horn
Awakes the morn;
The spring birds in pleasure are singing;
The sky is clear,
And all is cheer;
The woodlands with music are ringing.

3.

O sing, O sing!
The sweet, mild spring,
Has come, all its blessings bestowing;
Yes, May's pure light
Makes all things bright,
And streams of rich pleasure are flowing.

UP, UP, LITTLE DERWENT. Two Voices.

Vivace.

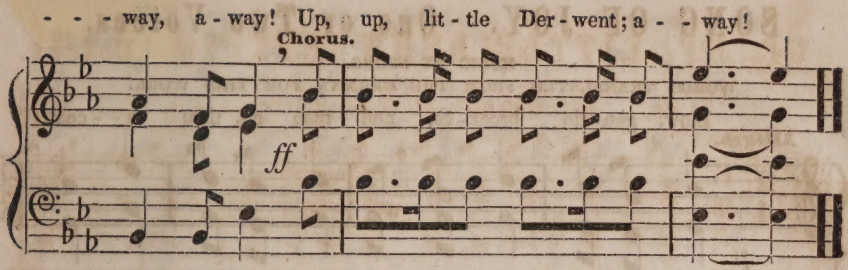
Up, up with the cock when he brisk - ly crows, When

Na - ture a - wakes from her night's re - - pose: He

calls to the farmer, "Come, guide the plough;" He calls to the milkmaid, "Come,

milk the cow." Up, lit - tle Der - went; a -

f



2.

Up, up with the lark when he soars on high,
And carols his morning song to the sky;
Then follow him forth o'er each balmy field,
And taste of the health-giving air they yield.
Up, little Derwent; away, away! Up, up, &c.

3.

Up, up with the bee, "in the hour of prime,"
Who tells little boys how to value time:
His books are the flowers on which he feeds;
He sips out the honey, but leaves the weeds.
Up, little Derwent; away, away! Up, up, &c.

4.

Up, up with the ant, who no time will lose,
While beams the bright sunshine, her stores to choose:
In youth, and in summer, she works and strives;
In age, and in winter, how snug she lives!
Up, little Derwent; away, away! Up, up, &c.

5.

Then up with the birds, the bright sun to see,
With diligent ant, and with busy bee;
Away with dull Sloth, with his drowsy head,
And don't let him come to your little bed!
Up, little Derwent; away, away! Up, up, &c.

6.

Begin, like the birds, with a song of praise;
Go on, like the insects, in wisdom's ways;
Be cheerful and studious from day to day,
And you'll be as happy and wise as they.
Up, little Derwent; away, away! Up, up, &c.

SONG OF JOY. One or Two Voices.

MUSIC BY SPOHR.
WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THIS WORK.

Allegro.

Blow, gen-tle breez-es, and rush on, thou o--cean;

p

Life's ear-ly days pass a---way in swift mo--tion:

Look, for the spring-time hath brought us the flowers;

cres.

Will we not cher-ish them while they are ours?

mf

Will we not cher - ish them while they are ours?

Chorus.

f

2.

Morning brings clouds, where to-day the sun gloweth;
Morning shall wither the flower that here bloweth.
Know'st thou of hours coming, — what they may bring?
Life cherish now; then catch time on the wing.

3.

With hope and goodness in unison meeting,
Minutes may fly, be they ever so fleeting;
Goodness shall surely more happiness bring;
Life cherish now; then catch time on the wing.

ROUND, for Four Voices.

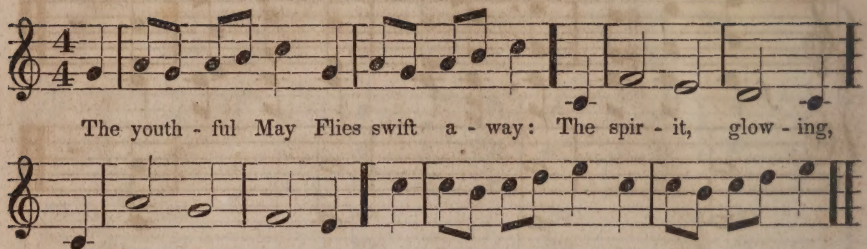
FROM THE GERMAN.

Moderato.

Don't al - ways be grave and se - date as a sage;

For smiles, at least sometimes, our hearts should en - - gage.

ROUND, for Four Voices.



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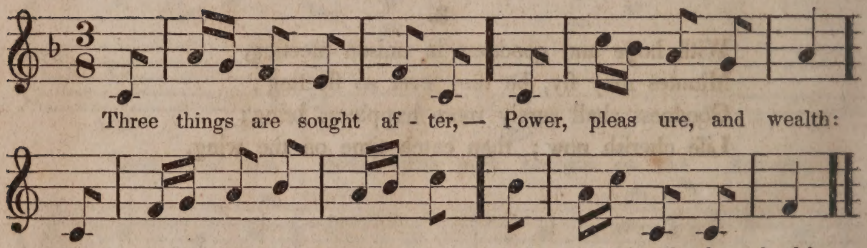

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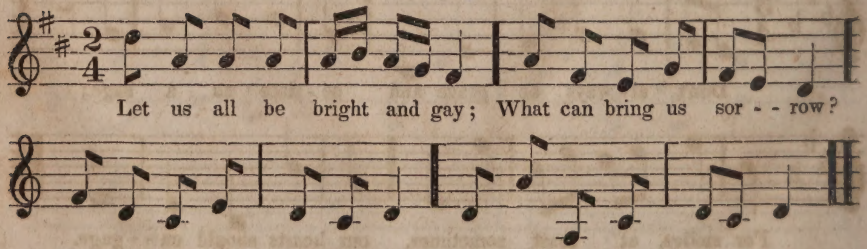

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The Common School Songster

George James Webb

1842